FOR THE MAN OF THE EIGHTIES
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35406
JULY 1982 $3.25
INTERNATIONAL EDITION
MUSIC: JOE PERRY OF AEROSMITH AND AC/DC'S BRIAN JOHNSON
SUMMER CINEMA '82: BACKSTAGE WITH STAR TREK, MEGAFORCE, AND THE BLADE RUNNER
SONIA BRAGA: SEETHING STAR OF "I LOVE YOU"
COVERGIRL ERROL FLYNN'S DAUGHTER, ARNELLA: SPAWN OF THE SWORD OF CAPTAIN BLOOD
PLUS A CENTERFOLD WHO'S THE WORLD'S MOST DEDICATED DEADHEAD
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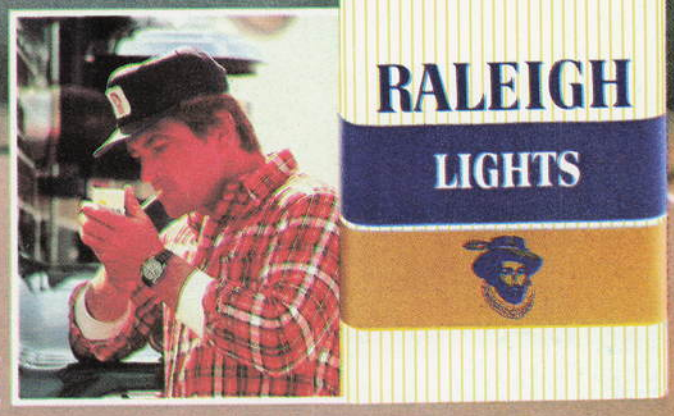

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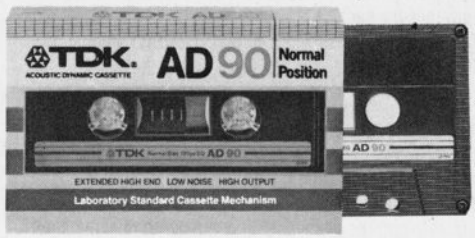

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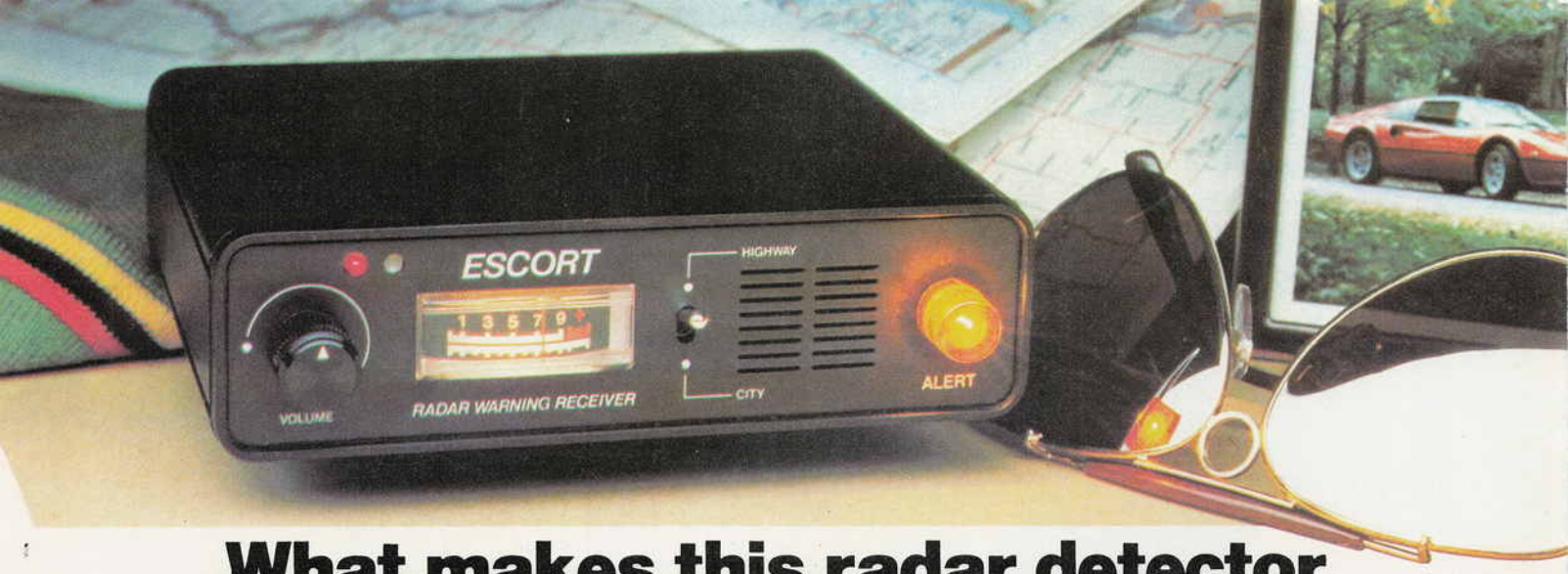

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(312) 692-4695 LARRY BENSON
WEST COAST: R.L. Sage & Co., Inc. 2811 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 640, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403 BOB SAGE. (213) 829-7381
MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES
LEVINE-BARATTO ASSOCIATES, INC.
535 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017
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Editorial Office: 300 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to OUI will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to OUI's right to edit and comment editorially.

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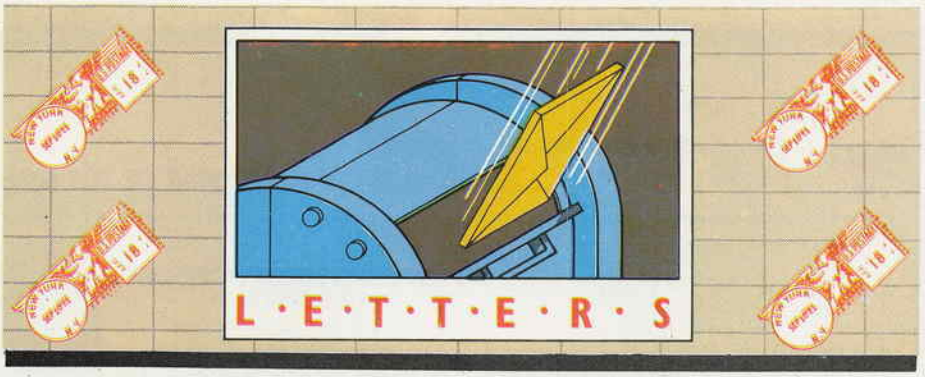
OUI (ISSN 0090-2047) July 1982, Volume II, Number 7. Published monthly by Laurant Publishing Ltd., 300 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send change of address to OUI, G.P.O. Box 2216, New York, N.Y. 10116. Subscription: $35.95 a year in U.S. / $39.70 a year in Canada. Subscription Service. Mail all subscription orders, change of address, and complaints to OUI, G.P.O. Box 2216, New York, N.Y. 10116.



I got rug burns on my knees

I had a very exciting vacation recently. Actually I didn't go on vacation—my wife did, while I stayed at home and continued to work. She was in California for two weeks visiting relatives prior to Christmas. My "vacation" started at an office party, where myself and a 19-year-old Arizona State University co-ed were the last-to-leave-die-hards.

The story begins about 7 PM that evening. After a good number of VO and sodas, the eye contact between us became very intense. I was loaded enough not to care whether or not I got turned down, so I just walked up to her and suggested that we retire to the mailroom, to which I had the key. There were many keys to the door, but I felt reasonably sure that we would not be disturbed. The lady didn't seem to care at all one way or the other. In fact she would have probably gone down on me right in the middle of the party if I had let her. We headed back through the building under the pretense of locking up.

When we got to the door, I let her in first and followed close behind. When the door closed we were in total darkness and I didn't have time to turn on the light before she had her arms around my neck and her lips on my mouth, her tongue pushing to get inside. I tongued her back wetly. My hand—the free one—ran over the front of her sweater and then moved under it to roll a firm young breast around and around. I caught one nipple and gave it a little pinch and she caught her breath. So I did the same to the other one. She was so hot she had already unzipped her skirt and let it drop to the floor. I couldn't see this in the dark, but my hands didn't take long to find out. I began to explore and so did she. While she jerked my shirttail out of my pants, I rubbed my hands over the full round ass encased in a little triangle of silkiness. I remember wishing I could see her panties because they seemed so small. But then one of my fingers had gotten to the crotch of her underwear and it was soaking with her juices. Plus she had gotten my zipper down, pulled out my rock hard cock and was massaging it up and down, up and down.

I slipped off my loafers, pulled off my pants and laid her down on the carpeted floor. Her mouth was all over me it seemed. And I was doing my best to keep up with her on that score. I couldn't wait any longer, she whispered, "Fuck me, just fuck me." I got between her legs on my knees, threw her legs over my shoulders, pushed her sopping wet panties to one side and shoved it home. She spasmed immediately and was twisting and moaning. She said, "I can't believe it, I'm coming and coming." I just kept pounding and pushing very hard until she was writhing and crying out, "I'll go crazy, I'll go crazy." I came like thunder. Damn, it was good.

We began an affair that had us making love in a lake, in a swimming pool, on the folded down rear of a '63 Chevy Impala station wagon, on a friend's patio, on a beanbag chair at her girlfriend's apartment and finally in the front seat of a '74 Mazda RX 3—that was tight.

It may not have started out as a vacation for me, but it sure turned out that way. And I would certainly enjoy more of the same. The reason I recall the first episode so well was because of the rug burns on my knees and elbows from the mailroom carpet.—*Walter K., Phoenix, Arizona.*

I love my black goddess

I am a Peace Corps volunteer living and working in Africa. After three years here I have definite views on interracial sex. First off, let me say that I do not believe in the concept of "Race." But I am not color-blind. I do appreciate that there are differences among individuals and generally greater differences among populations of individuals. Personally, I am your basic ol' white, American M.C.P.

But I claim the Senegalese women are the most womanly women in the world. Not like your typical shy, feminine Oriental woman, that I got to know so well back in Vietnam in 1969. These women are tall, statuesque, boldly sexual beings. Their busts leave American women behind, generally. Their hips are incredible.

Here, people take color for what it is—just icing on the cake. Their satin-smooth skin in shades of brown just enhances their features in a way that a tan on a white woman just cannot compare with. You see pale brown, full lips, and very dark nipples on chocolate-colored breasts. Hell, I know village girls who make your centerfolds look ordinary. And the city women with the black eyes, fantastic hair-dos and flowing gowns over magnificent figures are something to admire.

Now when it comes to making it, that is a

little different. I mean, they basically consider sex as a man's thing. A woman is there to give a man pleasure. So Senegalese women aren't as skilled as say your basic California girl, who has read the books and studied the pictures. And for the most part they are not into oral sex. But, with patience and a little TLC, you can teach them.

Take one lover I had, for example. A Bambara goddess, as tall as I am, slim, yet fully curved. I loved to love her doggie style, taking best advantage of her perfect circle of an ass and her high, heavy boobs. First I would make her come in the missionary position. Then I would climb into her from behind with one large breast held firmly in each hand, I would grind into her. She would move her hips to the rhythm of that obscene dance they do. When I came she would squeeze down hard on my prick... And I would lose my mind.—*David C., Dakar, Senegal.*

Everybody got into the orgy

I had an incredible party at my house about a week and a half ago. A lot of my friends were there including people I didn't know as well. We had all types of alcoholic beverages and lots of pot. I had just bought a pound of weed and I got the idea to make some special spaghetti sauce and garlic bread for everyone with it. I mixed up the basic ingredients for my 30 guests and then added the special spice: three-fourth pound of my Col. Red Bud. I let it simmer for a couple of hours and then the people began to arrive.

My girlfriend showed up with her cousin from Atlanta. I had never met her before. Together they looked like a set of matching bookends. No one would have believed they weren't twin sisters. I wondered if the cousin had the same small but firm breasts that my girlfriend was so proud of, and then got down to the business of serving dinner to the whole crowd.

Everybody seemed real hungry and ate a lot and drank a lot of red wine. Within an hour and a half, we all felt super high and loose. Soon people were pairing off and there was some kissing and stuff. It got kind of quiet, as a matter of fact, and I looked around and saw that my girlfriend's cousin was sitting nearby all alone and looking kind of left out. I waved for her to come sit with my girlfriend and me. She smiled and came over almost on the run. Pretty soon I was kissing first one and then the other of them. I had an arm around each one and a hand on a breast of each one. They were the same, just as I thought. I said out loud, "How about an orgy. We've already got a small one going." I left the room and came back with a big bottle of liquid Crisco oil and half a case (24 bottles) of pop corn oil. I sent one of the guys out to the garage for a large sheet of plastic that I had used when I was painting the place a couple of months prior to this and we spread it out on the floor to cover the rug. In no time everybody was out of their clothes, rubbed down with oil and jumping on each others bones. I kept my girl friend and her cousin for myself at first. They both were horny as hell. They laid me on my back and sandwiched me inbetween them, rubbing those four stiff slick nipples all over me. I had already been hard for what seemed like hours, so my girlfriend had no trouble at all climbing aboard and swallowing my tool up her warm pussy. Before I knew what was happening really, her cousin swung her legs over my face and lowered that sweet patch of hair and pussy onto my mouth. When I opened my eyes and looked up, I saw that my girlfriend had put her hands around her cousin's breasts and was massaging them in rhythm to her movements up and down my cock. All three of us soon came like crazy. There was pussy juice and Crisco all over them.

The rest of the room was the same. Girls were all horny yelling, "Stick it to me! I don't care who, just fuck me now. I need it." There were three guys on one girl, filling every hole she had. Three and four girls jumping on one guy—I mean we were having hot, wet and wild sex. Sometimes there were girls who did not have a guy inside them so they would grab candles—even a thin flower vase—and stick it up their sweet young pussies or asses. If this wasn't a dream come true, I don't know what was. I never fucked so many women in my life. I hope this weekend is as good. The party is moving to my girlfriend's house.—*Frank L., Cincinnatti, Ohio.*

Maui Wowie Mary

I've been living in Boulder for several years now and I was *wondering* when your magazine would get around to all the beautiful women in this town. To be honest I hadn't seen so many in such detail at one time. You did a fantastic job on Colorado cunny. I have just one little request: there was one beauty in that spread who wasn't a full-time Boulder resident. Her name was Mary and she said she was from Hawaii. You always want what you can't get. I might be able to find some of the other babes, but I won't get to Hawaii for quite a while on my salary. Could I get one last nostalgic look at Maui Wowie Mary?—*Jim K., Boulder, Colorado.*

Ogling Ozzy's girls

I never heard of Ozzy Osbourne, and from what I saw and read in your March 1982 issue, I don't care if I never hear from him again. He must be a real dipshit. In fact, I couldn't believe those two fantastic women in the photos with him would have anything to do with such a sleaze slice. They were wonderful. I can't stop fantasizing about having both of them in my bed at the same time. All that dark hair all over my chest, both those hot mouths sucking on my cock, my hands fondling all four of those perfect, luscious tits. Tell them that anytime they decide to dump that disgustingly fat, no-talent faggot, I'm ready, willing and able to take over their care and feeding.—*Joe B., Tuscon, Arizona.*

They're starving for sex in America

When I was a kid, my mother always told me to eat everything on my plate because, "children were starving in India." Well, Rekha, in your April 1982 issue, doesn't look any worse for wear.

Seriously, she was downright stunning. I cut out a couple of her pictures and carry them around with me in my wallet now. If that's not love, I don't know what is. Tell her I need a CARE package of love—eat it all Rekha, there are men starving for sex in America.—*Reggie B., Miami, Florida*

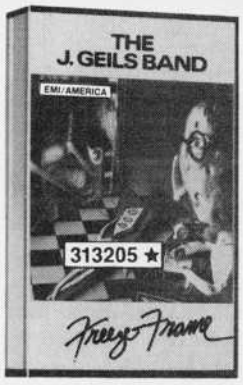
Making a pass

Paul Hornung sure fumbled the ball when he let that fabulous woman get away from him (OUI, March 1982). At 41, Pat's the same age as my mother, but Mama never looked so good. I was crushed when she said she didn't like younger men. Hell, I'd go bald and get wrinkled just to get close to her. Ask her if she'll settle for inches instead of years. And could you let me see her one more time before I die of terminal youth?—*Granger T., Waco, Texas.*

Continued on 13

WRITE TO US. Tell about all your sexual experiences—what you like to do and how you do it, your triumphs and peak experiences, the strange or wonderful things that have happened to you. We promise to print your letter uncut and uncensored, just the way you wrote it. Don't waste any more time. Write today —now.

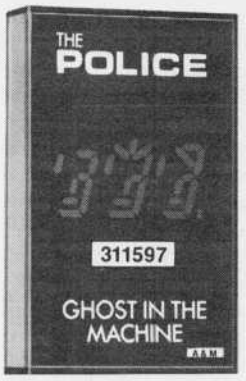
LOOK WHO'S IN THE



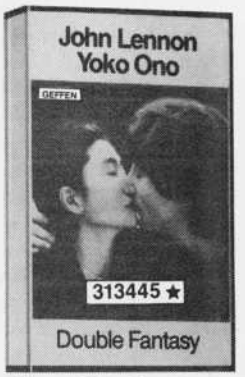
No. 1 album No. 1 song *Centerfold*, plus the hit title; *Rage In The Cage*; *Flamethrower*; more.

Smash *Find Another Fool*; Top 10 *Harden My Heart*; *Right Kind Of Love*; *Valerie*; more.

No. 1 album! Top 10 hit *We Got The Beat*; hit *Our Lips Are Sealed*; *Automatic*; more.



Top 10 album, Top 10 *Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic*; smash *Spirits In... World*; etc.



"Album Of The Year"! Grammy-winner *(Just Like) Starting Over*; *Woman*; etc.

312322 COLUMBIA NEIL DIAMOND *ON THE WAY TO THE SKY*
312314 COLUMBIA CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS, VOL. 16
312306 ELEKTRA THE CARS *SHAKE IT UP*
311464★ ELEKTRA HANK WILLIAMS, JR. *THE PRESSURE IS ON*
311456 ARISTA BARRY MANILOW II I Should Love Again
311423★ EPIC LUTHER VANDROSS *NEVER TOO MUCH*
310979★ EPIC MEATLOAF *DEAD RINGER*
310961★ CHRYSALIS DEBBIE HARRY KOOKOO
310953 ELEKTRA EDDIE RABBITT STEP BY STEP
310946★ EPIC SLIM WHITMAN MR. SONGMAN
306225★ COLUMBIA AEROSMITH'S GREATEST HITS
306001★ EPIC CHEAP TRICK ALL SHOOK UP
305631★ WARNER BROTHERS LEO SAYER Living In A Fantasy
291203 WARNER BROS. The Doobie Brothers Minute By Minute
291021 A&M SUPERTRAMP Breakfast In America
288332 COLUMBIA BILLY JOEL 52ND STREET
287003 ★ ASYLUM EAGLES 1971-1975 Their Greatest Hits
306324 ★ WARNER BROTHERS DIRE STRAITS MAKING MOVIES
306449★ EPIC REO SPEEDWAGON HI INFIDELITY
306563 ARISTA Barry Manilow *BARRY*
306571★ COLUMBIA BOZ SCAGGS GREATEST HITS
309047 RADIO STARS ON LONG PLAY
309120★ JET OZZY OSBOURNE Blizzard Of Ozz
309153★ EPIC STANLEY CLARKE/GEORGE DUKE—THE CLARKE/DUKE PROJECT
309179★ ASYLUM JOE WALSH THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD
313577★ COLUMBIA/ARC WEATHER REPORT
313676★ EPIC GEORGE DUKE *DREAM ON*
313684★ WARNER BROTHERS BONNIE RAITT *GREEN LIGHT*

312272★ COLUMBIA ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS ALMOST BLUE
312231★ COLUMBIA/ARC Earth, Wind & Fire RAISED
312025★ EPIC MOLLY HATCHET Take No Prisoners
312017★ JET OZZY OSBOURNE Diary Of A Madman
311985★ EPIC MERLE HAGGARD *BIG CITY*
311829★ EPIC TAMMY WYNETTE You Brought Me Back
308882 WARNER BROTHERS THE WHO FACE DANCES
308635 ATLANTIC AC/DC DIRTY DEEDS DONE DIRT CHEAP
308627★ MCA CONWAY TWITTY & LORETTA LYNN DIAMOND DUET
308148★ COLUMBIA ROSANNE CASH Seven Year Ache
308015★ COLUMBIA RAY PRICE A TRIBUTE TO WILLIE AND KRIS
302919 ★ ARISTA AIR SUPPLY LOST IN LOVE
300095 JET Electric Light Orch. ELO's Greatest Hits
291500★ ELEKTRA BEST OF THE DOORS
293944★ WARNER BROS. VAN HALEN Van Halen II
302455★ WARNER BROS. AMBROSIA ONE EIGHTY
304386 CHRYSALIS PAT BENATAR Crimes Of Passion
304212 ELEKTRA QUEEN THE GAME
307827★ WARNER BROS. EMMYLOU HARRIS EVANGELINE
307850★ EPIC TED NUGENT INTENSITIES IN 10 CITIES
307868 COLUMBIA WILLIE NELSON SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW
307900★ COLUMBIA LOVERBOY
313452★ GEFFEN SAMMY HAGER Standing Hampton
313460★ GEFFEN ELTON JOHN *THE FOX*
313478★ GEFFEN DONNA SUMMER *THE WANDERER*
313486★ COLUMBIA NICK LOWE Nick The Knife
313668★ WARNER BROTHERS VAN MORRISON Beautiful Vision
313551★ WARNER BROTHERS MICHAEL FRANKS Objects Of Desire

310342 COLUMBIA JOURNEY *ESCAPE*
312983★ MERCURY BOB & DOUG McKENZIE *GREAT WHITE NORTH*
312967★ MCA TERRI GIBBS *I'M A LADY*
312959★ ROUNDWALK RICH LITTLE *THE FIRST FAMILY RIDES AGAIN*
312926★ FIRST AMERICAN PAUL ANKA LIVE BLACK TIE
310235★ MCA The Oak Ridge Boys Greatest Hits
310144★ MCA STEELY DAN *GAUCHO*
310102★ MERCURY STATLER BROTHERS *YEARS AGO*
310037★ ATLANTIC ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER*
306308 ARISTA THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT— *THE TURN OF A FRIENDLY CARD*
306241★ ELEKTRA THE DOORS *GREATEST HITS*
285866 EPIC BOSTON Don't Look Back
283887★ COLUMBIA WILLIE NELSON STARDUST
279067★ THE BEST OF JOAN BAEZ
301523 COLUMBIA JOURNEY DEPARTURE
301515 COLUMBIA BILLY JOEL GLASS HOUSES
300921★ SESAME STREET Sesame Street 10th Anniversary Album
291856 ELEKTRA THE BEST OF CARLY SIMON
291815 ★ WARNER BROTHERS PROFILE BEST OF EMMYLOU HARRIS
298596 ASYLUM EAGLES THE LONG RUN
309369 WARNER BROTHERS VAN HALEN FAIR WARNING
309385★ ELEKTRA LEE RITENOUR *"RIT"*
309419★ MOTOWN COMMODORES IN THE POCKET
309427 ARISTA AIR SUPPLY *THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE*
309476★ WARNER BROTHERS MARSHALL TUCKER BAND "DEDICATED"
313015★ ELEKTRA CONWAY TWITTY Southern Comfort
312850★ APPLAUSE BUDDY GRECO & VISIONS HOT NIGHTS
309039★ GATEWAY AEROBIC DANCING (INSTRUCTIONAL)

311811 CHRYSALIS THE BEST OF BLONDIE
311803★ ELEKTRA Stanley Turrentine Tender Togetherness
311795★ ARISTA Gil-Scott Heron REFLECTIONS
310920★ EPIC MICKEY GILLEY YOU DON'T KNOW ME
310821★ EMI PRETENDERS II
310789★ JET Electric Light Orchestra TIME
307967★ ATLANTIC PHIL COLLINS FACE VALUE
307959★ MCA TERRI GIBBS Somebody's Knockin'
271809 LIFESONG JIM CROCE'S GREATEST HITS TIME IN A BOTTLE
274043★ COLUMBIA ANNIE ORIGINAL CAST
275743 COLUMBIA BARBRA STREISAND Streisand Superman
279133★ EPIC MEATLOAF BAT OUT OF HELL
305300★ WARNER BROS. THE B-52'S WILD PLANET
310292 CHRYSALIS PAT BENATAR PRECIOUS TIME
310300★ A&M PABLO CRUISE *REFLECTOR*
310318★ COTILLION Stacy Lattisaw WITH YOU
310326 ★ A&M JOE JACKSON *JUMPIN' JIVE*

312918★ ARISTA/GRP TOM BROWNE *YOURS TRULY*
312884★ APPLAUSE ROBERT GOULET *CLOSE TO YOU*
312876★ APPLAUSE SAMMY DAVIS, JR. Closest Of Friends
313064★ LIBERTY KENNY ROGERS *GIDEON*
312868★ APPLAUSE SHIRLEY BASSEY *ALL BY MYSELF*
310433★ MERCURY ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ENDLESS LOVE
310375★ ATCO BLACKFOOT *MARAUDER*
310359★ WARNER BROS. LARRY GRAHAM Just Be My Lady
305292★ ATLANTIC YES DRAMA
305284 WARNER BROS. THE DOOBIE BROTHERS ONE STEP CLOSER
305045★ ATLANTIC AC/DC BACK IN BLACK
219477 COLUMBIA SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS
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311373★ 391375 QWEST LIVE ON BROADWAY LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC
311001★ 391003 COLUMBIA WILLIE NELSON'S GREATEST HITS (AND SOME THAT WILL BE)
307744★ 397745 COLUMBIA JOURNEY CAPTURED
304865 ★ 394866 Columbia Devadip Carlos Santana The Swing Of Delight
306597-396598 ASYLUM EAGLES *LIVE*
305359★ 395350 COLUMBIA Bruce Springsteen THE RIVER
309054 ★ 399055 MERCURY SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES REACH UP AND TOUCH THE SKY—LIVE
309757★ 399758 ELEKTRA ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S, THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

312892 392894 THE GEORGE BENSON WARNER BROTHERS COLLECTION
312173 392175 MOTOWN DIANA ROSS— All The Great Hits
312033★ 392035 CAPITOL THE BEACH BOYS *TEN YEARS OF HARMONY*
307231★ 397232 ATLANTIC YES YESSHOWS
305524 395525 A&M SUPERTRAMP PARIS
303339★ 393330 LAGUNA Great American Rock & Roll Revival
302265-392266 REPRISE FRANK SINATRA TRILOGY: PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE
306712 396713 WARNER BROS. FLEETWOOD MAC LIVE
310847★ 390849 FULL MOON/EPIC DAN FOGELBERG—*THE INNOCENT AGE*
311787★ 391789 MERCURY RUSH Exit Stage Left

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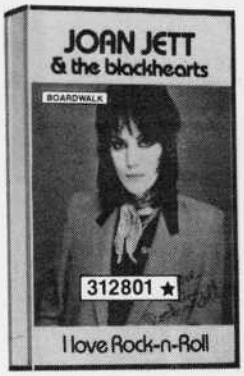
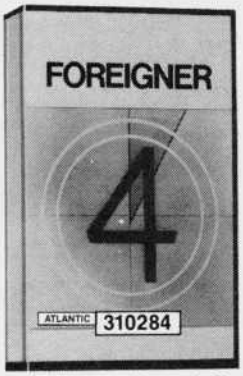
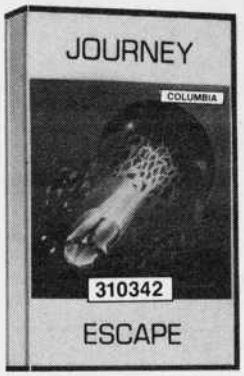


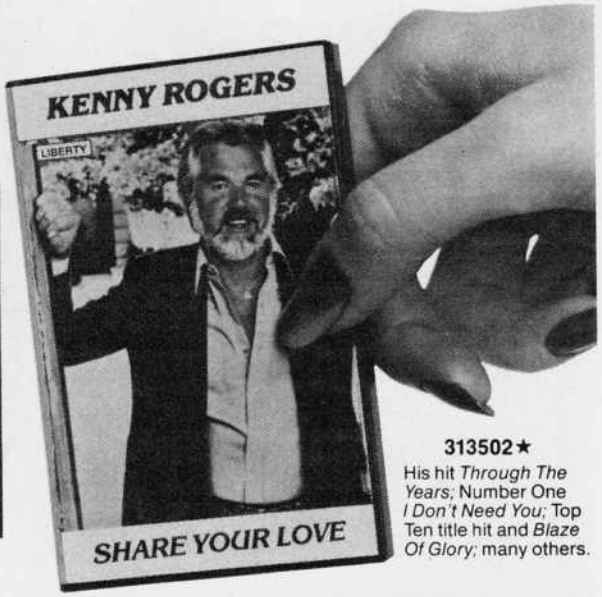
Top 10 Title hit; *Crimson And Clover; (I'm Gonna) Run Away; Little Drummer Boy.*



No. 1 album with smash Top 10 *Juke Box Hero; Waiting for A Girl Like You; Urgent.*



Top 10 *Open Arms; Who's Crying Now; Don't Stop Believin'; Stone In Love.*



313502★
His hit *Through The Years;* Number One *I Don't Need You;* Top Ten title hit and *Blaze Of Glory;* many others.

313361★ CONWAY TWITTY MR. T (MCA)
313304★ FERRANTE & TEICHER GOLDEN PIANO HITS (LIBERTY)
313213★ EARL KLUGH *CRAZY FOR YOU* (LIBERTY)
313197★ SHEENA EASTON YOU COULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME (EMI-AMERICA)
313171★ KIM CARNES Mistaken Identity (EMI-AMERICA)
310094★ OAK RIDGE BOYS *FANCY FREE* (MCA)
286914 ★ FLEETWOOD MAC RUMOURS (WARNER BROS.)
301473★ CHRISTOPHER CROSS (WARNER BROTHERS)
300681 NEIL DIAMOND SEPTEMBER MORN (COLUMBIA)
296285 ★ REO SPEEDWAGON NINE LIVES (EPIC)
307751★ ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK QUEEN *FLASH GORDON* (ELEKTRA)
311696★ JANIE FRICKE SLEEPING WITH YOUR MEMORY (COLUMBIA)
311738 THE DOOBIE BROTHERS The Best Of The Doobies VOLUME II (WARNER BROS.)
311779★ LOVERBOY GET LUCKY (COLUMBIA)

313098★ KENNY ROGERS LOVE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT (LIBERTY)
313049 Barbra Streisand MEMORIES (COLUMBIA)
312843★ TONY MARTIN *I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS* (APPLAUSE)
312835★ THE LETTERMEN *LOVE IS...* (APPLAUSE)
312827★ EYDIE GORME Since I Fell For You (APPLAUSE)
236885 CARPENTERS The Singles 1969-1973 (A&M)
313700★ KENNY ROGERS *GREATEST HITS* (LIBERTY)
260638 CHICAGO IX CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)
291435★ LED ZEPPELIN (ATLANTIC)
187088 BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)
307710 ★ *+38 SPECIAL* WILD-EYED SOUTHERN BOYS (A&M)
311605★ DONALD BYRD AND 125TH STREET, N.Y.C. LOVE BYRD (ELEKTRA)
311654★ HERBIE HANCOCK *MAGIC WINDOWS* (COLUMBIA)
312363★ STARS ON LONG PLAY, VOLUME II (RADIO)

312785★ GEORGE JONES *STILL THE SAME OLE ME* (EPIC)
312686★ FRANK SINATRA She Shot Me Down (REPRISE)
312678★ Grover Washington, Jr. COME MORNING (ELEKTRA)
311688★ Grand Funk Railroad GRAND FUNK LIVES (FULL MOON)
311670★ DON WILLIAMS Especially For You (MCA)
305334 ★ THE POLICE Zenyatta Mondatta (A&M)
305219★ MOLLY HATCHET Beatin' The Odds (EPIC)
305201★ STEVE FORBERT Little Stevie Orbit (NEMPEROR)
306969 ★ THE BEST OF EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER (ATLANTIC)
307470 ★ ROSSINGTON COLLINS BAND—ANYTIME, *ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE* (MCA)
307702 ★ RUSH Moving Pictures (MERCURY)
312330★ THE BEST OF TED NUGENT *GREAT GONZOS* (EPIC)
312348★ Lindsey Buckingham LAW AND ORDER (ASYLUM)
312389 AC/DC FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK WE SALUTE YOU (ATLANTIC)

312660★ ABBA' *THE VISITORS* (ATLANTIC)
312652★ EMMYLOU HARRIS *CIMARRON* (WARNER BROS.)
310656★ *HIT 45's OF THE 70's—Vol. I* VARIOUS ARTISTS (EPIC)
310482★ STEVIE NICKS BELLA DONNA (MODERN)
303909★ Original Broadway Cast *BARNUM* (COLUMBIA)
303123 ★ PETE TOWNSHEND EMPTY GLASS (ATCO)
311043★ LARRY GATLIN & THE GATLIN BROS. BAND NOT GUILTY (COLUMBIA)
311050★ ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK "ARTHUR" (WARNER BROTHERS)
311084★ AL JARREAU *BREAKIN' AWAY* (WARNER BROS.)
311761★ QUEEN GREATEST HITS (ELEKTRA)

311514★ GENESIS *ABACAB* (ATLANTIC)
311506★ MAC DAVIS Midnight Crazy (CASABLANCA)
311480★ CARLY SIMON *TORCH* (WARNER BROTHERS)
307819 DIANA ROSS TO LOVE AGAIN (MOTOWN)
307801 STYX Paradise Theater (A&M)
307413 ★ MEL TILLIS SOUTHERN RAIN (ELEKTRA)
311209★ THE KENDALLS *LETTIN' YOU IN ON A FEELIN'* (MERCURY)
311340 BILLY JOEL *Songs In The Attic* (COLUMBIA)
311381★ DEVO "NEW TRADITIONALISTS" (WARNER BROTHERS)
313080★ KENNY ROGERS *THE GAMBLER* (LIBERTY)

★ not available in reel tapes ⁂Available on records and cassettes only

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How the Club operates: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The tapes and records you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are $7.98 to $9.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.) And if you decide to continue as a member after completing your enrollment agreement, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan.

10-Day Free Trial: we'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days for a full refund and you will have no further obligation. So act now!

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K29/AF **K32/ZF**

"And what would you be thinkin' McGregor? I've been playin' the pipes since I was just a wee lass."

"DESERT ONE" AMERICA'S SECRET ONE-DAY WAR WITH RUSSIA

Our bungled hostage rescue attempt in Iran masked one of the most bizarre military maneuvers in American history. Now, for the first time, the full story of our infiltration into the Ayatollah's government.

BY ROBIN MOORE

WIDE WORLD

FORMER SECURITY ADVISOR TO PRESIDENT JIMMY CARTER, Zbigniew Brzezinski, lifted one fold of the secrecy veil that has enshrouded the failed hostage rescue mission in Iran launched on April 24, 1980. Brzezinski's account in the *New York Times Magazine* of April 18, 1982 reveals a few tantalizingly obscure hints as to the real background and purpose of that ill-fated American foray that ended in disaster at "Desert One" on the powdery sands at Dasht-e-Kavir, Iran's great salt desert.

Since World War II, America's hold on strategic oil—rich Persia had been managed through Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. The Shah's Iranian troops were trained and armed by the United States. Iranian oil flowed unobstructed to the western world. The constant threat of communist subversion from the north, where Iran shares 1300 miles of border with Soviet Russia, was neutralized by the most powerful army in the Middle East and the Shah's efficient and ruthless CIA backed secret police, the *Sadvak*. Iran became the stabilizing influence in the oil rich Persian Gulf.

A former Chief of the CIA, Richard Helms, became the United States Ambassador to Iran and helped his old friend, the Shah, bring into the modern world his culturally anachronistic nation. One of the Shah's greatest laments when he went into exile early in 1979 was that he didn't pay off

the Moslem fundamentalist Mullahs as had been the case from time in memoriam. His collision course with the Moslem fundamentalists finally resulted in the termination of his regime and the establishment of a new Moslem fundamentalist despotism led by the evil fanatic, Ayatollah Khomeni.

Zbigniew Brzezinski gives us just a glimmering of what the military operation the United States launched into Iran on April 24, 1980, ostensibly conceived to free our diplomatic hostages, was really all about. As he said, "The rescue mission would then be simply *one* of the overall military operation's components."

Zbigniew Brzezinski was undoubtedly the most worldly member of the Carter administration hierarchy. Perhaps it was the sense of inadequacy instilled in the President and his top advisers by the prodigiously well informed professor turned statesman that caused the constant feuding, the denigrating and belittling of Zbig by the lesser men around him.

The hostages were taken by Moslem fundamentalist terrorists masquerading as students on November 4 in Teheran. Brzezinski recounts that "On November 5, when I convened a formal meeting of the Special Coordination Committee (a standing crisis management meeting) none of us had the slightest expectation that we would be confronted with a 14-month-long crisis."

The major part of the planning took place at the headquarters of United States Army Special Forces, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, the U.S. Air Force base at Kinston, North Carolina and, of course, in Washington, D.C. It was from Air Force and old friends among the U.S. Army Special Forces planners that this writer was able to piece together and later confirm with these sources the following account of America's most disastrous military and political fiasco since the last days of the American embassy in Saigon.

"For the primary mission—the insertion of the civilian government leaders plus additional military reinforcements for the Iranian Special Forces teams—the planners turned to a top secret air asset known as the 'Blackbirds.' "

The desert landing in Iran was aimed at achieving four distinct goals—only one of which was related to freeing the hostages. Indeed, the hostage rescue mission had the lowest priority and it was imposed on a longstanding and far broader operational plan for purely domestic political reasons on the insistence of the White House.

In the end, the decision to abort the rescue mission served a useful and unexpected purpose. It diverted domestic and foreign attention from the true nature and the wide ranging scope of the master plan.

Before the key element of the U.S. blueprint for reasserting its influence in Iran could be achieved, it was detected by the Soviets. United States and Russian planes engaged in combat along the thin line of air space dividing Turkey and Russia. In that eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation, each of the world's two major super powers saw one of its aircraft shot out of the sky.

For long, tension-riddled hours the U.S. and Russia tetered on the brink of World War III until at last it became clear that neither side was willing to escalate the military confrontation any further.

The planning for the rescue mission phase of the overall long-standing grand design to regain United States dominance in Iran began November 5, the day after the U.S. Embassy was overrun. The Green Berets, Air Force personnel, Marines, and the recondite think tank brains combined with Brzezinski's S.C.C. to graft a rescue mission onto the overall operational planning that had been in progress since before the Shah threw in the towel and took off from Teheran.

United States military, diplomatic and intelligence experts forged a multi-phased mission to drive a wedge between the church, personified by Khomeini, and the state which at that moment did not exist nor does it today.

At the same time clandestine military assistance to rebel forces in Afghanistan would be provided in an effort to relieve communist pressure on at least one of Iran's vulnerable frontiers.

The restoration of a civilian government which would coexist with the aging, ailing and fanatical Ayatollah was a key element of the U.S. mission. It was planned that Shahpur Bakhtiar, Prime Minister after the Shah left, would lead the new government.

The Iranian Special Forces, a crack military unit loyal to the exiled monarch and modeled after, trained, and equipped by America's elite Green Berets, was securely in place at clandestine operational bases throughout Iran. American advisers were still attached to these units.

This entrenched Iranian Special Forces infra-structure was tasked with the responsibility of working with anti-fundamentalist groups in the various provinces to produce a cohesive national force that would respond in a coordinated fashion to a new civilian government.

The final prong of the American military effort in Iran, the hostage rescue mission, was evolved in November of 1979.

By December a multiple purpose operation was prepared to infiltrate additional Iranian and U.S. Special Forces and sophisticated military hardware into Iran for the purpose of destabilizing the country economically and militarily.

Through established Special Forces conduits sophisticated weaponry would be resupplied to the Afghan rebels.

If feasible the final stage was to rescue the American hostages.

For the desert strike eight RH-53 Sea-Stallion helicopters were deployed aboard the nuclear aircraft carrier Nimitz in the Arabian Sea. Six giant C-130 transport planes remained ready at a secret airfield in Egypt.

For the primary mission—the insertion of the civilian government leaders plus additional military reinforcements for the

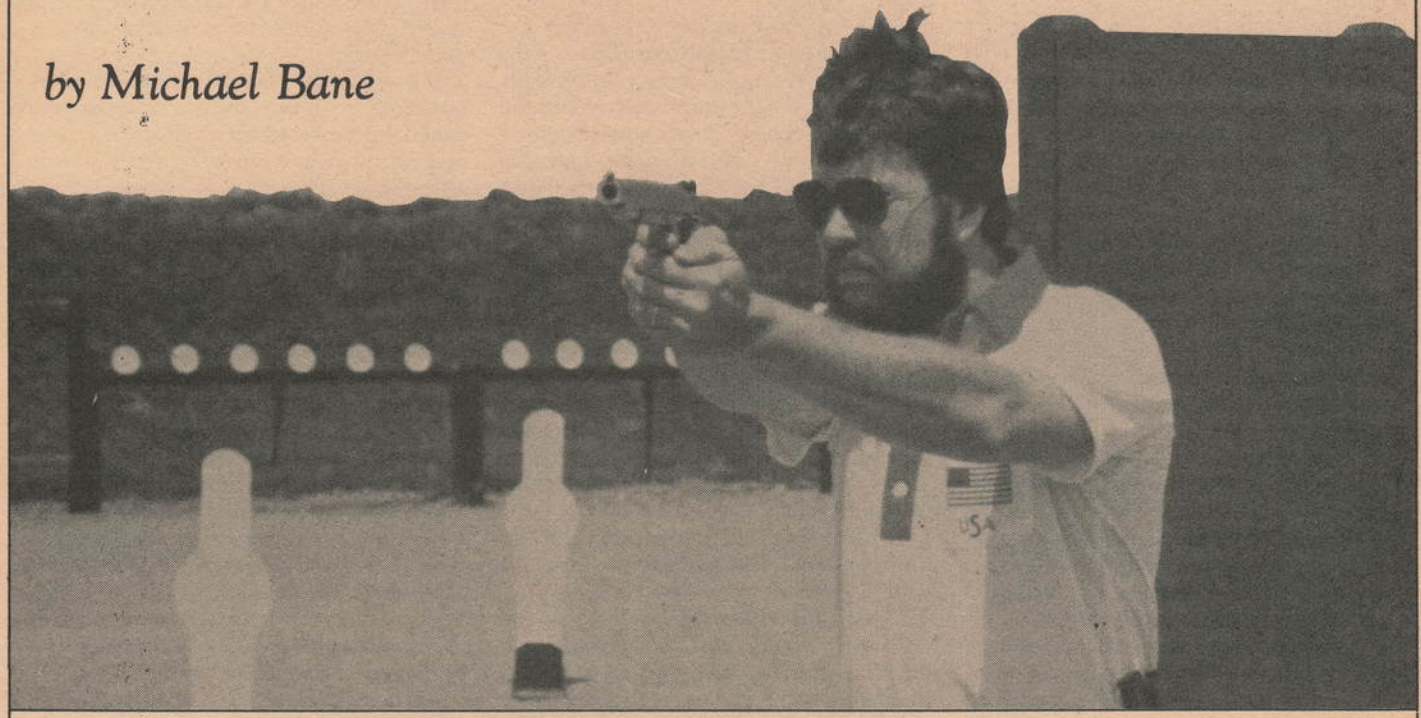
Continued on 115

WIDE WORLD

John Shaw is the fastest gun in the world, and with the world gone gun-crazy, he's turning lead into gold faster'n you can say "Draw".

PLINKING FOR DOLLARS

by Michael Bane



HARRY SARGENT

AT FIRST GLANCE, you might mistake him for a football player not quite big enough for the pros, some college jock on the way to going to seed as an insurance salesman or a car dealer. At second glance, though, you might not be so sure. He moves with the peculiar grace of a big athlete, all poise and no wasted movements, with the sense of great *power* being held, barely, in check.

He moves forward to a line inscribed on the grass and seems to settle into himself, shifting his focus away from the people around him. He shrugs his shoulders, adjusts his yellow baseball cap, squints one more look in front of him, then lowers his head in concentration. He raises his hands slightly, waits for the command to, "Go!"

Suddenly his hands are a blur, and the quiet Arkansas afternoon is split by the thunder of a big gun, his gun. The three shots roll into a single blast, joined with the gonging of three metal targets downrange, falling at virtually the same instant. The gun is suddenly back in its holster, and the Arkansas afternoon is once again quiet. Three expended shells lie on the grass, and the three metal targets lie flat on the gound, the smear of a big .45 caliber bullet neatly over the "heart" of each target.

The fastest gun in the world turns almost sheepishly away from the firing line. With his beard and grin, he looks once again like the affable good ole boy from Ole Miss that he is.

"That's nothing," says John Shaw, the fastest fun in the world. "You ought to see me on my *good* days."

Surprise, surprise—the fastest growing sport in America isn't racketball or table tennis or any of the other things chic people do at the new, sweat-free gym every week. The fastest growing sport in America is shooting, specifically *practical* or *combat* shooting. Traditional target shooting, as in the Olympic event, requires a competitor to shoot little tiny groups in round bullseye targets a long ways off. It is a highly

specialized sport that requires highly specialized equipment and the patience of a saint to compete. For the potential sports viewer, it is almost as exciting as watching turtles fall asleep.

Not so combat shooting. It is fast and furious, with impossible time limits for strings of shots. It requires running from point to point, crawling through tunnels, jumping over walls, shooting at targets at any distance from a few feet to 'way out there. It forces the competitor, male and female alike, to go from a jarring physical exercise like running to the finely tuned precision of long distance shooting, all in a few seconds.

The operative word here is "practical." Combat shooting began in southern California in the early 1970's as a direct outgrowth of people's need to learn how to shoot the guns they were buying for personal protection. Practical shooting was a painless way to learn to use a gun effectively, and, its supporters reasoned, if you owned a gun, you damn well better know how to use it effectively!

This year, the combat "circuit" will be worth almost half-a-million dollars in money and prizes. The winner of a single match, the Bianchi Cup, will take home a tidy $25,000 first place check. The people on the circuit are minor celebrities in their own right, with fawning fans and big bucks' endorsements.

At the top of the circuit is John Shaw, a 29 year-old real estate man from Memphis, Tennessee. He has won the coveted International Practical Shooters Confederation national championship not once, but twice. He led the victorious United States Gold Team in international competition—betcha didn't know there was an international circuit—in South Africa last year. That match, by the way, was attended by representatives from all over the world, including England, Italy, Australia, and South Africa.

He is, in fact, so good that the Federal Bureau of Investigation extended an invitation to him to come to their training facilities in Quantico, Virginia, to give their firearms instructors a few pointers; and he works regularly with four police departments around Memphis teaching their officers how to shoot.

On his home shooting range, and on his good days, John Shaw is probably unbeatable.

"Of course," he adds quickly in a self-deprecating Southern drawl, "I don't always have good days."

His story is, for professional sports of any kind, a strange one. Like most kids raised in the South, even in these days of hand-wringing liberalism, Shaw was passingly familiar with handguns. Almost everybody in his family shot, and he grew up hunting birds. He studied business at the University of Mississippi, and spent his

"The fastest growing sport in America isn't racketball or table tennis or any of the things chic people do. The fastest growing sport in America is shooting."

spare minutes in the time-honored occupation of shooting tin cans—plinking. Imagine it as something of an informal shooting gallery—if everything else screws up, you can still take it out on a bunch of empty beer cans.

Shaw ambled through college and ambled into real estate in Memphis, buying up property, fixing it up, and then renting it. Along the way he married his childhood sweetheart, Beverly, and moved into a house across the street from his parents in an old tree-lined neighborhood. But something kept nagging at him.

"All through my life, I'd never really done anything *good*," he says. "I never really excelled in anything. I was mediocre in football, I was mediocre in baseball. It seemed like everything I did, I never really carried it through all the way."

It gnawed and gnawed on him until one day about four years ago he woke up and decided to do one thing well. He decided, fairly arbitrarily, to become a world champion shot.

"I figured the trick was believing you could do it and being willing to work," he says, "I believed I could do it."

Working alone, he threw himself into shooting, adopting and adapting any techniques he could lay his hands on. He grudgingly took time out to make a living, spent all the rest of his time either making ammunition or practicing. Everything from wife Beverly to quiet evenings out with friends gave way to his obsession for winning, for being a champion.

And win he did, first a few, then a flood of local trophies. He finally went to a *real* match, sponsored by an outfit called the International Practical Shooters Confederation (IPSC), where he was able to shoot against the man who was then world champion, a Missourian named Ray Chapman. Shaw arrived at the match with an out-of-the-box gun and a holster he'd made himself from a cheap holster, some red velvet for lining and a razor blade. Everybody at the match had a good laugh at the "rube", which ended when Shaw copped a second place, beating out the world champion by one-tenth of a second. Fast, everybody said. Very *fast*.

"I think it was the red velvet," says John Shaw, laughing. "I still have the holster."

In 1980, he began winning matches like there was no tomorrow, culminating in the IPSC national championship, a feat he duplicated in 1981. In a sense, the sport grew with him. Not only was the prize money getting bigger and bigger, but big name manufacturers began entering the sport as sponsors of shooters.

Practical shooting was an idea whose time had come, and John Shaw was the man at the top, waiting to cash in.

What we are talking about here is something the media, most of the media anyway, has generally conceded as impossible, and that is the use of the dreaded handgun for *sport*. Not for snuffing liquor store owners or taking pot shots at presidents, but for sport, recreation, *fun*. Guns have joined abortion as issues where there is no middle ground. For or against: you're either part of the solution or part of the problem.

It is impossible to write about the sport of shooting without addressing the issue of guns. That goes doubly for the sport of practical shooting, and the fact that the sport is growing so quickly across the country says more about Americans' *real* attitudes toward handguns than all the public opinion polls put together and multiplied by two. There is a not-so-old saying from the 1960s' days of flower-power and SDS, which goes something like, "Vote with your feet." Handgun sales are booming.

"Practical pistol shooting started out to fill a need," says John Shaw, "and that need was how to defensively use a handgun in the most effective way. Now there's money in it, and now it's a professional sport. And I think it's good recreation. But if it ever comes down to a shooting situation, my life or theirs, I know my practical pistol shooting is going to make all the difference in the world. I'm going to be alive."

It's almost impossible to explain to someone from, say, the urban Northeast, just how much a part of the landscape the handgun is in the rest of the country.

"I mean, let's be realistic," he says. "I've owned handguns all my life, and I've never committed a crime with one and I've never shot anybody with one. But I do intend to keep one for self-defense, and I think that's just as legitimate a use for a handgun as target shooting."

But, he adds, there has to be a happy medium between the pro-gun and the anti-gun forces.

"I wouldn't object to the registration of all the guns I own if I could get a guarantee that registration wouldn't be used against me at a later date," Shaw says. "That's the big fear of the pro-gun people, that registration is simply a way of making it easier to confiscate. I also don't know anybody who doesn't want to have stricter punishment, like five years with no parole, for criminals who use guns during a crime. Why isn't that happening?"

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OUI LETTERS

Continued from 5

Dressing up in women's clothes

I have found one of the most fantastic turn-ons of my whole life. It is very simple to do and fun to boot. It's called being a transvestite. It all started a month ago. I'm in my freshman year of college and I got to be very good friends with a girl named Molly. She invited me home to her house for a holiday weekend. Her mother is a widow, so it was just the three of us. Molly's mother works during the day at a restaurant, so she didn't have much time off and we were left alone for much of the time I was there. After I was there for a day or so, Molly said she wanted me to play dress up with her. At first, I thought that was really silly and I balked. But she kept trying to persuade me and frankly I thought it was a good way to get into her pants in another way. Finally I agreed. Molly and I picked out the clothes I was going to wear from her closet. Just jokingly I mentioned how silly I would look in these clothes but with my short hair. No problem she said, and came back from her mother's room with a long blonde wig.

For the next hour or so she dressed me up—white panty hose, black high heels, a white satin blouse and a black velvet jumper. Then Molly insisted I looked so good that I had to have make-up. She wouldn't let me look in the mirror until she was finished. But when I did look I couldn't believe my eyes. This wasn't me. This was some beautiful girl on her way to a party. Just about that time, in walks Molly's mother. She was cool as could be. She complimented me and said all I really needed to complete the illusion was breasts. Then she went to her room and emerged with a set of falsies and a bra to put them in. She also loaned me a pair of shoes that fit better than Molly's. "Now you're ready," she said. I wondered what I was ready for. It didn't take long to find out. Molly had arranged a party for the next day with a bunch of her old high school girlfriends. She wanted me to try out all the work she had done on me at the party to see if any of the girls could tell I was a man. By this time, I was kind of getting into this whole thing and I said sure I'd try it.

The first half hour or so I was very tense. Most of the girls had been cheerleaders in high school with Molly. Then I spotted one that I just fell in love with. Her name was Penny. We sat and talked and then one thing led to another and soon I was showing her around the house. We worked our way upstairs and to my bedroom where we stayed a few minutes talking about sex and fantasies. It wasn't easy for me. She knew about sex a lot, but she wasn't very physically experienced, as it turned out. I suggested her fears could be calmed by a little game of pretend. She should pretend I was a man and do what she would do with him. She took off her dress and then her slip and pantyhose and bra and stood stark naked in front of me. I began to get very excited. I jumped when she said, "Okay, now I undress you." The shoes and the pantyhose were easy. But when I was down to my bra and slip I knew the jig was up. I reached over and flipped off the lights and slipped out of the rest of my clothes. Then I put my arms around Penny, my hard cock pressed against her. She didn't seem very surprised. I laid her down on the floor. She pushed me onto my back and quickly guided my cock into her pussy as she squatted down. She knew more than she had let on. She was slidding up and down my erection like a pro, the muscles of her cunt working me over. She came like a river and so did I. We jumped into the shower together and she gave me the best blowjob I've ever had. She said she had dreamed of just such a situation all her life but never thought it would really happen. Yes, she had been surprised when I turned out to be a man, but she was so turned on it didn't matter to her at all.

That night I told Molly what had happened when she asked me where I had disappeared to during the party. I told her about Penny and Molly got very upset. She said she was hoping all that was going to happen to her. That was the plan, she just hadn't thought I was ready yet. Her fantasy was to start making love to a woman who turned out to be a man instead and that was what was behind this whole thing. I told her not to worry. When her mother was gone the next day, I let her doll me up again and then I got her down and screwed the shit out of her. We didn't even stop long enough to take off our skirts. All I can say is that women sure like men in drag. Don't knock it until you've tried it.—*Allan Q., Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

Going down down under

Those Aussies have all the luck. I'm talking about your photo series on that fine piece of ass Joni Flynn (OUI, March 1982). When I was in 'Nam I took R&R in Sydney and let me tell you, there's more at home like Ms. Flynn. And the damn Aussie's don't know how the hell to deal with them. Be halfway polite and decent to an Australian woman and she'll be eating out of your hand and your crotch in no time. They're so used to the local guys sitting them in a corner while they play darts and get shitfaced that the least bit of personal attention and TLC is a real novelty for them. The women down there thought I was Sir Galahad or something. They'd take me home, screw my brains out and then pass me along to their closest friends. Looking at the great body and lovely face of Ms. Flynn really brought back some fond memories.—*Albert G., Chicago, Illinois.*

Cocoa is driving me nuts

I've been reading OUI for many years now and I don't think I've ever seen anything like Cocoa (OUI, April 1982). What incredible tits! I couldn't believe it. She's just what I've been looking for all my life. I think I can speak for most of the men out here in magazine readership land when I say Cocoa shreds my nuts. More, more, more!—*Ken H., Amarillo, Texas.*

She nuzzled my cock

My best experience with sex occurred last spring. I took my father's 1969 Buick and went over to a girlfriend's house and asked her if she wanted to go cruising. She said sure, so we went up to a small town along the river. The water was really beautiful. When we came to a dirt road that seemed to follow along the riverbank, we took it and went as far as we could. On the way back we ran out of gas—really.

We were still about thirty miles from town and it was getting dark fast. Teresa said, why don't we wait til morning. I said, Okay. We talked to pass the time, about school, how hard college was the first year, when our parents would let us move into our own apartments, that kind of stuff. We kissed a little but I didn't want to scare her or anything, so I didn't push it.

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PHOTO

Veronica Rudisell
THREE'S NO CROWD

PHOTO: MALINOWSKI

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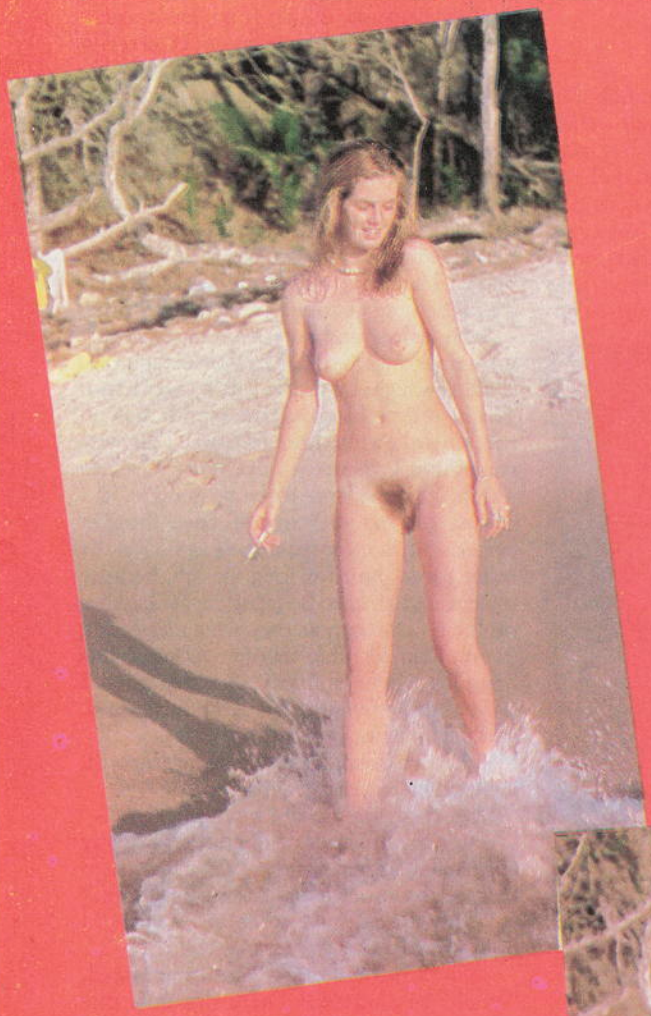

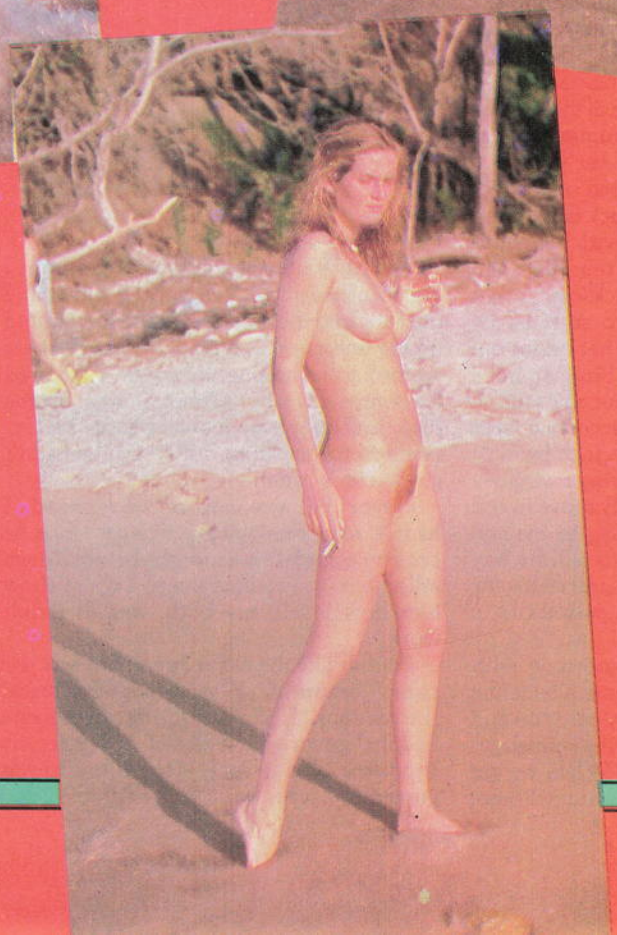

After a picnic of lush melons and fruits on the Florida Keys, Veronica and her buddies like to play cat and mouse games in nature's huge sandbox. The tropical sun can make a kitten drowsy, so she heads for the waters to rinse the sand off and cool down. A few good strokes in the sea and kittenish Veronica is an all-new pussy cat.

OUI LETTERS

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By now it was about 11:30 and Teresa lay down with her head in my lap. I stroked her temple lightly and played with her long brown hair. Then she was nuzzling around my crotch and my penis began to grow. When she felt my hard-on pushing against her face through my jeans, Teresa reached up with one hand and unzipped my fly and pulled out my cock. She licked lightly around the head of it and then nibbled her way as far down as she could reach. She said that she wanted to lick my balls too, so I slipped my jeans down to my knees. She would sort of pucker her lips and suck one of my nuts into her warm mouth at a time. Then she kissed her way back up to the tip and began sucking my dick in earnest. Her tongue was hot as fire. Man, I was going out of my mind, when she stopped and suddenly said that she wanted it up the rear.

I moved out from under the steering wheel while she slipped out of those skin-tight jeans and lacy panties. Holding on to the dashboard, she raised herself up and then eased her fine bottom down to my cock, which was still slick and wet from her mouth. I couldn't believe it when her tiny asshole seemed to open up and begin to eat it's way down my cock. The last two or three inches she sat down hard and her snow white cheeks slapped against my thighs. I reached around from behind and put one hand on her big bouncing tits and the other at the top of her pussy, rubbing her clit. Teresa grabbed the rearview mirror with both hands and began pumping her ass up and down my cock as hard and fast as she could. Her head was thrown back and she moaned in time with the down stroke, louder and louder each time. Soon I had slipped two fingers into her pussy and could feel my cock on the other side of the walls of her vagina. Within a few minutes, I was blasting everything I had up her butt.

Without a word, she climbed off and got into the backseat. She laid back and spread her legs holding them apart with her hands behind her knees. I got the hint and followed her into the backseat. I got positioned and was ready to stuff in my brand new hard-on and fuck her brains out when she said, "Take it easy, I'm a virgin." I couldn't believe it at first, but she said, "I was saving my cunt for someone very special." I slid in very slowly, inch by inch. She wasn't kidding about being a virgin—she was so tight I could hardly move in and out. Her cunt seemed to cling to me and hold me tight every time I got all the way into the hilt. We had a mindblowing orgasm after which we both passed out in exhaustion.

We woke up the next morning with about five or six men standing outside the car just staring at us. I got my pants on and asked them if they could loan us enough gas to get into town. They did. When we got home, her mom and dad were at my house. They asked what happened and I told them we ran out of gas. Jesus, was I surprised when they said they were glad their daughter was lucky enough to get stuck in the woods with someone like me, since I was such a nice young man and nothing would happen. I laughed to myself. To make a long story short, she and I are married now. About six weeks after this happened, we found out she was pregnant. —*Roy G., Portland, Oregon.*

Erin go braless

Erin (OUI, April 1982) is a knock-out. Green eyes, strawberry blond hair—she's got to be Irish. I'm Irish too, and I've got a leprechan in my pants pocket who'd like to find her pot of gold. Would you guys give me a break? I've been falling in lust every issue now for months. I can't take much more. On second thought, keep them coming.—*Brian, O's. Dublin, Pennslyvania.*

Fetish for girls in lace

Doctor Walters is a busy young doctor. I am his office nurse. I've worked with many doctors, and the best ones could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Doctor Walters seemed to be among the count. I admired his competence, but admired his handsome looks and body even more. I was in a perfect position to lure him, but so far, he hadn't given me a tumble.

Maybe he was gay, or undersexed, I hadn't seen him with a woman since he came to our town six months before. I even asked him to examine me so I could show him how lovely my body was. It didn't work.

I didn't like the next patient. She was too damn beautiful. I gave her the usual instructions, "Take everything off; there's a hospital gown on the chair." "I'll wear my slip," the blonde said. Her white slip was gorgeous, lavish with lace at bodice and hem. She must have money, I thought, or just loves exquisite lingerie.

"Open up, let me check inside," I heard the doctor say, as he reached for her legs to spread them wider apart. He began peering into her cunt. His slender male hands began to massage her box. Soon his fingers began to caress. This was not part of the usual examination, so I attempted to interrupt. "If I need you, I'll call," he angrily shouted. His fingers were still rubbing her clitoris, and the blonde was grinning from ear to ear.

When I peeked at them again, I was really shocked. The doctor was now using his tongue instead of his fingers. The damn fool, didn't he realize he could lose his license? Served him right, I thought, although I hated to see a good doctor get canned. This just wasn't like him. What the hell did that blonde have? As if I didn't know, remembering her beautiful face and body. That lacy slip didn't hurt either. Reminded me I should wear a few of mine.

I was jealous and hurt, even though there were no strings attached to the doctor and I. Oddly enough, I was also getting turned on. The next time I looked, the blonde was on her knees giving him fellatio. This was something I wanted to do. Now I had to watch. Did she have to be so good at it? I started playing with myself, then thought better of it, and forced myself to stay in the other room. Not for long though, because my curiosity had to be satisfied. He had her on the couch now, as they were engaged in intercourse. My chances of breaking up this coupling were long past, so this time I stayed in the front office. An hour passed, and the patients were getting restless.

"I hate to break up a good thing, but you have other patients waiting doctor."

"Let them wait," was his reply.

After the business of the day was finally concluded, he said to me, "I can trust you to be discreet about this I hope Miss Jones."

"Only if I can have some of the same," I boldy remarked.

"Not tonight though," he commented, "you'd be cheated." There was only one good thing about the evening. When making the next appointment, the blonde was cursing the fact that she had to go to Europe and wouldn't be back for six months.

Doctor Walters delivered his promise the very next day, and I discovered why. He had a fetish for girls in lace slips. I wore one that day after observing the success of my rival. The doctor had no trouble seeing it through my transparent uniform. Did I say I thought he was undersexed? What a miscalculation that was. If a girl put on a lacy slip he became a sex maniac. Too bad all my jeans are going to waste in the closet. It's worth it though, because every day is a sexual ball. What a lover! The only reason I am telling this, is to aid other girls in trying to win their man. Discover his weakness, and you'll have him eating out of your hand, or anything else you want eaten. —*Randi M., El Toro, California.*

DEEP·NECK

Or: How I Convinced America That LBJ Sexually Abused JFK's Corpse. A Page From The Sixties by Paul Krassner.

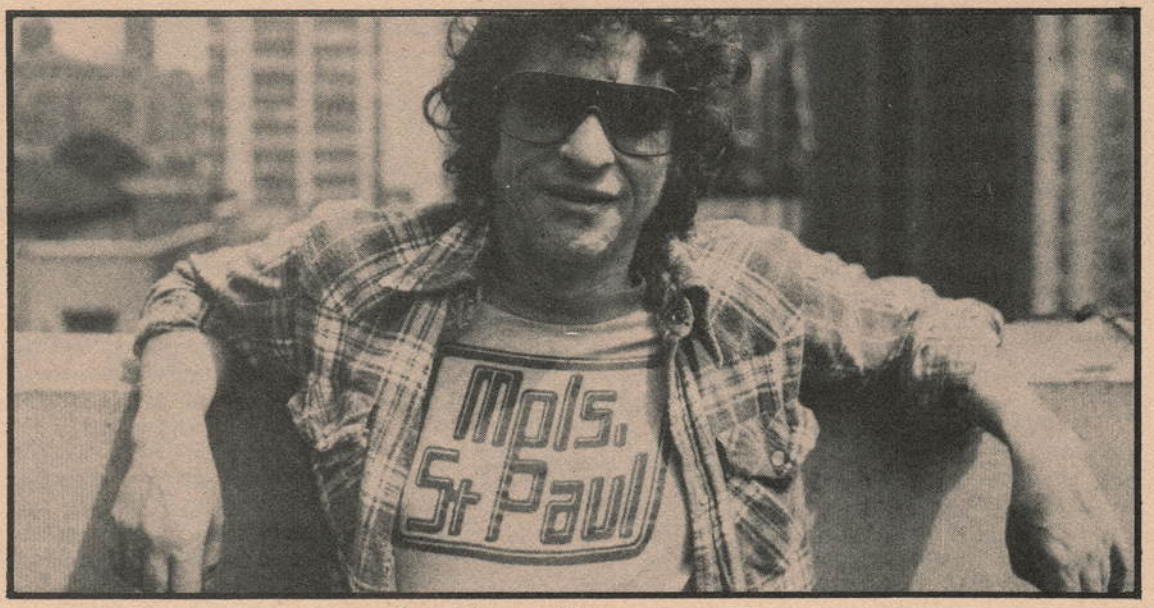
WHILE THE LEFT LOBE OF MY BRAIN was concerned with serious journalism, the right lobe wanted to make people laugh, and both roles took on an increasingly symbiotic relationship. I was becoming an investigative satirist.

Occasionally I would attend the Comedy Workshop at a rehearsal hall in Times Square. Performers could test their new material along with their old paranoia that standup comics sitting in the audience might steal their jokes.

In 1960, a couple of impressionists at the Workshop were more fatalistic than competitive. They were following the presidential election campaign with a peculiar shared interest. But Vaughn Meader hoped John Kennedy would win, and David Frye hoped Richard Nixon would.

As a side effect of Kennedy's victory, Meader recorded a best-selling comedy album, *The First Family*.

On Friday afternoon, November 22, 1963, my wife, Jeanne, seven months pregnant, went out to buy a TV set



by Paul Krassner

On the bus, she overheard on a radio coming from somebody's convertible that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas. She got off the bus, called me with the news and went directly to Macy's TV department, where an army of display sets were simultaneously verifying the details to clusters of shocked shoppers.

It felt like a terrible anachronism. This was the kind of thing that happened in the past, to Abraham Lincoln. Maybe it happened now too, but only in foreign countries, in Europe or Latin America.

We wept a lot that weekend, our little *menage a trois*, Jeanne and me and our new TV set.

Saturday evening I was scheduled to entertain at a benefit for the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants. (Monroe, North Carolina was one of the original thirteen colonies; the defendants were civil rights activists falsely accused of kidnapping local Ku Klux Klan leaders.) *Laugh with Paul Krassner*, the ads had promised. The event was not cancelled.

It was sponsored by the Socialist Workers Party, publisher of *The Militant*, a copy of which was supposedly clenched in the fist of Lee Harvey Oswald, along with a rifle in his other hand. This image plus a shadow of his head pointing in the wrong direction, would appear on the cover of *Life* magazine. Originally, these left-wingers had assumed the assassin was a right-winger.

"Aren't you sorry," I began, "that it turned out to be one of *your* nuts instead of one of *theirs*?..."

On Sunday morning, Oswald was slain by Jack Ruby in a prison basement on live TV. For those who slept late or went to church, the scene was repeated over and over throughout the day and evening in glorious slow motion, a ballet murder.

Ruby would later explain: "Suddenly there was a great commotion. Out of there walked Oswald. He was about ten feet from me. He came out all of a sudden with a smirky, defiant, cursing, vicious Communist expression on his face."

Lenny Bruce was staying at our house, edgy about his upcoming one-night stand at the Village Theater. He told me he knew comedians who had worked at Jack Ruby's night club and reported that Ruby had a tattoo of a vagina on his upper arm, so that when he made a muscle, it opened and closed.

Lenny walked on stage. There was an almost tangible tension in the audience that only his opening line could break.

"*Whew*," he whispered into the microphone. "Vaughn Meader is *screwed*...."

Only Richard Nixon forgot where he had been the day Kennedy was killed. That's what he told the FBI. Later, he remembered he had been in Dallas, of all places, where he had been representing Pepsi-Cola at a convention of the American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages.

It was common knowledge in Washington social circles that Kennedy was something of a ladies' man. His staff included a Secret Service agent, whose duties were virtually escorting him to and from rendezvous sites.

A reporter asked him for his reaction to the slaying of Lee Harvey Oswald following the assassination of John Kennedy. Nixon instantly became the personification of a Freudian slip.

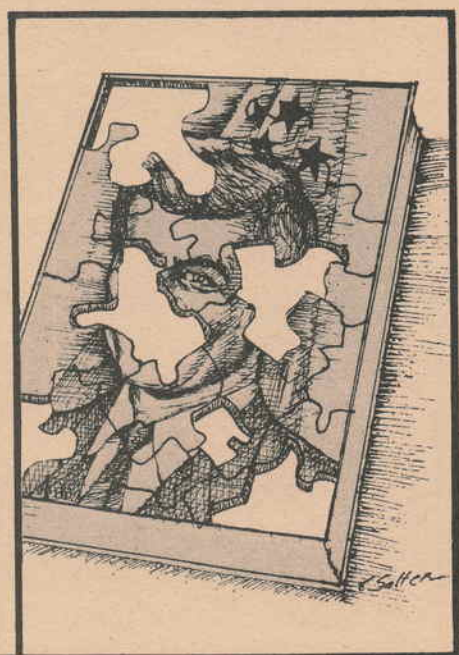
"Two rights," he replied, "don't make a wrong. I mean...."

And David Frye's career was back on hold.

The executive committee of the Free Speech Movement on the Berkeley campus was debating whether it would be appropriate for Mario Savio to lead protesting students in to occupy the Administration Building.

"I don't believe in the cult of personality," announced Barbara Garson, "but if you've got one, use it." She accidentally referred to President Lyndon Johnson's wife, Lady Bird, as "Lady MacBird." This simple verbal slip would develop into a full-length play, *MacBird*. Originally intended for the amusement of demonstrators, it would eventually have a successful run at New York's Village Gate.

I invested $3,000 personal savings and became *MacBird's* biggest backer. Naturally, when Alan Whitney, a *New York Post* editor, wrote a column for *The Realist* which included the following item, I had to publish it. "There is a clever play around named *MacBird* which charges, without presenting any evidence, that the Johnsons had Kennedy killed. Similarly reckless, though less serious accusations were being hurled about fifteen years ago—from right to left. At that time the phenomenon was known as McCarthyism." Ironically, I had started as a standup comic making fun of McCarthy, and as a result was chastised by night club owners.



At the final sit-in of the Free Speech Movement in December, 1964, Barbara Garson's husband, Marvin, was noticeably missing. He had gone to Dallas to work for Mark Lane investigating a possible conspiracy behind the assassination of President Kennedy. In the March, 1965 issue of *The Realist*, I published an article by Harold Feldman, "The Kennedy Body Snatchers", which concluded:

"And the X-rays and colored photographs of the President's body, where are they? The Warren Commission never saw them.

"The Commission accepted the verbal assurance of the Bethesda medical commander about the number, size and location of Kennedy's wounds, but they never asked for the only scientific proof that such wounds existed.

"Instead, putting art before science, they admitted into evidence a drawing, marked Exhibit 385, prepared by an artist.... It shows an arrow that has entered the base of Kennedy's neck from behind, exiting just below his Adam's apple.

"The evidence that no such wound existed but that another wound was located some five inches below the President's coat collar is very impressive. And if this wound and the neck wound in front were indeed separate wounds, the Commission's case for a lone assassin is destroyed...."

Two years later, I published excerpts from my appearance on Mort Sahl's TV show in Los Angeles, including this quote:

Sahl: "I went to the Archives (and saw) the Zapruder film. I was in there for several hours, running it, then looking at it frame by frame on a slide projector. When the President is first struck it seems that he's struck in the back. It's reasonably obvious looking at it; you don't have to be a ballistics expert. Then he's struck in the throat—and his hands go up—and he begins to fall slowly into Mrs. Kennedy's lap, he sags as the life goes out of him, and then he's hit in the head, and as he's hit in the head it's the force of a *train* hitting you. The President is hit from the right front. I saw it repeatedly. I saw a major portion of his skull fly to the rear and to the left. *(Audience recoils audibly.)* Yes, it's shocking, and it'll help any of you who can't make up your mind about where you are in this...."

Meanwhile, in the trivia sales market a John F. Kennedy salt-and-pepper set

appeared. The pepper was in a china rocking chair; and the salt was in a removable china figure of the President, with three holes in his back for pouring.

Four months after President Kennedy was killed, his former press secretary, Pierre Salinger, called William Manchester to tell him that the family was authorizing him to write a book on the assassination. Manchester had not been their first choice. He would be playing a sloppy third to historians Theodore White and Walter Lord, dangling somewhere between the making of a President and the sinking of the Titanic. Bobby Kennedy made the official public announcement in March, 1964. He did not mention an agreement giving him and Jackie power to approve the manuscript.

Lyndon Johnson and Marina Oswald refused to grant interviews to Manchester. Jackie Kennedy submitted to ten hours of intimacy with his tape machine, but two years later, she insisted on cutting material that was too personal for publication.

Bobby sent a telegram to Evan Thomas, editor-in-chief at Harper & Row, suggesting that the book "should neither be published nor serialized." Thomas wrote to Kennedy advisers, asking for help in revising the manuscript which he felt was "gratuitously and tastelessly insulting" to Johnson.

Jackie filed a suit that was based on public relations rather than the law. "Anyone who is against me will look like a rat," she proclaimed, "unless I run off with Eddie Fisher." And indeed, the case was settled out of court in January, 1967.

Harper & Row made the requested delections. So did *Look* magazine, which had purchased serialization rights for $665,000. *Der Stern*, however, a German magazine with the foreign serialization rights, refused.

Look then described the last night of President Kennedy's life in a Texas hotel, but *Stern* went into detail about the special mattress that had been installed for his back problem. It was a double bed with a single mattress. Jackie had to sleep in another room. Why should American readers have been denied the irony of what John Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald had in common? That the night before one was killed by the other, neither had slept with his wife?

Then, in the middle of serialization, even *Stern* yielded to Jackie and agreed to omit certain passages she found unbearably offensive.

This was a job for *The Realist*.

On a brisk Saturday morning in February, 1967, I took a long walk to the printer and delivered the following manuscript. I was frightened and exhilarated.

The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book

An executive in the publishing industry, who obviously must remain anonymous, has made available to The Realist *a photostatic copy of the original manuscript of William Manchester's book,* The Death of a President.

Don called and suggested that I could be charged with incitement to the assassination of Lyndon Johnson.

Those passages which are printed here were marked for deletion months before Manchester sold the serialization rights to Look; *hence they do not appear even in the so-called "complete" version published by the German magazine,* Stern.

At the Democratic National Convention in the summer of 1960, Los Angeles was the scene of a political visitation of the alleged sins of the father upon the son. Lyndon Johnson found himself battling for the presidential nomination against a young, handsome, charming and witty adversary, John F. Kennedy.

The Texan, in his understandable anxiety, degraded his campaign with a strange tactic. He attacked his opponent on the grounds that his father, Joseph P. Kennedy, was a Nazi sympathizer during the time he was United States Ambassador to Great Britain, from 1938 to 1940. The senior Kennedy had predicted that Germany would defeat England, and he had therefore urged President Franklin D. Roosevelt to withhold aid.

Now Johnson found himself fighting pragmatism with pragmatism. It did not work; he lost the nomination.

Ironically, the vicissitudes of regional bloc voting forced Jack Kennedy into selecting Johnson as his running mate. Jack rationalized the practicality of the situation, but Jackie was constitutionally unable to forgive Johnson. Her attitude toward him always remained one of controlled paroxysm.

It was common knowledge in Washington social circles that Kennedy was something of a ladies' man. His staff included a Secret Service agent, referred to by the code name Dentist, *whose duties were virtually escorting to and from rendezvous sites—either in the District of Columbia or while traveling—the models, actresses and other strikingly attractive females chosen by the President for his not-at-all infrequent trysts.*

"Get me that," he had said of a certain former Dallas beauty contest winner, when plans for the tour were first being discussed. That particular aspect of the itinerary was changed, of course, when Mrs. Kennedy decided to accompany her husband.

She was aware of his philandering, but would cover up her dismay by joking, "It runs in the family." The story had gotten back to her about the late Marilyn Monroe calling long-distance from her Hollywood bathroom to New York Post *film-gossip columnist Sidney Skolsky. "Sid, you won't believe this," she had whispered, "but the Attorney General of our country is waiting for me in my bed this very minute—I just had to tell you."*

It is difficult to ascertain where, on the continuum of President-by-default Lyndon Johnson's personality, innocent boorishness ends and deliberate sadism begins.

To have summoned then-Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon for a conference wherein he, the new President, sat defecating as he spoke, might charitably be an example of the former; but to challenge, under the same circumstances, Senator J. William Fulbright for his opposition to Administration policy in Vietnam is considered by insiders to be a frightening instance of the latter.

The more Jacqueline Kennedy has tried to erase the crudeness of her husband's successor from consciousness, the more it has impinged upon her memories and reinforced her resentment. "It's beyond style," she would confide to friends. "Jack had style, but this is beyond style."

When Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. related to her an incident which he had witnessed first-hand—Mr. Johnson had actually placed his penis over the edge of a yacht, bragging to onlookers, "Watch it touch bottom!"—Mrs. Kennedy could not help but shiver with disgust.

Capitol Hill reporters have observed the logical extension of Johnson's boasting about his six-o'clock-in-the-morning forays with Lady Bird to his bursts of phallic exhibitionism, whether it be on a boat or at the swimming pool or in the lavatory. Apropos of this tendency, Drew Pearson's assistant, Jack Anderson, has remarked: "When Lyndon announces there's going to be a joint session of Congress, everybody cringes."

It is true that Mrs. Kennedy withstood the

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A selection of bottom line numbers on America's Super-Rich.

TAT

By Jacqueline Thompson

A MERE MILLIONAIRE IS HARDLY CONSIDERED RICH ANYMORE—OR A MEMBER OF AN EXCLUSIVE CIRCLE OF ACHIEVERS. After all, by 1981 there were 637,500 Americans who could claim that title according to the U.S. Trust Company. Clearly, it takes a much higher net worth figure to initiate a person into the ranks of the super-rich these days.

For *The Very Rich Book*, I chose $50 million in cool, hard cash as the minimum amount a person needed to attain the status of super-rich—and the lifestyle that goes with it. For those of you who would like a peek through the hedges, here's a roundup of not-so-vital statistics on America's current crop of "rich millionaires," as Damon Runyon used to call them.

Number of Americans Worth $50 plus Million—There are only 285. Now that's what I call an exclusive club! Of this total, 162 (or 57%) are enterprising entrepreneurs; and 5 of them are women. The remaining 123 (or 43%) are possessors of hand-me-down fortunes; 18 are women. So much for the myth that women control the majority of the private wealth in this country.

Average Age — 66 years.

Life Expectancy — Greater than the rest of us. The national Center for Health Statistics cites 73.6 years as the average life expectancy in the United States. For *The Very Rich Book*, I did a study of the 135 American multimillionaires who died between 1950 and 1980. Only 6 were under 50 years old when they died—usually in a car, airplane or yachting accident. At the other extreme, 25 were 90 years or older when they died, invariably of "natural causes." In short, this well-heeled group had a life expectancy of a whopping 77.6 years.

Suicide Rate — Also above the national average. Although there are no definitive studies of the suicide rate by class, most authorities agree that a high proportion of the almost 30,000 suicides each year are, in fact, wealthy people. If the suicide rate is a valid indicator of happiness, then it would be fair to say that the American upper class harbors some extremely morose individuals.

Source of Wealth — Oil, real estate and finance, in that order, are the industries most represented on the super-rich list.

City With the Most Super-Rich Residents — New York City. It's the place where all the *nouveau riches* gravitate to validate their social credentials.

State With the Most Super-Rich — Texas, natch.

Traits Common to the Self-Made Super-Rich — Emotional and cardiovascular stamina; supreme self-confidence; and tyrannical personalities.

Traits Shared by Inheritors — High suicide rate, high psychiatric fees, and even higher booze bills.

Old Guard's Definition of a Lady — A woman whose name appears in the newspapers on three occasions: her birth, her marriage, and her death.

Old Guard's Definition of a Gentleman — A man whose father and grandfather before him pronounced "to-*may*-to" as "to *mah*-to."

Divorce Rate — Surprise! Various studies have estimated the probability of divorce according to such socio-economic determinants as educational level and income. The higher the family income and the greater the education of the partners, the **less** likely it is the couple will divorce. Why? When the rich are unhappily mated, they have the wherewithal to go their separate ways and simply ignore their spouses.

Popular Pastimes — For Mr. Tycoon, poker. For Mrs. Tycoon, social climbing. For heirs and heiresses, plotting how to get the family fiduciary to unleash more loot from their trust fund.

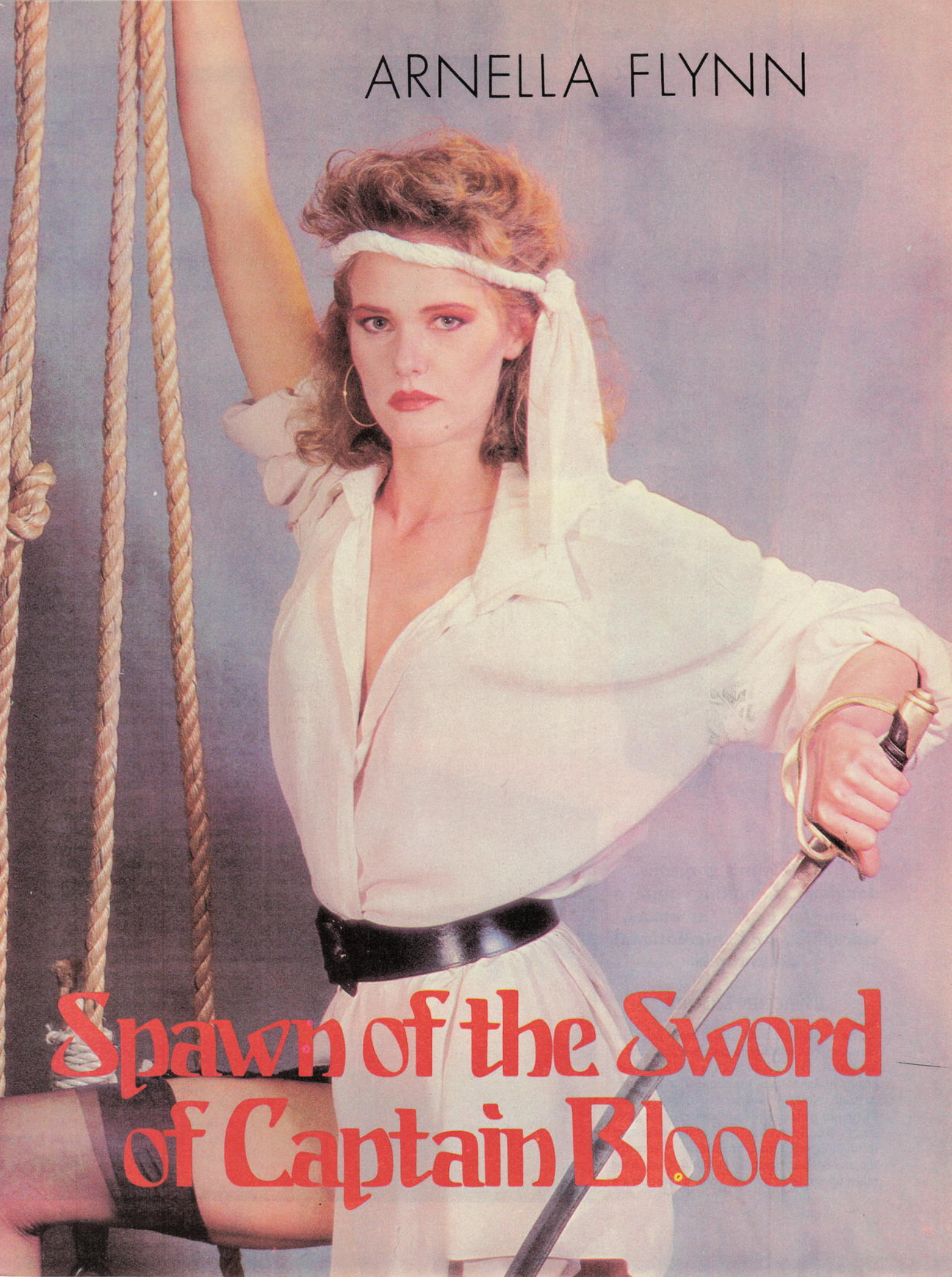
Favorite Reading Material — Town & Country, the **Social Register**, their bank statements.

Aristocratic Sports (in descending order of snob appeal) — Polo, fox-hunting, court tennis, yachting, thoroughbred horse-racing, dog breeding, squash, tennis, skiing, golf, and croquet.

Favorite Cliche — "People turn conservative when they've got something to conserve."

Continued on 120

ARNELLA FLYNN

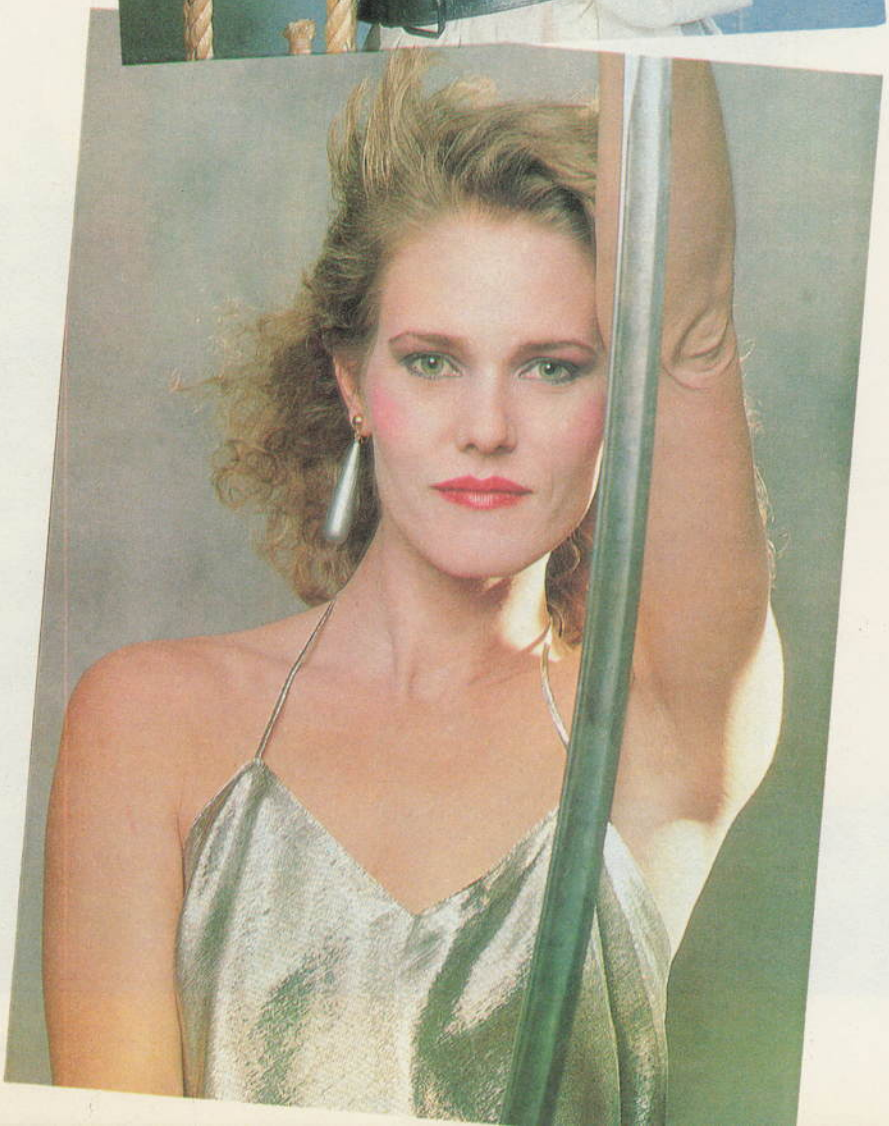


Spawn of the Sword of Captain Blood

Errol Flynn's gorgeous daughter is making quite a name for herself as model, videophile, and international adventuress.

BY ROBIN MOORE

She is tall, blonde, icily beautiful. Her features recall not only the timeless classicism of her father, Errol Flynn; but the cool and classy beauty of her mother, the actress Pat Wymore, as well. Now in her mid- twenties, Arnella Flynn has traversed the far corners of the globe geographically and traveled the inner recesses of spiritual experimentation psychically. Currently, she and her photographer husband, Carl, have taken up residence in New York, where they are



experimenting with video production and are profitably engaged in manufacturing a hip and chic line of greeting cards. The cards, designed by Arnella, show romance and detective magazine covers of the 40's and 50's, with Arnella frequently portraying the slain blonde.

She's a big girl now—but I've known her since her teens and most of my memories are concentrated on my all-too-brief friendship with her superstar father.

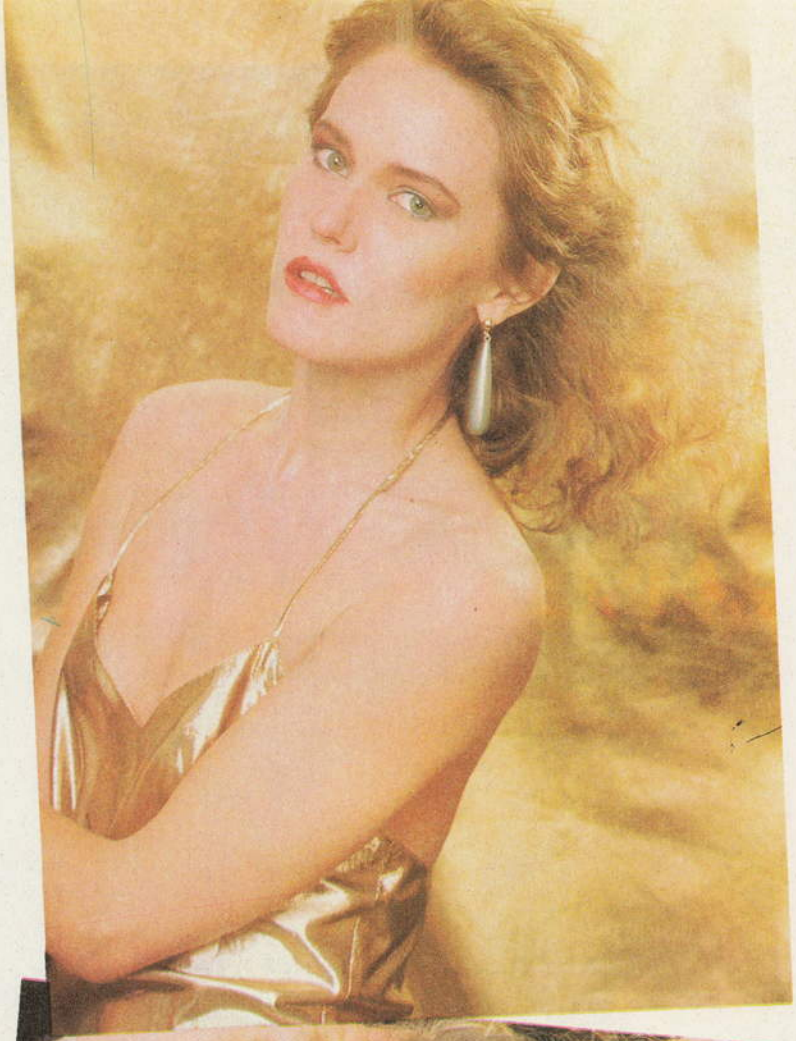
It was a rich and rewarding relationship for me, since I had already been an avid fan of the man who brought life to Captain Blood, Robin Hood, and dozens of other brash Hollywood heroes, when we first met.

It happened in Jamaica, British West Indies in 1956. I had recently purchased one of the most beautiful beaches in the Caribbean, Boston Beach, which adjoined his 2,000-acre cattle-and-coconut property.

Errol's spacious yacht, Zacca, made Port Antonio, (our area of Jamaica) its home port. While he usually had his wife Patrice and their baby daughter Arnella aboard with him, he was, of course, reputed to sport some of the most beautiful women in the world on his ship. Nor did he ignore the dusky island girls. Indeed, Moses, one of the most handsome local hotel managers on Jamaica, is an ebony-colored version of Errol.

Errol and I shared a love of adventure, women, rural Jamaican life, and literary endeavor. Unmarried, I ran a small charter airline out of Montego Bay and a bar, The Tea House of the Blue Lagoon, in Port Antonio. Errol was my best customer in both ventures and we built a small airstrip on his property. Until the day he died, we had planned to consolidate Boston Beach with the Flynn Estates and create a super-development in Jamaica.

By 1958, in order to talk business with Errol, I had to go to the hotel he used to own, The Titchfield, and wake him up at eight in the morning. By 10:30 the vodka and orange juice, laced with ganja, Jamaica's virulent form of



marijuana, rendered him incapable of business talk.

Errol would be in bed with Woodsie, his wood nymph, (as he called his 17 year old companion, Beverly Aadland.) She was a beautiful and remarkably well-developed young blonde. When I walked in, plans under my arm for our development, Errol would give Woodsie a sharp slap on her pretty rear end and say, "Get up and get Daddy a drink."

"But Daddy," came the rejoinder, "I haven't any clothes on."

"If Robin hasn't seen it yet it's about time he did," Errol roared and Beverly, nude, a sight indeed worth seeing, jumped out of bed, ran to the metal chest across the room and, from it, produced ice, juice, and vodka in which the ganja had been steeping overnight. She brought the drink back to Errol and climbed back in bed beside him while Errol and I talked business.

Errol bought the beauteous and precocious child at age fifteen from her mother. Momsy who accompanied them everywhere, to protect them from engendering a repeat performance of Flynn's disastrous statutory rape trial of 1942. But, at 17, Woodsie was considered of age and Moms no longer travelled with her.

One day, nude on a beach picnic at Boston Beach, Errol, Woodsie, my current female comrade and myself wrote a wild treasure map that all of us signed and put in a wine bottle. We corked it tightly and buried it deep in the sand. After Errol died, I spent many a day trying to retrieve the bottle—but to no avail.

Flynn was, indeed, the Duke of Portland, the parish in which we were developing our land. More than that he was patron of the rafting races. Fifty intrepid men poling their rafts at full tilt down the Rio Grande River, the winner of the melee, which left the river strewn with broken rafts and injured raftsmen, won a prize of a hundred pounds, a fortune then.

Picturesque Navy Island across the harbor from The Titchfield Hotel was also his. He won it one night from its sporting Jamaican owner in a dice game. And Errol took delight in importing some of the finest Brahma bulls from England to improve the herd on Navy.

The Boston Race Course on the Flynn Estates was the site of many colorful country horse races. No race meeting in the world from Churchill Downs to Ascot could have been more delightful than the Boston races. Horses came from all over Jamaica and the strictest British rules and dress code were observed in its hastily-constructed enclosure, which was reconstructed yearly for the meet.

Races were spread over three or four days and, of course, the Duke of Portland presided in pixilated splendor. Bugles were blown, wild betting enlivened the proceedings and undoubtedly a certain amount of fixing took place. As far as I know the first woman jockey in "formal horse racing" rode at the Boston back in the Fifties. Errol was never one to exclude pretty women from anything and this equestrienne was a beauty.

While Errol was a courtly gentleman at all times, he never lost his ability to physically punish any man who abused The Flynn Code of

They have a plant in Jamaica called "Shy Lady" and when you touch it, the delicate leaves close up tight. Then when you just watch it, the plant opens up. That's the way love is with me. You do a lot of non-touching things, looking, sharing—and then everything opens up and love comes.

Ethics on his home turf.

Unfortunately, Woodsie was far from monogamous and if Errol left her alone while flying back to California or New York for a business trip, Beverly was fair game for the local sports. In fact, she didn't even wait for Errol to leave the Titchfield Hotel if she wished to take up briefly with a man who caught her fancy. If all were done in taste, Errol closed his eyes to such moral vicissitudes.

But a young Jamaican businessman of British heritage decided he wanted Errol Flynn's girl for a souvenir. Woodsie was bored with Portland life when the young man, Chris, spirited her away for a trip around the island. Apparently Woodsie took it all one step further and, while travelling with Chris, saw fit to add yet another man to her string. Enraged, Chris drove Woodsie across the island and back to the Titchfield Hotel where, dragging her by the wrist he threw her at Errol. "You can have your whore back!" he exclaimed.

Without a word Errol lifted Chris clean off the ground with his left hand, held him against one of the pillars that supported the hotel's portico, and released an incisive right jab upon the hapless abductor's eye. Chris then collapsed to the ground but Errol lifted him once again and delivered another smash to the jaw. It was some time before Chris was in shape to drive off and in Errol's lifetime he never returned to the Duke of Portlands turf.

Castle Comfort was the highest and most beautiful estate which made up Errol's property and it was here that he built his dream house. After the concrete had been poured to make up the main slab of the house, he and Woodsie gave a party and, Hollywood-style, pressed their hands and feet into the wet cement immortalizing forever, he declared, their deep friendship.

Tragically, Errol Flynn died before he could spend his first night in the home overlooking his vast estate and the Caribbean. Woodsie was with him, in Vancouver (where he was trying to sell the Zacca to a local millionaire) when he

had a heart attack and died, just short of his fiftieth birthday in Woodsie's arms. He was a great gentleman who loved and ravished life.

As a result, I lost a most colorful friend and our great mutual development never came about. But Errol Flynn's spirit still lives in Jamaica. His widow, Patrice Wymore, and their beautiful daughter Arnella, certainly the loveliest feminine creature who ever touched Errol's life, have built the Estates into the expansive, verdant cattle ranch it is today.

OUI: Arnella, let's begin this conversation by talking about your father, Errol Flynn, and your memories of him. Your mother Patrice Wymore starred in a picture with Errol, married him soon after and used to cruise the Mediterranean and the Caribbean with him in his sailing yacht, Zacca.

AF: My first memory, I was in the crib and my parents were playing on the beach in Mallorca, living on the Zacca. I was with a little girl who was a year older than I was. And she was crying and I was crying, but only because there was this bee or wasp on the mosquito net over the crib. My mother came, my father didn't—he was having too much fun at the beach. I can't blame him. Mother said, "Oh well, they're both crying. They'll cry themselves to sleep." Normal Mother talk.

Another remembrance of father was on the Zacca. The crew and my father teased me constantly. I must have been three or four. They were painting the side of the boat and I really wanted to pick on this one guy because he gave me so much trouble in a funny kind of way. He was Spanish, Haymie they called him. He was painting the side and he came up for some more paint and I was sitting there waiting with a paint brush. I dipped it in the paint and I was ready for him, I was looking over the side and I saw him coming up and I painted his face.

I remember my father trying to get my mother in the water and going out on a speedboat with him which I adore. I love speedboats.

My next memories of father were in California when mother moved to an apartment on Sunset Strip and my father used to come and visit me and I'd sit on his knee and I'd say "Hi Dad." Sometimes he would come into the house and still tease me constantly, pull my skirts and I'd say, "No Papa, no Papa." Then I only spoke French and Spanish because I was raised by a French governess and I lived in Mallorca, so when I moved to California I only knew those languages.

I remember also on the Rock of Gibraltar going to see the monkeys—baboons or whatever they were, and I was terribly frightened at one point and I picked up my foot while sitting on Dad's lap and I slammed it down on his knee. He had a broken arm then too. I have fond memories of him. Not the baboons.

I remember sitting on his knee on a picnic table bench and I was saying, "Daddy, Mommie's inside, why don't you come inside?" And he said, "No, I can't right now." I said OK. He used to come and visit me secretly after that. It was very nice. And at other times he used to come in the house and see my mother as well.

Before then he took me to Jamaica at a very early age. I was baptized at one year old in Boston Church to which he donated some land. It was near Port Antonio where he kept the Zacca and bought the Titchfield Hotel. Everybody in Jamaica remembered him and to this day tell me very amazing, funny interpretations of what he did and what he said. You know how young kids are. They're very easy with their parents. They love their parents. When I saw my father it would excite me and I would get very excited and we'd play games.

OUI: What kind of games did you play?

AF: Well he might have taken a bridge out of his mouth or, I don't know. Crazy games he would play with me. He loved to scare me, but just for the moment.

OUI: At that time your mother and father were living in California, visiting Jamaica.

AF: They had their problems. My mother was always a very Victorian woman whom I admire and respect. We lived on the Zacca for about three years when I was a little girl. My father eventually farmed in Jamaica and fell in love with it.

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OUI: Do you remember your mother's great dancing and singing at places like Las Vegas?

AF: I loved going to Las Vegas in the summers and seeing my mother perform and I played there while she performed. Mother had a very disciplined nature. I enjoyed hanging around backstage. I even used to put on the costumes and makeup. I very rarely watched mother's shows from the front as I got older. I used to think that I would like to be on stage myself someday.

OUI: Your father died in Vancouver, Canada trying to sell the Zacca to a Canadian millionaire. What do you recall about that?

AF: I heard that he was at a party in Vancouver and was not feeling well. He went into the bedroom to relax. I knew that he died of a heart attack. And at much too young an age I think. He lived not too long but too well.

OUI: What about his seventeen-year-old girlfriend, Beverly Aadland, whom he called Woodsie, his wood nymph? It was reported that he died in her arms.

AF: I'd like to think that he died in somebody's arms.

OUI: Recently a writer put out a book in which he said Errol Flynn was a Nazi spy.

AF: Anybody who would say anything about my father being a Nazi spy probably was a very smart little cookie that wanted a claim on my Dad's fame. And that's the way the cookie crumbles. Dad would never have been a Nazi spy as I see it. No Nazi spy would buy an island of his own and just want to be either left alone or amongst friends and he found sincere people in Jamaica.

OUI: It was also said that Errol tried homosexuality, specifically with Tyrone Power. And he was once quoted as saying, "Why leave out one whole big sex?" Did your mother ever talk about it?

AF: No, my mother never told anything to me about that. But generations change and who would make a big deal of that today. He probably liked good buddies around just like I like good girl friends around. Everybody needs someone to let everything out on you know, and sometimes you can't do it with the opposite sex. It doesn't mean that it has to be a sex affair completely. People like to look for that of course and make something sensational of it. I loved him very much, but of course I'm his daughter. He was a lot of fun.

OUI: What about your own love life?

AF: I would like to characterize my own love life as being shared with a partner that works equally with me. We work together and independently—that makes us both able to understand and move into the next positive direction.

My first love affair happened in Jamaica of course. I was 16. The man is probably a lawyer now, he went to England. We used to write love letters.

OUI: To use your phrase, you were into love affairs when you lived in Jamaica, as well as in Paris and London where you modelled.

AF: Wouldn't everybody be? I think that was just instilled in me because I had tall parents and very long grandparents and that was in my blood and I always look older than my age, so I probably felt at that time that I had to live up to that. And little girls mature faster than little boys. Now I feel differently.

They have a plant in Jamaica called "Shy Lady" and when you touch it, the delicate leaves close up tight. Then when you just watch it, the plant opens up. That's the way love is with me. You do a lot of non-touching things, looking, sharing—and then everything opens up and love comes.

OUI: Now Arnella, here you are living in New York, how do you see yourself as an actress?

AF: Vulnerable. I feel vulnerable but comfortable when I'm in front of the cameras. But people seem to like that. It isn't something I try to do, it just happens and I guess my vulnerability comes across and it seems to excite the people who have seen my work so far.

"I went to a school called Immaculate Conception. The uniforms were ugly, I used to wear colored underwear. But we were all very pretty."

OUI: Do you feel vulnerable in New York in everyday living, or in the world of acting and modeling?

AF: Let's face it, Jack the Ripper would feel vulnerable in New York. I feel I can take care of myself. A black guy tried to attack me as I was waiting to get on an elevator and go up to a studio for a photo assignment. He followed me in the door to the building and I didn't notice him at first. I saw by the lights that the elevator was stuck up on the fourth floor and I was wondering how long I'd have to wait when this jerkoff started acting crazy. I'm used to Jamaica where you really don't notice color.

OUI: (After a long pause on Arnella's part) What did you do?

AF: I started cursing him at the top of my lungs in Jamaican patois which I speak like a native. Like, "Ya get ya bumba clot right out a 'ere." (Arnella laughed at the memory.) It wasn't funny then. I was screaming in this patois and scared him. He backed away from me, all the time saying, "I'm going to kill you." But he never heard a white girl talk like that before and ran out of the building. (A gasping laugh in retrospect.)

OUI: Do you feel any rapport with your father, in spirit at least?

AF: Yes. About a year ago I found a manuscript that he had written before he became an actor. You know he had two books published. I am taking his vision and rewriting it. I think it tells more about my father than anything. Basically it's a story of a treasure hunt. He was looking for more than a physical treasure. I have similar thoughts myself. More what the meaning of life is all about. He traveled a lot. From Tasmania, where he was born and grew up, through Australia, New Guinea, Singapore, all over the world looking for something. And this manuscript is the story of what he thought he was searching for. I think it is more the romantic buccaneer searching for youth and roots.

OUI: What about the other brothers and sisters?

AF: I had a brother, Sean, who was in Vietnam writing for *Time* magazine and was lost with other journalists in Cambodia. He tried being an actor too for awhile. He starred in a movie, *The Son of Captain Blood*. *Captain Blood*, of course, was my father's first great picture. Sean's mother was Lily Dimita whom my father met when he first went to Hollywood.

I have two half-sisters, Rory and Diedre, from my father's second wife, Nora Eddington. And I'm the youngest.

OUI: Are you close to your two sisters and brother?

AF: I used to love getting letters from Sean. He lived an adventurous life just like our father. He wrote me about a time when he was driving in Paris and picked up a girl who was hitch hiking. She made him stop and dove into this lake where the tourists were feeding ducks. She called out "Quack quack, I want some bread." I think he left her there, he should have. She probably drowned.

OUI: When did you start going to school in Jamaica?

AF: I went to high school in Kingston, called the Immaculate Conception. The uniforms were very ugly, I used to wear colored underwear. But we were all very pretty. One of my classmates, Cindy, was a white Jamaican who became Miss World. She met Bob Marley in London.

OUI: By the way Arnella, everybody always wants to know about sun signs, what's yours?

AF: I was born in Rome on December 25th, the same day as Him, supposedly.

OUI: Arnella, what is your life like today?

AF: I live in New York and Jamaica. I work hecticly in New York modeling, acting and working out of a studio where video and still photographs are being produced. I'm looking on to further goals, specifically hoping that my acting career will lead me to feature films on both sides of the camera.

OUI: What about your home life, Arnella?

AF: I live with my six year old son, Luke, who goes to a private school in New York. My husband and I work together; he's a photographer, but also we have our own lives and work and live independently. ■

oui

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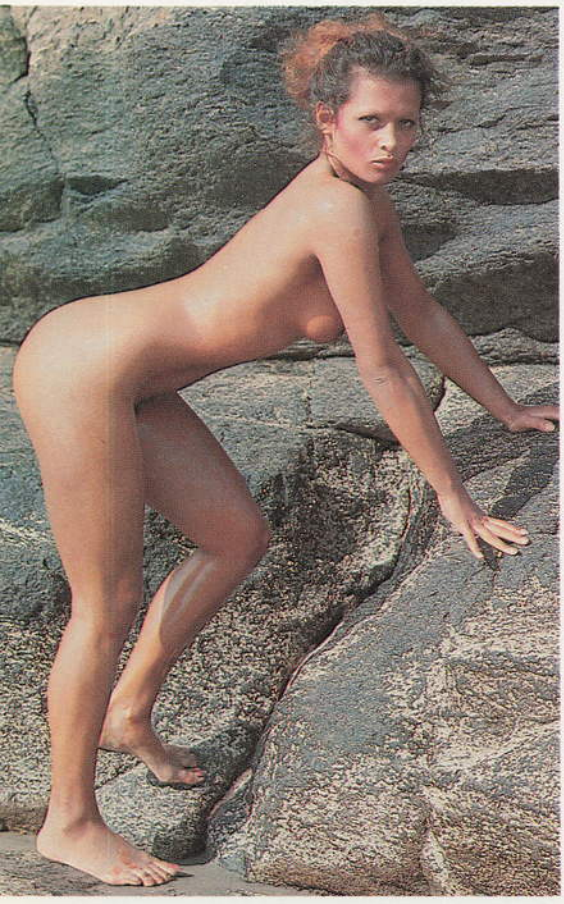
Tempestuous Tina

For as long as she can remember, Tina danced naked on the sparkling white beaches of the Caribbean. Her father, a French business man, and her mother, an island native, chose Martinique as their home; and Tina's personality was formed amid the beauty of sky and rain, sun-drenched beaches, the wild rushing surf of that beautiful island.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIWER OHLSSON

"I was always, and still remain very independent. I hardly attended school at all because of my temper. I refused to be told what to do or where to sit for more than five minutes. And I could not bear to be in a stuffy schoolroom instead of out on the beaches. I chose my freedom above all other considerations. When school got boring or I got angry at my teacher or my classmates, I would run out the door and head for the beach, racing the whole distance. Once there, I would tear off my clothes and speed along the edge of the tide yelling and leaping. I'm twenty-two now, and my habits have changed only slightly. I don't wait as long to shed my clothes. Now I start ripping them off on the way to the beach."



Because of her fiery nature, her classmates quickly nicknamed her *La Chatte,* which in French means "the cat." At sixteen, Tina went to work for an island club, as a dancer. "I put my body movements to work for me to earn a living. It's been nice sharing with people what I've been doing alone on the beach all my life. I am as free on stage as at the beach, and I get paid for behavior that was once condemned. Poetic justice, no?"

It is also quite obvious that someone should want to photograph Tina in her native environment.

"It happened quite unexpectedly—like so many things in my life. I crashed into him, camera and all, while I was running on the beach one late afternoon. I was quite embarrassed, having knocked him

over so handily. I apologized and asked how I could make it all up to him. Without hesitating he smiled and told me to continue what I was doing while he snapped away. Little did he realize I would have done that anyway, but I agreed.

"He touched me once," Tina recalled, "when he was trying to pose me, and I slapped him hard. I don't like being touched unless I ask you first." Again, I quickly apologized and all he could say was, 'You *are* a little tigress, aren't you?' But when we finished he had his reward for putting up with my temper. I gave him a gift—the stars are my witness.

He went to sleep
afterward but I
got up to dance and
run again, for nothing
keeps me still when
I don't want to be still,
not even lovemaking.
And the only time
I've ever been held down
was when a man was lying
atop me, and then, it was
only because I let him...."
Lucky man....

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

What better haunt for the Living Dead than the hellish Nazi death camp and its horde of walking dead?

By Gardner Dozois and Jack Dann

Bruckman first discovered that Wernecke was a vampire when they went to the quarry that morning.

He was bending down to pick up a large rock when he thought he heard something in the gully nearby. He looked around and saw Wernecke huddled over a *Musselmann*, one of the walking dead, a new man who had not been able to wake up to the terrible reality of the camp.

"Do you need any help?" Bruckman asked Wernecke in a low voice.

Wernecke looked up, startled, and covered his mouth with his hand, as if he were signing to Bruckman to be quiet.

But Bruckman was certain that he had glimpsed blood smeared on Wernecke's mouth. "The *Musselmann*, is he alive?" Wernecke had often risked his own life to save one or another of the men in his barrack. But to risk one's life for a *Musselmann*? "What's wrong?"

"Get away."

All right, Bruckman thought. Best to leave him alone. He looked pale, perhaps it was typhus. The guards were working him hard enough, and Wernecke was older than the rest of the men in the work-gang. Let him sit for a moment and rest. But what about that blood....

"Hey, you, what are you doing?" one of the young SS guards shouted to Bruckman.

Bruckman picked up the rock and, as if he had not heard the guard, began to walk away from the gully, toward the rusty brown cart on the tracks that led back to the barbed-wire fence of the camp. He would try to draw the guard's attention away from Wernecke.

But the guard shouted at him to halt. "Were you taking a little rest, is that it?" he asked, and Bruckman tensed, ready for a beating. This guard was new, neatly and cleanly dressed—and an unknown quantity. He walked over to the gully and, seeing Wernecke and the *Musselmann*, said, "Aha, so your friend is taking care of the sick." He motioned Bruckman to follow him into the gully.

Bruckman had done the unpardonable—he had brought it on Wernecke. He swore at himself. He had been in this camp long enough to know to keep his mouth shut.

The guard kicked Wernecke sharply in the ribs. "I want you to put the *Musselmann* in the cart. Now!" He kicked Wernecke again, as if as an

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY SMITH

afterthought. Wernecke groaned, but got to his feet. "Help him put the *Musselmann* in the cart," the guard said to Bruckman; then he smiled and drew a circle in the air—the sign of smoke, the smoke which rose from the tall grey chimneys behind them. This *Musselmann* would be in the oven within an hour, his ashes soon to be floating in the hot, stale air, as if they were the very particles of his soul.

Wernecke kicked the *Musselmann*, and the guard chuckled, waved to another guard who had been watching, and stepped back a few feet. He stood with his hands on his hips. "Come on, dead man, get up or you're going to die in the oven," Wernecke whispered as he tried to pull the man to his feet. Bruckman supported the unsteady *Musselmann*, who began to wail softly. Wernecke slapped him hard. "Do you want to live, *Musselmann*? Do you want to see your family again, feel the touch of a woman, smell grass after it's been mowed? Then *move*." The *Musselmann* shambled forward between Wernecke and Bruckman. "You're dead, aren't you *Musselmann*," goaded Wernecke. "As dead as your father and mother, as dead as your sweet wife, if you ever had one, aren't you? Dead!"

The *Musselmann* groaned, shook his head, and whispered, "Not dead, my wife...."

"Ah, it talks," Wernecke said, loud enough so the guard walking a step behind them could hear. "Do you have a name, corpse?"

"Josef, and I'm not a *Musselmann*."

"The corpse says he's alive," Wernecke said, again loud enough for the SS guard to hear. Then in a whisper, he said, "Josef, if you're not a Musselmann, then you must work now, do you understand?" Josef tripped, and Bruckman caught him. "Let him be," said Wernecke. "Let him walk to the cart himself."

"Not the cart," Josef mumbled. "Not to die, Not—"

"Then get down and pick up stones, show the fart-eating guard you can work."

"Can't. I'm sick, I'm...."

"*Musselmann*!"

Josef bent down, fell to his knees, but took hold of a stone and stood up with it."

"You see," Wernecke said to the guard, "it's not dead yet. It can still work."

"I told you to carry him to the cart, didn't I?" the guard said petulantly.

"Show him you can work," Wernecke said to Josef, "or you'll surely be smoke."

And Josef stumbled away from Wernecke and Bruckman, leaning forward, as if following the rock he was carrying.

"Bring him *back*!" shouted the guard, but his attention was distracted from Josef by some other prisoners, who, sensing the trouble, began to mill about. One of the other guards began to shout and kick at the men on the periphery, and the new guard joined him. For the moment, he had forgotten about Josef.

"Let's get to work, lest they notice us again," Wernecke said.

"I'm sorry that I—"

Wernecke laughed and made a fluttering gesture with his hand—smoke rising. "It's all hazard, my friend. All luck." Again the laugh. "It was a venial sin," and his face seemed to darken. "Never do it again, though, lest I think of you as bad luck."

"Carl, are you all right?" Bruckman asked. "I noticed some blood when—"

"Do the sores on your feet bleed in the morning?" Wernecke countered angrily. Bruckman nodded, feeling foolish and embarrassed. "And so it is with my gums, now go away, unlucky one, and let me live."

At dusk, the guards broke the hypnosis of lifting and grunting and sweating and formed the prisoners into ranks. They marched back to the camp through the fields, beside the railroad tracks, the electrified wire, conical towers, and into the main gate of the camp. Josef walked beside them, but he kept stumbling, as he was once again slipping back into death, becoming a *Musselmann*. Wernecke helped him walk, pushed him along. "We should let this man become dead," Wernecke said to Bruckman.

"He pictured it again and again: the watery sheen of blood over Wernecke's lips, the tarry trickle, like a tiny scarlet worm."

Bruckman only nodded, but he felt a chill sweep over his sweating back. He was seeing Wernecke's face again as it was for that instant in the morning. Smeared with blood.

Yes, Bruckman thought, we should let the *Musselmann* become dead. We should all be dead....

It was dim inside the barracks. A bare lightbulb hung from the ceiling and cast sharp shadows across the cavernous room. Two tiers of five-foot-deep shelves ran around the room on three sides, bare wooden shelves where the men slept without blankets or mattresses. Set high in the northern wall was a slatted window, which let in the stark white light of the kliegs. Outside, the lights turned the grounds into a deathly imitation of day; only inside the barracks was it night.

"So you know what tonight is, my friends?" Wernecke asked. He sat in the far corner of the room with Josef, who, hour by hour, was reverting back into a *Musselmann*. Wernecke's face looked hollow and drawn in the light from the window and the lightbulb; his eyes were deep-set and his face was long with deep creases running from his nose to the corners of his thin mouth. His hair was black, and even since Bruckman had known him, quite a bit of it had fallen out. He was a very tall man, almost six foot four, and that made him stand out in a crowd, which was dangerous in a deathcamp. But Wernecke had his own secret ways of blending with the crowd, of making himself invisible.

"No, tell us what tonight is," Crazy old Bohme said. That men such as Bohme could survive was a miracle—or, as Bruckman thought—a testament to men such as Wernecke who somehow found the strength to help the others live.

"It's Passover," Wernecke said.

"How does he know that?" someone mumbled, but it didn't matter how Wernecke knew because he *knew*—even if it really wasn't Passover by the calendar. In this dimly lit barrack, it *was* Passover, the feast of freedom, the time of thanksgiving.

"But how can we have Passover without a *seder*?" asked Bohme. "We don't even have any *matzoh*," he whined.

"Nor do we have candles, or a silver cup for Elijah, or the shankbone, or *haroset*—nor would I make a seder over the *traif* the Nazis are so generous in giving us," replied Wernecke with a smile. "But we can pray, can't we? And when we all get out of here, when we're in our own homes in the coming year with God's help, then we'll have twice as much food—two *afikomens*, a bottle of wine for Elijah, and the *haggadahs* that our father's and our father's fathers used."

It *was* Passover.

"Isadore, do you remember the four questions?" Wernecke asked Bruckman.

And Bruckman heard himself speaking. He was twelve years old again at the long table beside his father, who sat in the seat of honor. To sit next to him was itself an honor. "How does this night differ from all other nights? On all other nights we eat bread and *matzoh*; why on this night do we eat only *matzoh*?

"*M'a nisht'ana halylah hazeah*...."

Sleep would not come to Bruckman that night, although he was so tired that he felt as if the marrow of his bones had been limned away and replaced with lead.

He lay there in the semi-darkness, feeling his muscles ache, feeling the acid biting of his hunger. Usually he was numb enough with exhaustion that he could empty his mind, close himself down, and fall rapidly into oblivion, but not tonight. Tonight he was noticing things again, his surroundings were getting through to him again, in a way that they had not since he had been new in the camp. It was smotheringly hot, and the air was filled with the stinks of death and sweat and fever, of stale urine and drying blood. The sleepers thrashed and turned, as though they fought with sleep, and as they slept, many of them talked or muttered or

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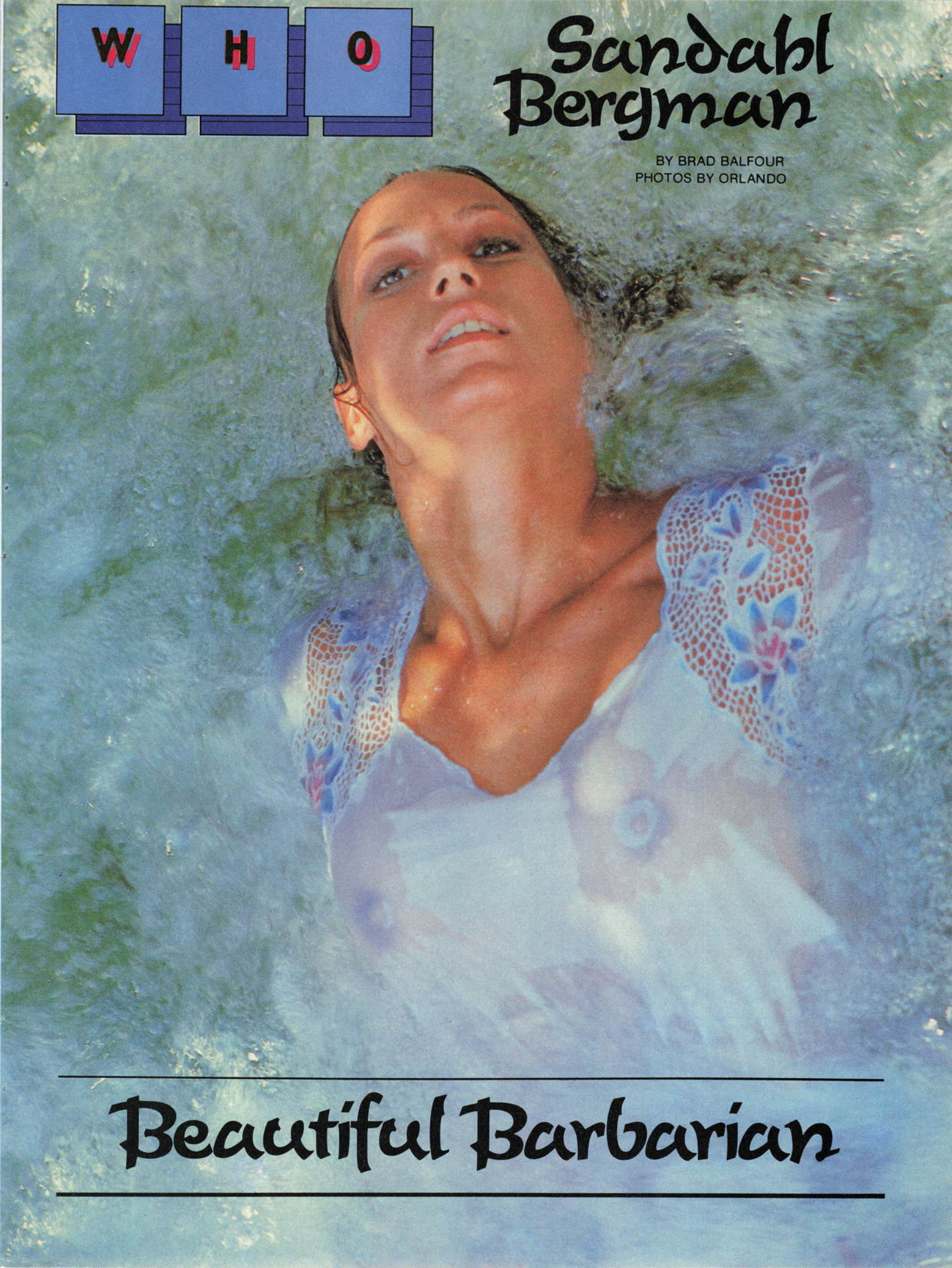
WHO

Sandahl Bergman

BY BRAD BALFOUR
PHOTOS BY ORLANDO



Beautiful Barbarian

"Actors are allowed the freedom to expose themselves more than the rest of us and not be put in jail for it or condemned. That's why I like this business. I can expose this sexuality...."

Since the release of *Conan The Barbarian*, this summer's assault on civilized sensibilities, the figure of Arnold Schwarzenegger has loomed large, extremely large, in the public eye. And no wonder the star of *Conan* should figure so hugely in our consciousness—he is virtually the embodiment of the barbarian with his 6'4" frame and baseball biceps.

But that was to be expected. After all, this former world champion body builder has long extolled the virtues of body;

no one else but Arnold could be Conan. The real surprise of this word and sorcery epic was the appearance of dancer Sandahl Bergman as the bitch queen of thieves, Valeria.

It was no trick of the camera that this 5'8" broad-shouldered blond should command our attention almost as powerfully as Schwarzenegger. She moves like she was made for scaling the tower walls of snake cultists, stands like she could face off a horde of battle ax wielding sub-humans and writhes with heated passion on screen in a steamy love scene as well as any fantasy one might have of her off screen. Certainly the moves she's made in *Conan* are moves to watch out for.

Not that she hasn't been a face and a body to watch out for before. When famed choreographer Bob Fosse tapped her for a role in his meglomanic tour de force, *All That Jazz*, he thrust her into a most revealing spotlight. It was her topless dance sequence which caused Playboy Magazine to gush, "Bergman's topless body english . . . makes *All That Jazz* look very much alive." Although such contortions might make for a night's wet dream, it doesn't make a career. This is something Bergman has realized, and in *Conan* is taking steps to correct. This is her first role where she steps before the camera without wearing dance leotards.

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WHO

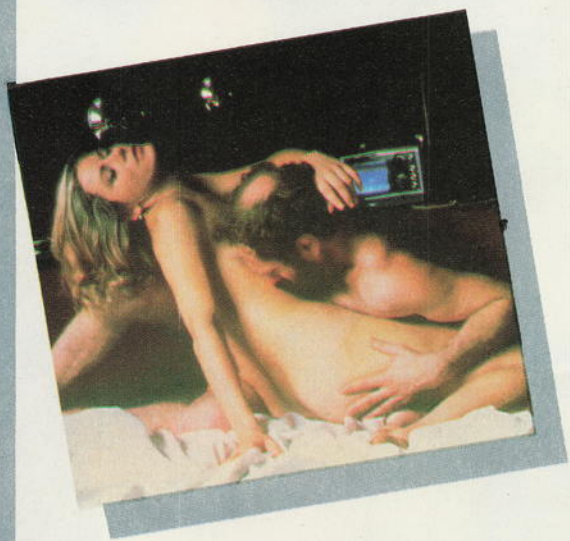
The provocative star of I Love You heralds the new shape of Brazilian cinema.

Bravo Braga

By Patrick King

Newsweek called her the most life-enhancing movie star in the world and it's easy to see what they mean. In a sequence from her new film, Arnaldo Jabor's *I Love You*, she is wildly pursued through the darkened maze of an abandoned design-ware house by her confused co-star, Paulo Cesar Pereio. Suddenly we see her tits outlined boldly in the glare of a neon torch. Then her cunt, her hips, her ass—before our eyes Sonia Braga becomes a moving sculpture driving poor Paulo wild with grown-up games. "It's like a childish face I make sometimes," she told me when I met her last week. She was in New York to promote *I Love You's* American premiere. "In context with a silver gown on a huge screen, it's more than a part of me; it's a kind of metaphor."

Born thirty years ago in the small town of Maringa in southern Brazil, the fates played many tricks on "the girl with the silver nitrate soul," as Jabor would later refer to her. At school she was a driven student, always at the top of her class. "I needed to be," she confessed, "because I was the ugliest one in the family. My brothers all teased me about being ugly."



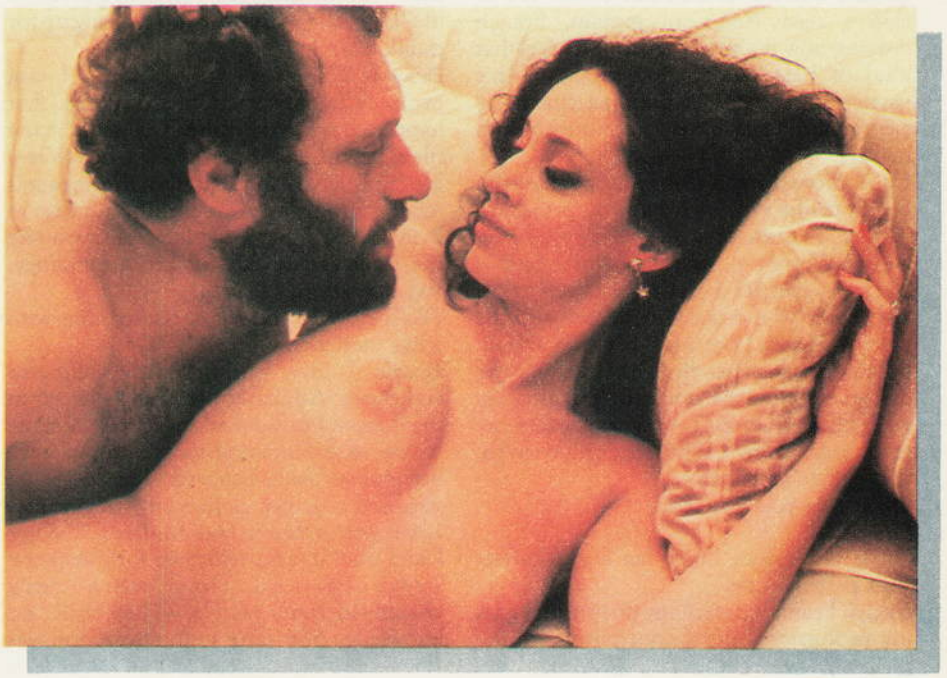
Her father died when she was eight and only the high scholastic standards she'd set early enabled her to continue her education until she was fourteen. She worked as a civil servant, a typist, a receptionist. By chance one day she was asked to fill in as a princess on a Brazilian television show, "The Enchanted Garden." One year later she was working extensively in children's television.

At seventeen she was hired to star in a soap opera, "The Girl of the Blue Sailboat." Major network roles followed: "Brother Courage," "Jungle of Stone," "Fire Over the Earth." But it was not until she auditioned for and won the title role in "Gabriela" a prime-time soap opera based on *Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon* by Jorge Amado, that Brazil recognized Sonia Braga as a household name.

She performed in the early seventies in a series of Brazilian stage productions, most importantly Ademar Guerra's production of *Hair*. Her film career started at the top. She was already a star.

In 1975 she made a picture called *The Couple*, directed by Daniel Filho. Filho refined her and changed her image. He taught her to go out into the street and observe the people there, then to bring what she learned back into the studio. She was becoming an actress of greater depth—and sensuality.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands carried Sonia Braga's name around the world. It grossed $12,000,000 world wide and served as the basis for a Broadway play. Jack Kroll said she had tapped the utopian sexual fantasy that lies at the heart of the movie medium. And for all that she is a funny, unassuming person, about five feet two inches tall.



OUI: It seems to me *I Love You* makes an important social comment about relationships and relating.

Braga: The film leaves all possibilities open. Sexuality, productivity, inter-relationships. It's important that American audiences should share these ideas with us.

That's how we learn to understand each other.

OUI: The film deals at least in part with sex games—games that people play during sex.

Braga: People miss, very often, the "play" in sex. They don't experiment. Couples come apart in order to discuss their sexuality. Men talk about it with their buddies, women discuss it with their girlfriends. Some people hire shrinks. I think it would be more constructive if these discussions came about within the relationship. It's healthy for the relationship. That's all in the movie.

OUI: How long did your career take to develop?

Braga: I've had the same work commitment since I was fourteen. I've always worked in film and T.V. and I've been growing. Because it took place gradually, I'm very used to it. I think about it and cope with it.

OUI: This was a dream then, to be an actress?

Braga: (Laughs) No...no. My childhood plans were to become a physician. It was all a process of growing up. Work and production became a part of my reality very young. I did office work and then a friend asked me to appear on T.V. For me that was like play. I got used to working in that context.

OUI: You are becoming one of the most glamourous women in the world. How does that affect your life?

Braga: I represent a typical Brazilian woman. If you go to the streets of Sao Paulo, the women there all look like me.

OUI: Hollywood has never been known for the kind of sophisticated films Italy, France, and England have. Do you see Brazil, perhaps, filling the gap between Europe and Hollywood?

Braga: There has to be a point of exchange. Brazilians are very emotional people. Emotions rule a very important part of our bodies, our minds and our souls. We've always seen American movies, French movies; now it's time for people to feel that kind of heat. We're very proud of this particular moment in Brazilian cinema as we take our place in the community of film makers.

OUI: How do you feel about people who object to the type of image you project to women on sexuality?

Braga: There's a certain irreverence that one must exercise in daily life. I know there are people who disagree with me, with the type of woman I portray. I feel they should be able to do what they like. I think the dialogue should be open for them to say what they need to. I want to express my emotional feelings. If others don't want to, that's their prerogative.

OUI: Are you married?

Braga: No.

OUI: How does life as an actress affect your personal life?

Braga: I cannot detach my private life from my professional life. I try to live with the same sparkle I try to bring to my characters.

OUI: What I'm getting at is that your films deal with the most secret side of a person's life. How easy is that for you to bring up for public examination?

Braga: There is no division. I am profoundly interested in the things that happen to me in daily life. The issues in my films are the issues pertinent to me. When life is projected through film, the impact is much stronger. I believe that this time we're living through has a significance much like the Renaissance did for art, technology, and liberation.

OUI: How do you feel about working with a live audience?

Braga: I love working with children's audiences. Adults are so well behaved in the theatre. I loved working in *Hair* because it was so exhilarating to see an audience become so badly behaved. They'd get on stage and take their clothes off. The first play I ever performed in was Molier's "George Dan Dan." It was performed for a workers' audience and they were very unsophisticated people. They had no knowledge of theatre so their reaction was very integrated with the show. They'd give advice to the actors. "There's someone behind you," things like that. It was very real for them and so the experience was very real for me. That's what theatre is about.

Now, the show, *42nd Street*, for instance was a great disappointment for me because I think a great musical like that should be played to an audience that would try to dance. That lack of spontaneity is demoralizing. I'd rather go to church and see everyone singing with the choir than go to a musical revue where everyone sits with their hands folded.

OUI: Who are the directors you'd most like to work with?

Braga: That's a nice change. Most people ask me what actors I'd like to work with. There's a Brazilian director I'd love to work with, Nelson Pero DeSantos. I've never worked with him but we're friends and lovers. I would also love to work with Dueschell Macartez. Then there's Fellini Antonioni, Bergman.... Someone should produce a film where all the roles are played by directors with an actor directing. ■

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DEDICATED DEADHEAD

GLORIA

BY PETER WOLFF

Gloria Belhop is a dedicated DeadHead. She loves The Grateful Dead, follows their fortunes with a fine-tuned fanaticism, freewheels over the highways of California to attend their concerts, and freaks out with complete abandon when they play their tunes.

Being from San Jose, Gloria has had ample opportunities to see her fave/rave cream/dreams in action. However, like many other DeadHeads (yes, they're an unofficially disorganized group, much like Rocky Horror aficionados), Gloria won't paint a skeleton on her face or come in costume to their concerts. What she does is to plant herself foursquare in the audience and try to draw the attention of the group's second banana, Bobby Weir.

Believe it or not, four years of trying to get Bobby's attention have only resulted in an occasional nod for this lovely little sex package of twenty-two. Hard to believe, isn't it, that the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHAEL LEGGE

veteran guitarist hasn't bitten at the ripe little fruitlet being offered him with such tantalizing enthusiasm?

OUI hopes to remedy this situation posthaste. We are offering to put this ripe young thing at Weir's doorstep with the following plea:

"Dear Bobby Weir. Gloria Belhop is a lightly experienced California superchick, married but eight months, used only by two men in her whole life. She is your biggest fan. She is offering to put herself at your complete disposal for one night if we will put her in touch with you.

"We hope you appreciate what is being made available here. Gloria and her husband have a monogamous relationship and she has had to ask his permission to make her fantasy fuck with you come true. Gary, being a DeadHead himself, has generously consented.

"OUI would like to cover the event, both before and after, in pictures and in interviews. If you read this, Bobby, and are interested, please call us a.s.a.p."

They are an unusual married couple, Gloria and Greg. They met at a Pontiac-Honda dealership, where he was her boss. A mutual love of rock music (in addition to the obvious fact of Gloria's innocent young beauty) brought

them together and they began a hot and heavy affair, culminating in a quick elopement.

Gary is a photography hobbyist and a loyal reader of OUI. He began taking Polaroid photos of GB shortly after they wed and submitted some of the nicer nudes to us for possible use in our photo strip section. We liked Gloria so much that we had professional West Coast lensman Michael Legge do a full photo shoot with her.

In her two-hour taped interview with OUI, Gloria confessed that her dream was to become a successful model and, possibly, a Hollywood actress. She has worked in car showrooms since she left high school four years ago.

She is certain, she told us, that her appearance on these pages will result in her getting canned from her present job.

At any rate, show business should come easily to Gloria. Her mother, Lake Loni, a full-blooded Hawaiian singing star, was a popular entertainer in Honolulu, where she appeared on stage with Don Ho and did USO shows with famous stars like Bob Hope. Now a resident of the U.S., she released her own 45, "Hawaiian Wedding Song," several years ago and continues to play weddings and club dates in the San Jose area.

Gloria's frank and articulate description of her days at Santa Clara High School are the stuff of which time capsules are filled and provide some insight into the moves of the current crop of young Americans, as well as the tremendous influence of sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll at a very early level of emotional development. Gloria's peripheral involvement in a sensational San Jose rape-sodomy-murder is simply a capstone to this testimony.

OUI: Gloria, I just want you to know that I would definitely buy a used car from you.

GB: Thank you, but I don't sell cars. I work with computers at the service department.

OUI: What kind of cars?

GB: Pontiacs and Hondas.

OUI: What's new in Pontiacs and Hondas?

GB: Everybody in the world has come in and traded their old Hondas and Pontiacs for the new '82 Firebirds.

OUI: Your husband is your boss...

GB: He sure is.

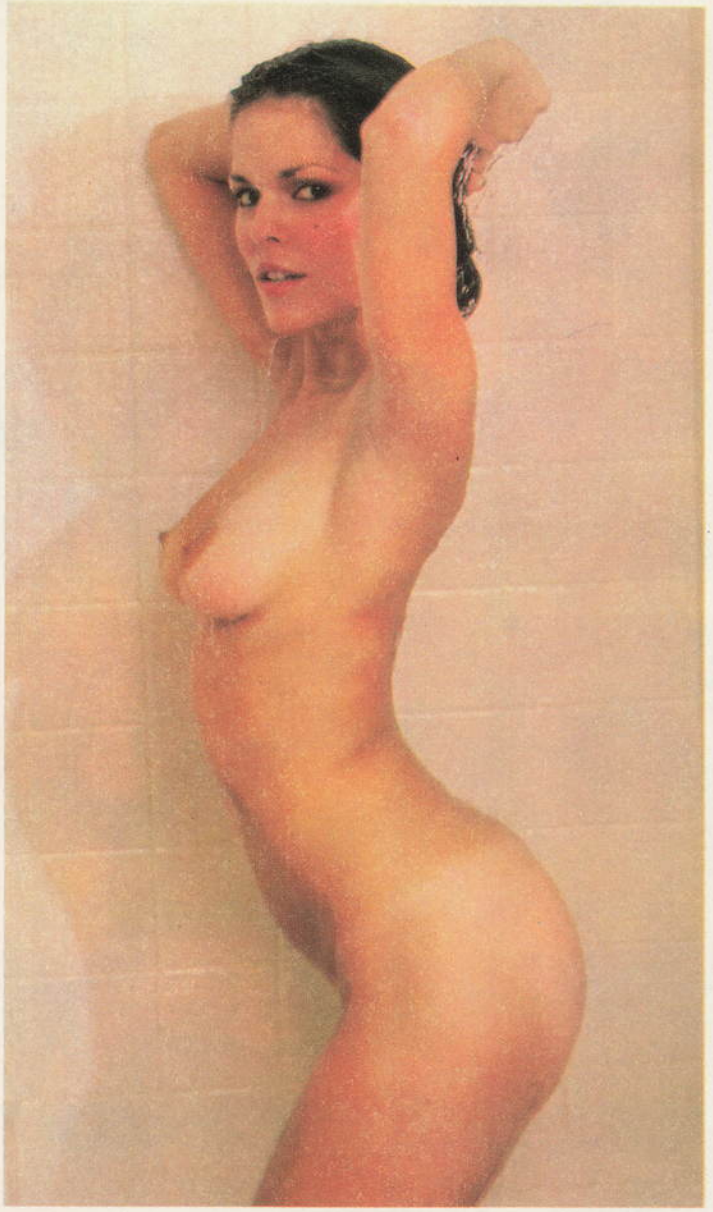
OUI: You met him on the job?

GB: I did. He hired me in December of 1980. He'd been going with the same girl for nine years and he was dating three other girls in addition to his long-time flame when I met him. I didn't approve of that. I can't stand guys who are unfaithful. I'm *that* straitlaced! I dated him a few times and we started having sex. We only went out for four months before we decided to get married. We planned a huge wedding up in Capitola but when I found out my five sisters and all their kids were planning to come, the bullshit finally got to me. We eloped to Tahoe.

OUI: Nice work, snagging the boss.

GB: It was terrifying for me. You don't realize what a strange situation it can be to go to bed with your boss. Shortly, after we started sleeping together, he gave me a raise....

OUI: Oh?
GB: And I said, "I usually charge more than that." (Laughs) No, I didn't say that. But inside I felt, 'Shit, he's only giving me a raise because he wants to go to bed with me again.' Fortunately, I was wrong.
OUI: Did you screw in the late-model cars?
GB: Are you kidding! The gentleman who owns the place is so straight, he makes *me* look warped. He's going to freak out when he sees these pictures. If I'm not gone before they come out, I'm sure I'll get fired. He's got a lot of fucking money and he doesn't think that anybody who works for him should have outside interests. It's too much pressure. The women I work with have become a pack of nags.
OUI: I'm surprised you never fooled around on the job. Especially with all those cars around.
GB: The ladies I work with have all been on the job for twenty years. So when a 19-year-old with nice boobs and a mini-skirt came bounding in, that created enough stir. ...Then, when I first started, I went out with one of the salesmen. Greg took me aside and warned me: all car salesmen are *assholes!* I had always heard that, always knew that, but I went out with this guy anyway. Of course, he wanted to fool around and I didn't. So he told everybody that we were making it. Boy, did that piss me off! I tried to defend myself but it didn't do any good because they all have their heads up their asses at that place. I got branded as a cheap broad.
OUI: How soon after you started dating did you being posing for Greg?
GB: Only after we were married. At some point, I told him about my childhood dream of becoming a model. He was the first person I met who ever supported and encouraged me to pursue the fantasy. Even when I was in high school, I used to buy the classy mens magazines and study everything there was about the girls whose pictures were in them. Everybody used to laught at me but I just kept thinking: How many people really *do* anything with their lives except go to Santa Cruz beach and bake in the sun?
OUI: Where can you take nude Polaroids in the San Jose area?
GB: We used to go to secluded beaches in Monterey and I posed nude for him. It would get the local fishermen upset but they really never bothered us.
OUI: Did you get off watching them watching you?
GB: No, I just got a little embarrassed. Actually, I still get embarrassed when I'm naked in front of strangers. It's my upbringing. I was told that sex was very bad.
OUI: You used to have huge tits.
GB: I was a 36-D at one point, while I was still a sophomore in high school. I wasn't exactly fat, either, just muscular. I weighed 125 pounds and I was a gymnast. I had huge tits....I'd gotten my first bra in third grade and the word around school was that I stuffed. Not true.



OUI: You were a cheerleader.

GB: Oh, God, yes. A cheerleader and a jock. That's the way it was in high school. There were the Jocks, The Burnouts, and The Beaners. The school was divided just about evenly between all three. The Beaners hung out on what they called "Mexican Corner", which was a big lawn. They were forever spraypainting the walls on Mexican Corner. They'd drink beer and smoke KJ (Angel Dust) all day long. It was disgusting, it was all they'd ever do. They *never* went to class. I mean, I never went to class either, but at least I wasn't smoking KJ. *KJ is an elephant tranquilizer!.*

OUI: You started out with the Jocks and ended up with the Burnouts.

GB: I went to school with all of the Jocks all my life. Same kindergarten. Same grade school. But after I became a cheerleader, I found out what a bunch of bullshitters they were. They play so fucking many games.

OUI: Like what?

GB: *Go tell so-and-so I like her. Did you hear the story about that one?* It's all gossipy bullshit. So I converted to the Burnouts. And when I did, all these people I'd known since I was five years old weren't talking to me so much anymore. They were getting scholarships to Stanford and I was smoking pot. It was hysterical. The Jocks felt the Burnouts were all stupid. The Burnouts felt the Jocks were snobs. And everybody agreed that the Beaners was just a lost cause—even the Beaners agreed to that one! But even though the Jocks felt the Burnouts were good for nothing, they only felt that until they needed to buy some whites for the big game so they could be wired. Or maybe a little pot for a big date. But most of the time they'd hang out on the campus by the student body office and jack each other off with gossip.

OUI: What was the drug of choice with your Burnout friends? Grass? Coke? Heroin?

GB: A little coke, but not too much because they really couldn't afford it. At one point, a 25-year-old guy came in and started selling heroin and acid. He

eventually got busted and they put fences all around the parking lot where we hung out....But it didn't stop sex. In the old days, everybody used to go and screw on the baseball field.
OUI: You too?
GB: I'd never do a thing like that. I didn't even screw *indoors* until I was nineteen.
OUI: Your husband is not like that?
GB: My husband used to be like that. My husband used to have a lot of girlfriends. But he is unbelievably devoted to me. He wants very much to protect me and I ask him, "Who do you think you are...John Derek?" He's 100% behind me and he tells me when I'm gaining a little too much weight and tells me what looks good on me. In fact, he picks all my clothes out for me. When he first started doing that, I felt like he was making me into something I wasn't. Plus, he would always bring up other names to compare me with. That put me off because I am a very jealous person. Now I can understand that he really honestly wants me to be successful. Whether in modeling, or in anything else I want for myself.
OUI: He wants to share your beauty with the rest of the world.
GB: Yah. It's sort of an ego trip, you know. Look at what I've got waiting at home for me, guys!
OUI: What's the kinkiest thing that you've done together?
GB: The kinkiest thing? We tried a menage à trois—with another girl.
OUI: Really?
GB: She was a girl who was always real nice to me and I just thought she liked me as a friend. This is how naive I am! Greg would tell me, "She looks at you funny." And I would say, "What are you talking about?" "I think she likes you," he told me. Well, one night I was sound asleep and he came home and I heard this female talking and I got real freaked out because I thought, "Jesus, he is *fucked* up. He brought a girl home." But it turns out he brought a girl

home for *me*. (Laugh)
OUI: And you alone?
GB: No.
OUI: Did she fuck him?
GB: Yeh.
OUI: While you watched?
GB: Yeh.
OUI: How did you feel about it?
GB: I didn't care.
OUI: Was she any good with you?
GB: The lesbian part didn't get really heavy because I kind of freaked out. Things

oui

started happening, you know. We'd done a bunch of coke and smoked a bunch of pot and actually you can't tell if a tongue belongs to a man or woman once you start to get into it. But then I got fucked up and I thought about it, and I got freaked out.

OUI: Do you regret it?

GB: I don't know. Sometimes I think, "My God, how could I have done something like that? Is there something wrong with me? That's the way I was brought up. But I realize there's nothing wrong with what I did, it's perfectly healthy.

OUI: Would you do it again if you had the chance?

GB: No, I don't think I would. I just like it with a guy.

OUI: What do you see yourself doing in ten years?

GB: Hopefully, I will be famous. Or I will have been famous and I'll have some nice memories.

OUI: Famous? Doing what?

GB: Modeling, acting on a soap opera, anything like that; it's always been my dream. And the only reason why I'm even trying to pursue it now is because I have somebody backing me up.

OUI: Are you going to go to acting school?

GB: If I have to. (Laugh) Seriously, there are a lot of people who are walking down the street and all of a sudden somebody says to them, "Hey you're nice looking, you ought to be on TV," and they can't act worth a shit. I hear about it all the time. Look at Charlene Tilton. In my personal opinion she's very beautiful but she can't act at all.

OUI: Do you sing?

GB: Sometimes.

OUI: You're a shower singer?

GB: No, I'm a driver singer. I'm a concert singer. I sing from the audience at concerts. I have a crazy imagination. I seriously think if I drive around town singing long enough I'm going to run into Bobby Weir.

OUI: The boy from the Dead?

GB: Yeah. He's gorgeous! Why don't you give him an interview and put him in the month that I'm going to be in so I can meet him? My brother-in-law used to drum with them when they were called the Warlocks seventeen years ago. From what my brother-in-law tells me, Bobby is actually intelligent. He pretends he is a burn-out because that's his sense of humor. Once we were up in the fourth row and I bought Bobby roses and made a spectacle of myself so he'd notice me, and he did and I could swear to God he turned around and shook his ass for me. He knew that would get to me.

OUI: Would you be unfaithful to your husband if Bobby Weir and you were alone on a desert island?

GB: Yes, yes, I certainly would.

OUI: Does Greg know that?

GB: Yeh, he does know that. My husband tells me that if he ever meets somebody and

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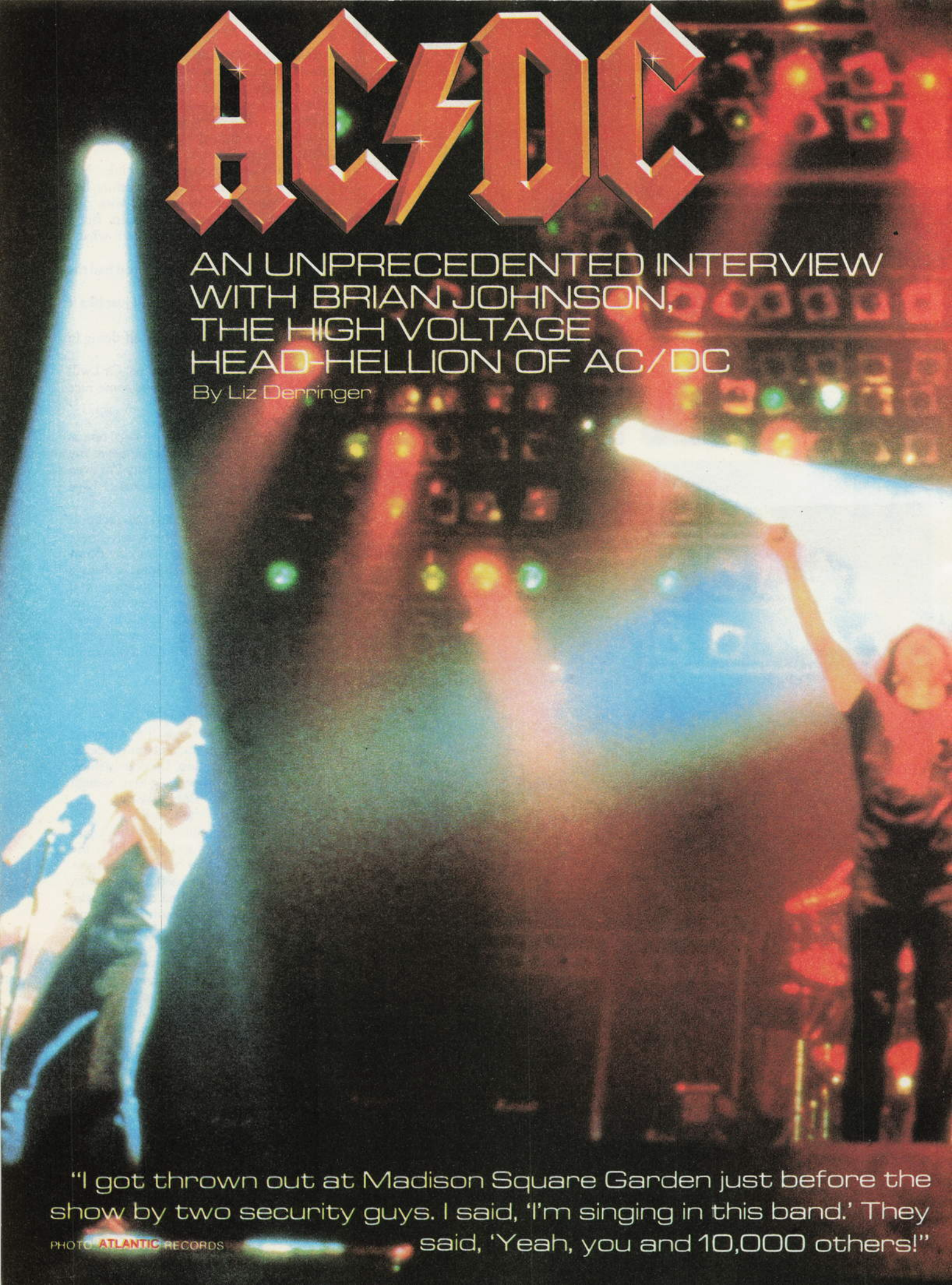


AC/DC

AN UNPRECEDENTED INTERVIEW WITH BRIAN JOHNSON, THE HIGH VOLTAGE HEAD-HELLION OF AC/DC

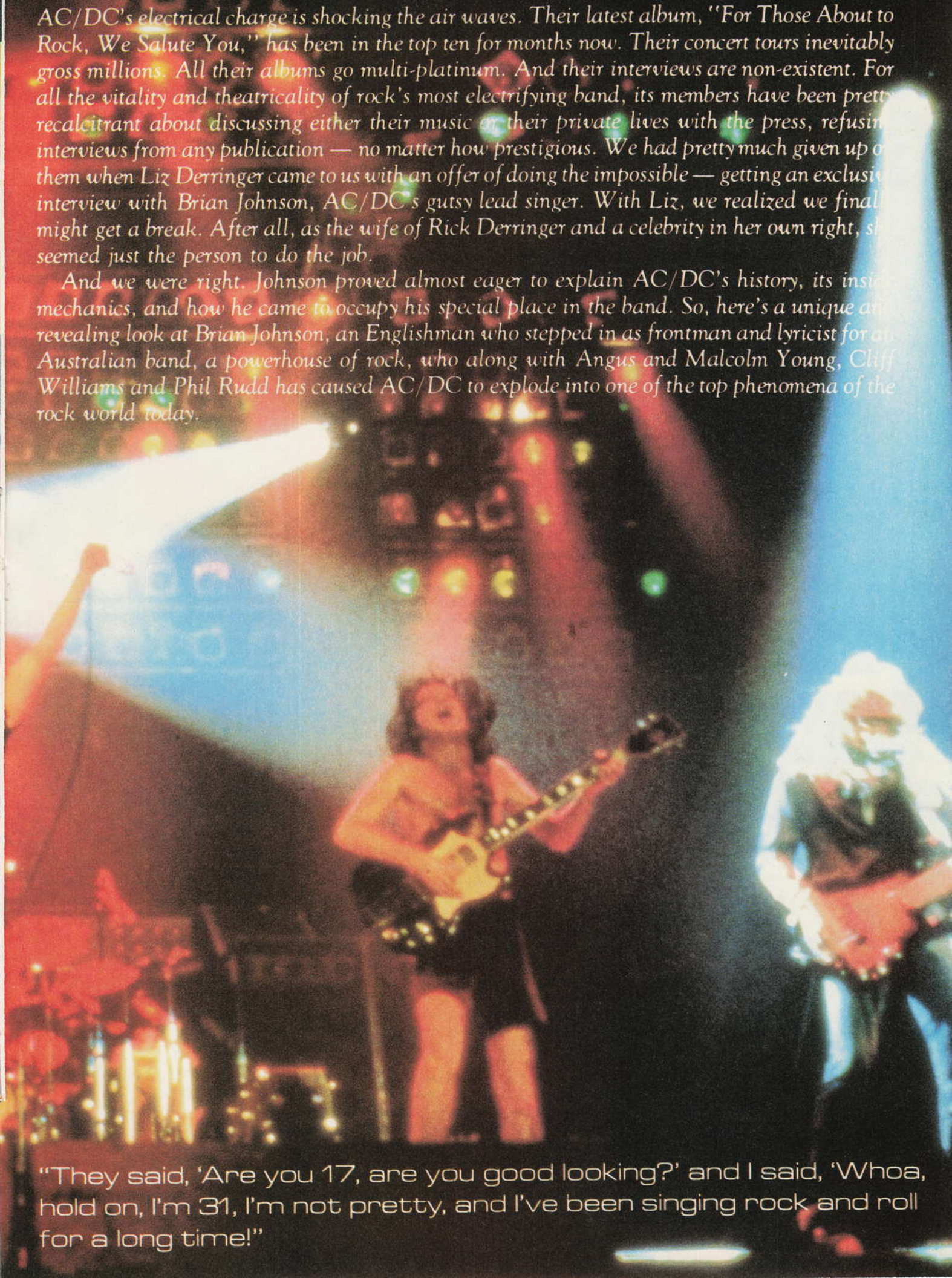
By Liz Derringer

"I got thrown out at Madison Square Garden just before the show by two security guys. I said, 'I'm singing in this band.' They said, 'Yeah, you and 10,000 others!"

PHOTO: ATLANTIC RECORDS

AC/DC's electrical charge is shocking the air waves. Their latest album, "For Those About to Rock, We Salute You," has been in the top ten for months now. Their concert tours inevitably gross millions. All their albums go multi-platinum. And their interviews are non-existent. For all the vitality and theatricality of rock's most electrifying band, its members have been pretty recalcitrant about discussing either their music or their private lives with the press, refusing interviews from any publication — no matter how prestigious. We had pretty much given up on them when Liz Derringer came to us with an offer of doing the impossible — getting an exclusive interview with Brian Johnson, AC/DC's gutsy lead singer. With Liz, we realized we finally might get a break. After all, as the wife of Rick Derringer and a celebrity in her own right, she seemed just the person to do the job.

And we were right. Johnson proved almost eager to explain AC/DC's history, its inside mechanics, and how he came to occupy his special place in the band. So, here's a unique and revealing look at Brian Johnson, an Englishman who stepped in as frontman and lyricist for an Australian band, a powerhouse of rock, who along with Angus and Malcolm Young, Cliff Williams and Phil Rudd has caused AC/DC to explode into one of the top phenomena of the rock world today.



"They said, 'Are you 17, are you good looking?' and I said, 'Whoa, hold on, I'm 31, I'm not pretty, and I've been singing rock and roll for a long time!"

"Two gladiators used to come before the emperor and they used to say, 'We who are about to die, we salute you.' So we just changed the word 'die' to 'rock'."

OUI: You're from way up north in England, right?

Brian: Right on the Scottish border. It's about 40 miles south of the border. See, the Scots don't like their Geordies, which is what we are called. And if you look at a map of England, you'll never see Newcastle on it. It's like no-man's land. It's right in the middle. There are some good lads who come from there like Eric Burden. He's a Geordie. He's the first band I ever saw at the Go-Go in Newcastle. I used to sneak in because I was underage.

OUI: It's a happening place?

Brian: Not really. It's dead. Once every ten years something happens here.

OUI: It's an unusual story of how you joined AC-DC. Could you explain it? I mean, they're from Australia. You're from England.

Brian: Well, they were based in England. I had already been in one band that had done well, in 1973. And I gave up in about 1975 because the management and people like that are ripping everybody off and it's all wrong. So I left and I didn't think I'd join a professional band again—ever. I just had a little band in Newcastle. I'm not really ambitious. Not really, you know? When the telephone call came through from this guy who I couldn't even remember hardly, and he said, "There's a band that wants a singer and I can't tell you who it is though." And I said, "I don't want to know if you can't tell it." And he said, "Well, I can tell you the initials." So he told me, and I said, "That's strange because the singer just died about two weeks ago." And he said, "They're really hard-working guys, you know. Nothing will stop them." And I said, "I lost it, really, I've never sung professionally for four or five years or something." Really, you got to keep on top of it all the time if you want to be good at your job. If you stopped doing interviews for six months you wouldn't know what to ask.

But anyway, he talked us into it and I telephoned the office and they said, "Are you seventeen, are you good looking?" and I said, "Whoa, hold on, I'm thirty-one, I'm not pretty, and I've just been singing rock and roll for a long time." It was a secretary. She didn't know what the hell she was doing. And I finally got through, and they said come down. Well, I couldn't go down for about thirteen days because I had gigs with the local band. That was our bread and butter, and I didn't want to make the lads lose money because I was going to an audition.

So thirteen days later I went down, and I was one of the last ones there. The guys were just sitting upstairs and I walked up. I was dead nervous because I had never been to an audition in my life. I didn't know what to do. And they said, "Well, what do you want to sing?" And I said, "Well, we'll do something that we all know." So we did one. It was a good time. Then I had to go home, and the guys said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I have to go home and start work tomorrow morning." And they said, "You can't stay for the night?" And I said I cannot. So I just left. And they rang us up the next day and said, "Well, can you come

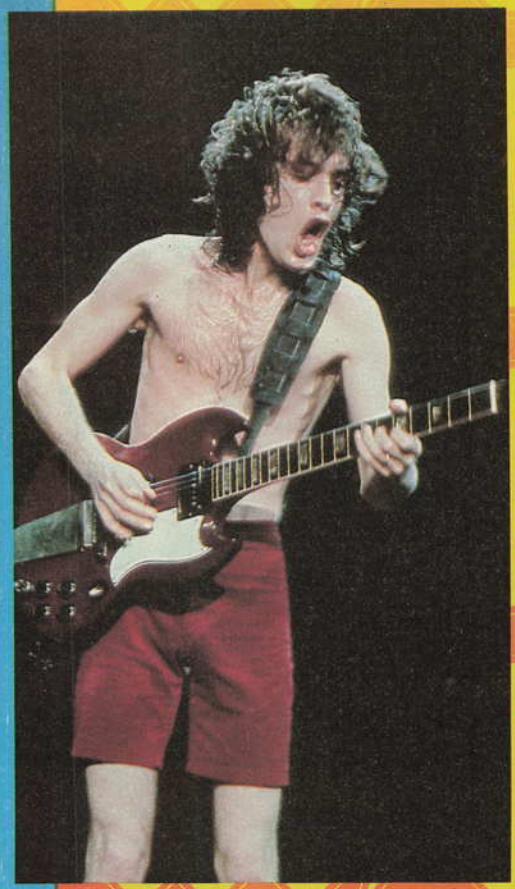


PHOTO: MIKAEL KIRK

down again?" Which I did.

OUI: And you got the job.

Brian: Aye, I did. And that was it. We went straight to the Bahamas. We had six weeks to do the album, "Back in Black." I had to get ready dead quick. And when I finished the album, I was so wrapped up in it, it was so intense, I was that scared. I said, "Nobody is going to like this. Not a new singer, different style."

OUI: That was my next question—how did you feel?

Brian: Well, I knew I was going to be the biggest scapegoat in the world. I thought nobody would like it. And I knew that I wouldn't last five minutes. They'll say, well, that's it. We'll have to find somebody else. It was always weighing on my mind. It didn't worry us that much losing a gig with anybody, because to me it had just been a big adventure, big excitement.

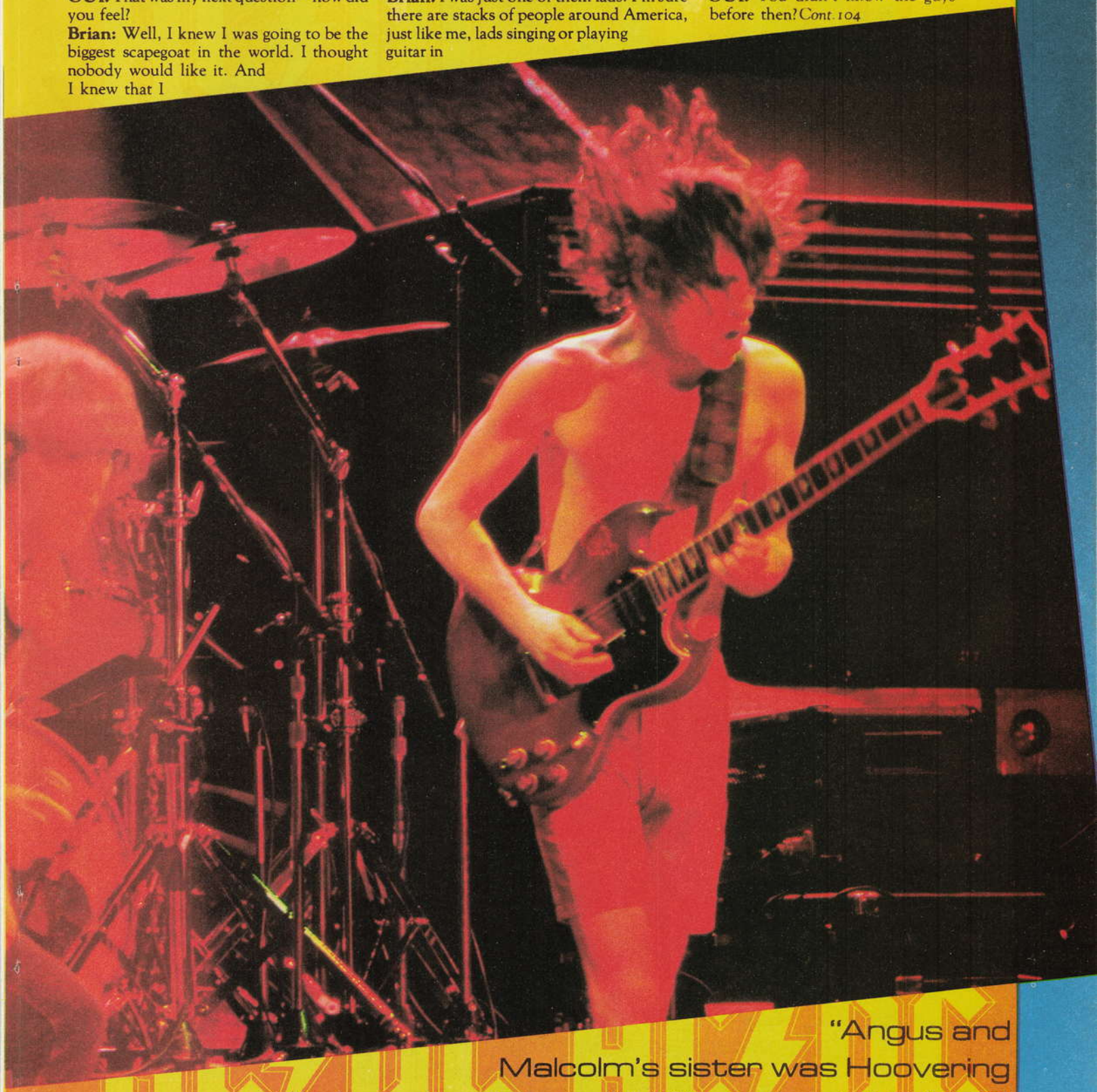
OUI: You must have been pretty surprised when all the success happened?

Brian: Oh, yes.

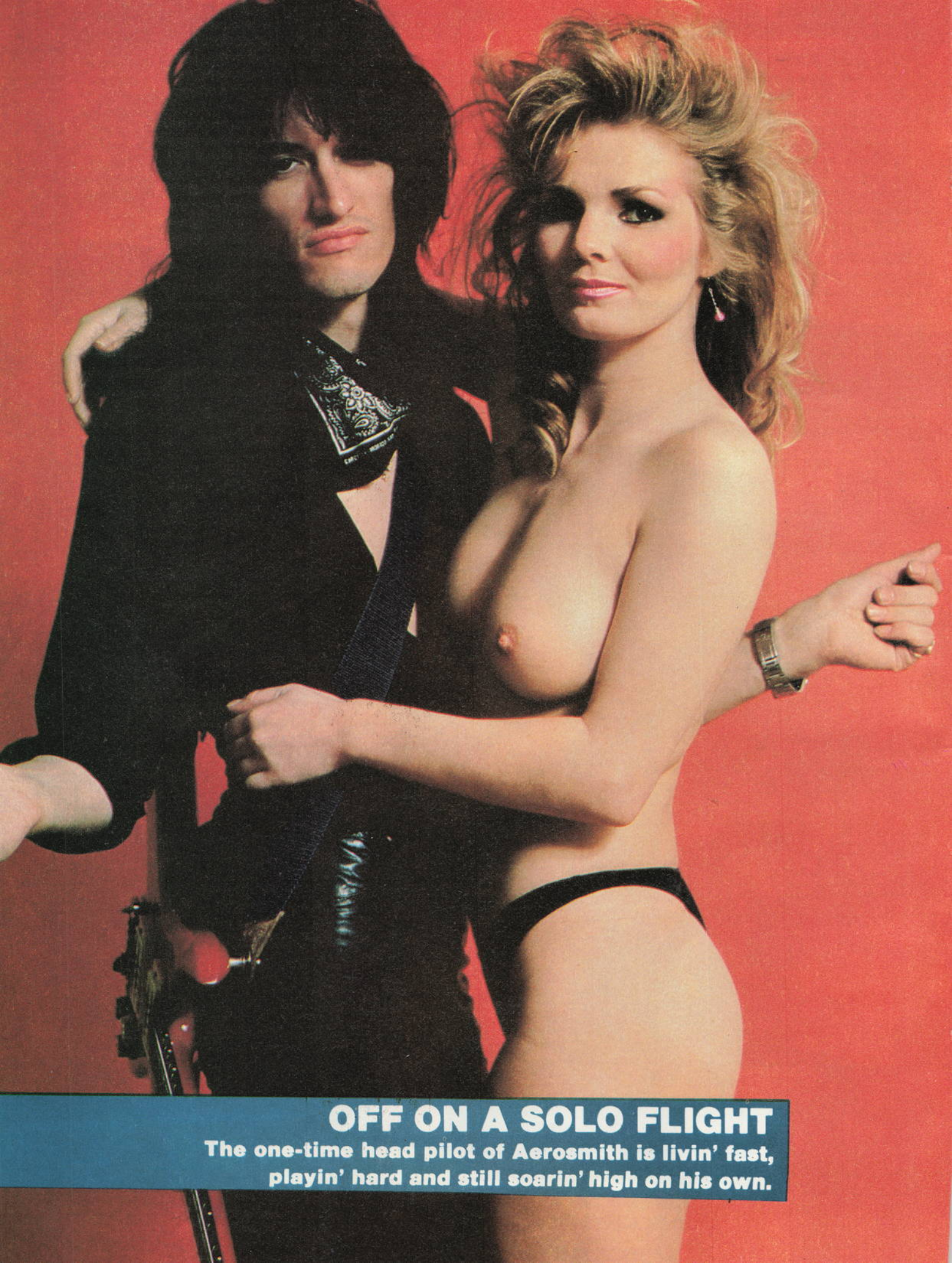
OUI: AC-DC was bigger than ever.

Brian: I was just one of them lads. I'm sure there are stacks of people around America, just like me, lads singing or playing guitar in local bands who haven't done anything. But they know they're good, good enough to be accepted. And I bet they're sick of people coming up and saying, "You should have been a professional." Because there is always someone better than you. So I just took it with a pinch of salt. I still can't believe it. But it's good, and I enjoy it. It's like a new lease on life. It's like just starting all over again.

OUI: You didn't know the guys before then? *Cont. 104*



"Angus and Malcolm's sister was Hoovering the house and she said, 'What about AC/DC?' It was written on the handle and that was it."



OFF ON A SOLO FLIGHT

The one-time head pilot of Aerosmith is livin' fast, playin' hard and still soarin' high on his own.

"I want to stand for hard edge rock and roll. Not punk or heavy metal, but American rock and roll."

Success is never easy to come by in the rock world. And once you have it, you'd have to be some kind of fool to desert it before it deserts you.

Most people wouldn't be too quick to argue with the above two statements, but Joe Perry has made a career out of defying them—and coming out a winner.

Co-founder of Aerosmith, Perry was largely responsible for its amazing success. As lead guitarist and principal song writer, he brought it from nowhere to become one of rock's bona-fide super groups. That alone would be more than enough for most people, but for Perry it proved to be only one phase in a developing career. He shocked the music world by leaving Aerosmith at the height of its international popularity in order to pursue his own work.

The Joe Perry Project was the eventual result of his move, a carefully chosen band formed to reflect Perry's evolving style. It wasn't long before he had two albums out on Columbia Records, the first, "Let the Music Do the Talking," contained in its very title a defiant message to Perry's fans to judge for themselves whether his move had been the right choice. The response was an overwhelming yes. The second, "Got the Rock'n'Rolls Again," met with equal success.

An opener for nearly every major act, he's about to start recording his third album. It seems a pretty safe bet to say that it won't be long before Joe Perry's on the top again.

OUI managed to catch Joe in a relaxed and revealing moment, surrounded by three of his favorite things.

OUI: So Joe, tell me how the project came about.

Joe: The Joe Perry Project came about when I left the band called Aerowsmith, I wanted to go and do some things on my own. It was sort of dragging along with Aerosmith and I felt that I had a lot of material I wanted to do on my own and get up there and play, and get out of the big superstar cocoon you know.

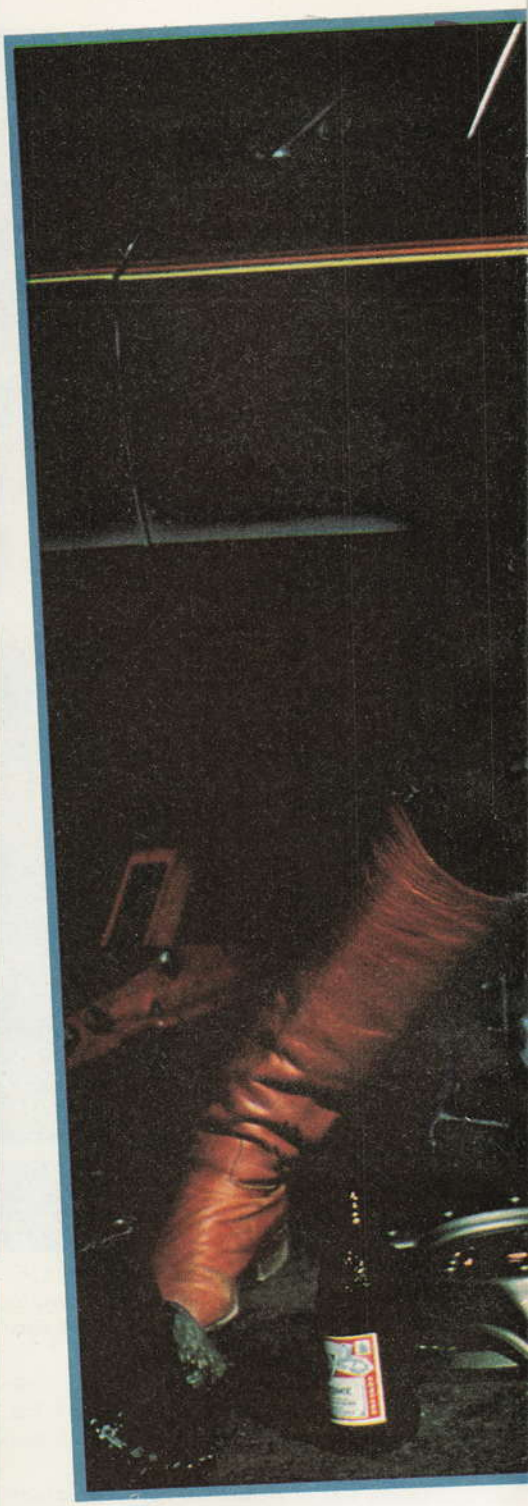
So I left Aerosmith. In fact, I started putting the Project together before I left Aerosmith...planning to do a solo album as well as playing in Aerosmith. But the schedules just couldn't match up, and I had to make a choice one way or the other. So I made the choice. And that's how the Project came about.

I got the first band together.. I had the songs together, had the band picked out, and we toured and really worked hard. We got the first album off the ground, and it got a lot of good response. Then I made some changes in the personnel for the second album. And then I did a second album and made some more changes in the personnel, because I just wasn't comfortable with it the way it was. Now it's forming into a new thing; it's still the Joe Perry Project, because I'm still the captain of the ship, as they say, the admiral, you know. And it's working out. Now Brad's working with me and Brad Whitford from Aerosmith, and it's getting more exciting as each day goes along. We're writing new songs and it's getting more and more fun. That's what counts.

OUI: It seems like it takes a lot of balls to leave something that's so successful. It must really be easy to be comfortable and want to ride it out forever. And yet you went out on your own and...it must be scary.

BY MIKAEL KIRKE

PHOTO: © RON POWNALL



Joe: No, it takes balls. I didn't think about it. I didn't think about it in any other thing. I was just thinking of the music and getting out there and playing the guitar and playing my songs. That's all. Everybody says, how could you leave it? How could you leave Aerosmith? I had a great time with Aerosmith. I look back at a lot of things. The personality things. I learned a lot and I enjoyed a lot of things that we did with Aerosmith. We set out to do something and we accomplished it. But for me, I just felt that it was time to go on.

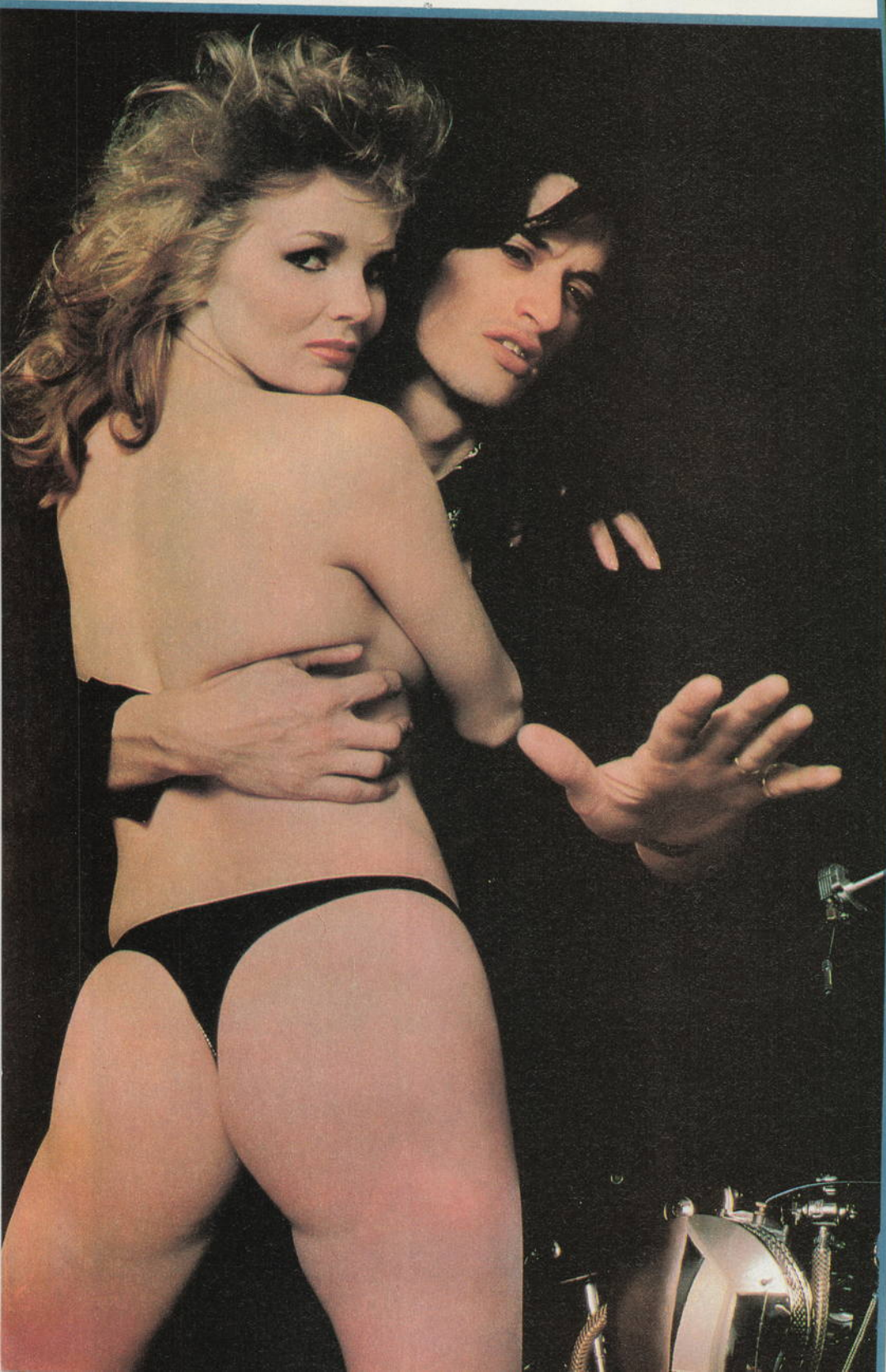
OUI: Do you think that Aerosmith reached its peak at that point?

"I live to play, driven by the rock and roll. I mean, I wear the same clothes on stage as I do off, except when I go to the supermarket."

Joe: I didn't even think about it like that. Who knows. I was like frustrated at that point. I don't know where Aerosmith would be now if I was still in the band.

OUI: I've always admired your style of playing, your writing and it's...and you've worked with it so long and you achieved something that very few people or bands do, which is like become internationally successful, as far as getting your music liked and across. And then just leaving and starting all over again. I think that your new project, regardless of what changes you make, is very exciting. It's also...maybe it's not fair to say and it's very opinionated, but it seems to me that it's self-evident by time that you were the most, one of the most important factors that made up the chemistry of the band because the band seems to have staggered without you. ...to show what a person's worth is.

Joe: ...Well I'll tell you, Aerosmith was a real growing process musically for me. You can tell by my song writing on each album, I



"Actually I haven't tried everything. I probably tried about 75% of everything, once or twice."

increased my song writing capabilities. And it got to a certain point and I just wanted to keep on going.

OUI: You felt the band couldn't go in the direction you wanted?

Joe: I felt like I could accomplish, could take on what I wanted to do. There were a lot of months, and a lot of time wasted, that I felt could have been used more constructively and I wanted to get away from that. Because I basically feel I have a lot of energy and am more dynamic. When Aerosmith was happening people weren't thinking about me like that, but now it's becoming evident. I've put out two albums and I'm putting out another one and they haven't put out anything since I've left. Not to take away anything from the other guys in the band, but you know, the record

speaks for itself. Let the music do the talking. I don't know. I didn't feel comfortable near the end, before I left. I didn't feel comfortable.

OUI: So what's important to you now?

Joe: Well, getting the Project over and making...I want to be in a band, and I want to stand for something. I want to stand for hard edge rock and roll. Not punky or heavy metal, but American rock and roll. And it's taken time, personnel changes. You got to work with different people and get the right personalities together, and it's taking more time than I originally thought but it's paying off. Since Brad has left Aerosmith, he's been working with me and it's started off, we've done a few dates together and we started doing three dates and that turned into a month of dates. And now we're doing more dates together and it's like really exciting. It's like the old days, we're writing together; it's very dynamic. You got to see the band to understand what I'm talking about, but when the record comes out there will be a few heads turned.

OUI: I'd like to talk about Joe Perry, the man behind the guitar. About your image. The things you like, the things that are important to you besides music. How you like to live your life.

Joe: Well, there is no image per se, that I can see. I am what I am. I just live to play, and the song Brad and I are working on "Wait for the Night"...wait for the night to start. And that's it. The rest of the time we do what we do. We tinker with our cars, or whatever. Try and get some rest. Just basically driven by the rock and roll. It's like the song I wrote "Got the Rock and Rolls' Again." It creeps up on you all the time. There's no image.

I mean, I wear the same clothes on stage as I do off stage. Except when I go to the supermarket. I try and wear a trenchcoat so people don't recognize me.

OUI: If you don't mind talking about it, I'm just curious how you got into the soldier of fortune thing.

Joe: Well, all you got to do is watch the news, read the paper, and I been reading *Soldier of Fortune Magazine* since the first issue and you got to wake up and see what's going on around you. I feel like I'm a soldier of fortune in the fact that I live by my guitar and stand by it but also on another level. It's a matter of self-protection.

OUI: Do you collect guns?

Joe: What? I have guns, yes. I have guns for self-protection.

OUI: Do you think they're an important part of preserving order?

Joe: I think in the right hands they are. I did a benefit for gun control but to me gun control is making sure that the right people have the guns. Very stringent tests, qualifying techniques, putting people through a rigorous training course; like weeding out the wrong people that shouldn't have guns. But right now there are too many guns out there. So you have to deal with that fact. You can't just say all of a sudden to the people who are registering their guns, ok, we're taking the guns away from you. The criminals still have the guns, but you can't have any. You've got to look at the way things are right now. And I think that people have the right to protect themselves with at least equal force, you know? I don't like it. It's not something that I would have written in the book of rules, but that's the way it is.

OUI: What about knives?

Joe: Knives are ok, as long as yours is longer than the other guy's.

OUI: Have you ever had any problems on the road?

Joe: There's been a few incidents...

OUI: That would make you want to protect yourself, so to speak.

Joe: Well, we're pretty well protected. Half the road crew are Vietnam vets and they know what to look for. I mean, I've had my share of bottles thrown at me. It's been well documented, the cherry bomb incident in Philadelphia where I got seven stitches in the hand and Steven almost lost one of his eyes. It's calmed down a little bit. I think I'll stop playing if anything like that happens. If a bottle comes on stage, that's the last chance. Then I stop playing and I'll walk off the stage. I don't care what's going on. I'm sorry, but that's the way it goes. I just don't take chances anymore.

"Knives are ok, as long as yours is longer than the other guy's."

OUI: Do you see the audiences over the years getting more violent?

Joe: I see fights still in places...it's calmed down a little bit. It's not bad. You know, we're supposed to create some excitement you know, but we're there to create vicarious violence I guess. When we're playing hard rock and roll they live it out through us, so that's what we're doing. Providing an outlet. It's a lot more fun than TV. So, it's calmed down.

OUI: Do you like going out on the road?

Joe: Yeah, you got to stay in touch. You can't just sit in the studio all the time. You got to keep proving yourself to yourself and the only way to do that is to go on the road.

OUI: Do you mind playing small clubs?

Joe: No, a lot of the time some of the best gigs are in the small clubs. I'm talking about the thousand-seaters, five-hundred seats is a little too small. Some gigs have been really good in the five-hundred seaters, seven-hundred seaters. Then you get up to twelve, fifteen hundred seaters, it's a different kind of action. You get a big crowd reaction. You can only see so far anyway. When I've done some show with the Project, I've gotten some real good response and people will sit there and go, I've heard this before. People tell me like they'll go "Hey this guy's even better than Steven Tyler!" And others will say, "Who's Steven Tyler?" And it just shows like the age group...a lot of young kids out there that are getting hip to what I'm doing now, hip to the Project.

OUI: Do you take that as a challenge?

Joe: Yeah, it is. I didn't do anything in Aerosmith that I have to live down, that's for sure. I'm proud of what I did with that band. But it just shows how fast time flies in the rock and roll business.

OUI: And how do you explain your longevity in this business?

Joe: I don't know. There's something in my blood and I don't know what it is. Believe me, I don't.

OUI: You know you hear about all these big rock stars that are like falling by the wayside as a result of drugs and what not. What has given you the discipline that keeps you going?

Joe: I don't know...

OUI: Moderation, control?

Joe: I don't know. I get out there sometimes. My wife, she sits on my chest. She's been with me a real long time and I don't know, she's probably the main reason I'm still here. I look around and I see a lot of my friends are gone and I wonder why I'm still here sometimes, you know. I'm asking the same questions you're asking me. And I got to give her credit for keeping me alive a lot of times.

Other than that I've been lucky. And I'm a driven man. What can I say?

OUI: Well, you're being driven right now. So let's see. So we can tie some of this shoot together with the motorcyles and the women and the car. How do you see them going together in your life?

Joe: It's all part of my life I guess. I ride a motorcycle. I play a loud guitar. I got a beautiful wife.

OUI: ...of course a lot of pretty fans.

Joe: Yah.

OUI: What kind of motorcycle do you have?

Joe: Right now I have a small bike, it's like a three cylinder four hundred cc Honda. I'm still learning to drive it. Mainly I'm into sportscars but I sort of got on out of that after a lot of bad accidents, and I started to pick up on bikes. And I'm learning to drive the Honda without killing myself. So I ride that around, let off a little steam.

OUI: Do you like to drive fast?

Joe: Too fast. Yah.

OUI: What is it that's so alluring about it?

Joe: I don't know.

OUI: Is it a thrill, a high of sorts...?

Joe: Thrill, yeah, of course. It's the thrill.

OUI: Would you say you're a bit of a thrill seeker?

Joe: It's pretty obvious I think, you know?

OUI: Work hard, play hard?

Joe: Yeah. It's the same thing to me; it's

work hard play hard. It's just live hard.
OUI: Would you have it any other way?
Joe: I could have it any way I want it, you know, I guess. And this is how I'm doing it.
OUI: I mean you see some people and they live their whole lives without taking one chance...without even trying to get out of their bubble or whatever.
Joe: Yah, I don't know. I don't understand that, you know? I've always taken the chance you know, and sometimes you win, sometimes you lose.
OUI: Are you a good loser?
Joe: I always come back; nothing stops me.
OUI: ...Oui magazine would want to hear about...
Joe: About what?
OUI: About anything you know.
Joe: Cars or car accidents or anything else. My private life is probably a lot more interesting. My wife is writing a book about basically what I went through, what we both went through in the last ten years. So that will be coming out soon.
OUI: What is the craziest thing you ever did?
Joe: After we took our first Lear jet ride in Florida I took $5,000 in cash and said to the pilots, "Gas it up we're going to Boston." We were in Florida at the time and I grabbed my old lady and said I got to turn her on to this. So she also at the time had a toothache and I wanted her to see her dentist. So I got the cash for the fuel which was a lot of fuel to get from West Palm Beach to Boston. And they folded down the back of the plane to make a bed out of it, so she sacked out in the back and I told the pilot to do a couple of barrel rolls and she was asleep and I said, "OK" so we went upside down and it woke her up and the ground was up there and the sky was down there. And it completely blew her mind. This was like four in the morning, five in the morning, and she was blown away. And we went back around again and went upright and she said that was kind of fun. Let's do that again. So I gave them the high sign and we did it again. And we did a few more things but that was about the craziest. I can name a lot of other things and stories but that was a lot of fun.
OUI: What was the scariest thing you ever did? Or situation you were ever in?
Joe: Privately or publicly?
OUI: Either one?
Joe: I think totaling my Corvette was pretty scary to me. It didn't hit me at first but that was pretty scary. Picking up pieces of fiberglass all over the road.
OUI: How did you come to have that accident?
Joe: Driving too close to the line I guess. And also there was another time when we were Lear-jetting from Boston to Syracuse in Aerosmith and we lost cabin pressure and it sounded like there was a Hoover vacuum cleaner up to your ears. We were up to 14,000 feet and they had to drop the landing gear, open the flaps and do like a fighter-type dive straight down. And all the lights went out. We didn't know what was going on. All we knew was this huge noise was going on, our ears were popping, we couldn't talk to anybody because of the noise. We felt we were going down for the last time. We had so many air miles, we belonged to the billion mile air club. And we thought we just had too many flights. And it was just like a valve had stuck in the cabin pressure and it just blew out. So we made an emergency landing. And this was about half an hour before we were supposed to walk on stage. In Syracuse. And I still apologize to the people in Syracuse for that night. We tried to find another jet to get us out there. We couldn't find anything that late but everybody at the airport was saying how could you possibly think about getting on a plane again after an experience like that? We didn't care. We had a gig to do.

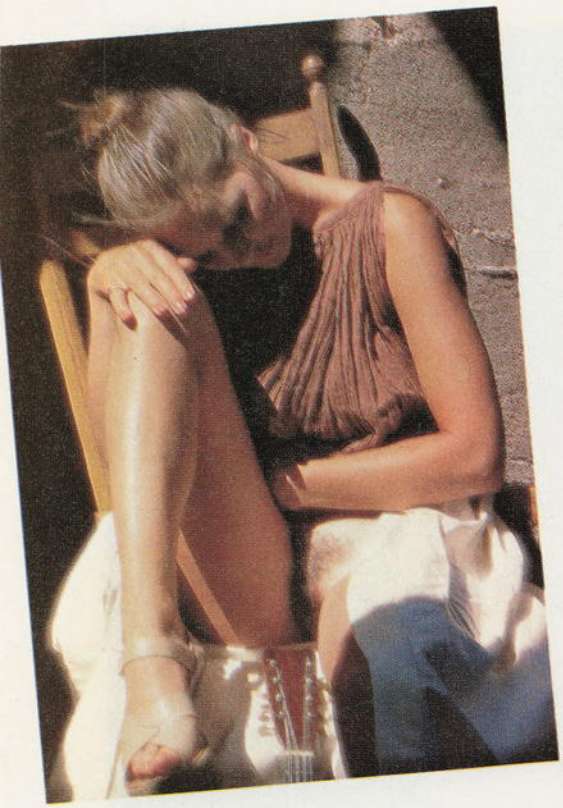
But that was pretty scary. We were pretty shaken up by that.
OUI: Still taking private planes? Or does it matter?
Joe: When it's necessary or feasible I'd rather fly in a private plane. I like to be able to watch the pilot, that's all.
OUI: Do you want to talk about drugs at all?
Joe: What about them?
OUI: Anything.
Joe: Symptom of the times.
OUI: You think everybody does it?
Joe: Yeah. I think so.
OUI: Do you think it's part of our society?
Joe: Yeah. One thing that really blew me away was like the other night on TV they had this special about these doctors. There was this forty-seven-year-old doctor who started free-basing cocaine and he did it for two years. The thing that really got me was the fact that people weren't aware. I know there's a lot of professional people, a lot of doctors, a lot of lawyers, a lot of people who are heavily into it, into like drugs, cocaine or pot. That's everywhere. But cocaine's into the hard stuff. The thing that surprised me the most was how naive most people were to the fact that these people who they hold in such high esteem would do that. I think that's what really put me away the most, the fact that a lot of people are naive to it. I've been through my phases but I suppose that's why I'm still here, because I grew out of it.
OUI: You tried everything?
Joe: I suppose. No, actually I haven't tried everything. I probably tried about 75% of everything, once or twice. But some more than others, but there's some things I just won't do and I probably will never do.
OUI: Do you think it's more associated with the music business than any other business?
Joe: I think that in people's minds it is, but I don't think in fact it is. I think that in the 50s or 40s and 30s, like reefer and all that stuff, they really made a bad impression about musicians. But musicians don't have the hold on the drugs. I've talked to a lot of people. I know a lot of musicians who don't do anything; they don't even drink—some of the best musicians playing. And I know of professional people who have gone to college, and on the outside are very straight and are into it. As I said it's a symptom of the society, the way things are going.
OUI: Do you notice that most audiences of young kids get really high before they go to concerts?
Joe: It's always been like that I think. I don't know what they do. I don't get out there and ask them. A couple of beers isn't going to kill anybody. I usually drink a few beers before I go out. But if I know I've got a long drive ahead of me, I don't drink beer. I'll have a mixed drink or something. But the kids like to have a party, and I suppose it's better to have them in a club than out on the street or parking in the back lot drinking beer. I don't know what else they're doing. I don't like the fact that there's a lot of bootleg things, because you never know what's in it.
OUI: It doesn't seem to stop them from taking it.
Joe: I know it. I mean, as far as cocaine goes, I don't think that most of the people who think they're doing cocaine have ever tasted real cocaine. In the past, I've tasted real cocaine and it's like nothing. All I have to do is look at it and I know that I'm seeing the real thing. And I just pass on it.
OUI: Do you think it's harmful to do bad stuff?
Joe: Yeah, I do.
OUI: The biggest problem with kids is the fact that they're not doing ligitimate drugs.
Joe: Yeah, maybe. Maybe. They're not getting the real thing. This whole PCP thing, it's so totally destructive...I think I did that once and it made me sick. And I've never done it; it's terrible. I can't see why people do it. I tried it about eight years ago, and I was really uncomfortable. I didn't like it at all. I couldn't wait for it to get out of my system. And it seems to be a big thing. I suppose it's the most accessible.
OUI: It's mostly homemade it seems.
Joe: Yeah. If you want my opinion, kids, don't do it.
OUI: Do you ever preach to your audiences?
Joe: No. No.
OUI: Let them find out for themselves?
Joe: Well, if I can like offer like any...I get more questions about guitar playing and things like that. If you want to take guitar lessons, do it. If it works out for you and that's what you want to do. If you want to learn from records...that's how I did it, I learned from records, and go and watch people play. As far as anything else, you got to learn for yourself, you know. Everybody's different. There are a lot of bad drugs going around and I would rather open up a Budweiser myself, you know?
OUI: Says a lot.

OUI Goes Down Under Again With Judy!

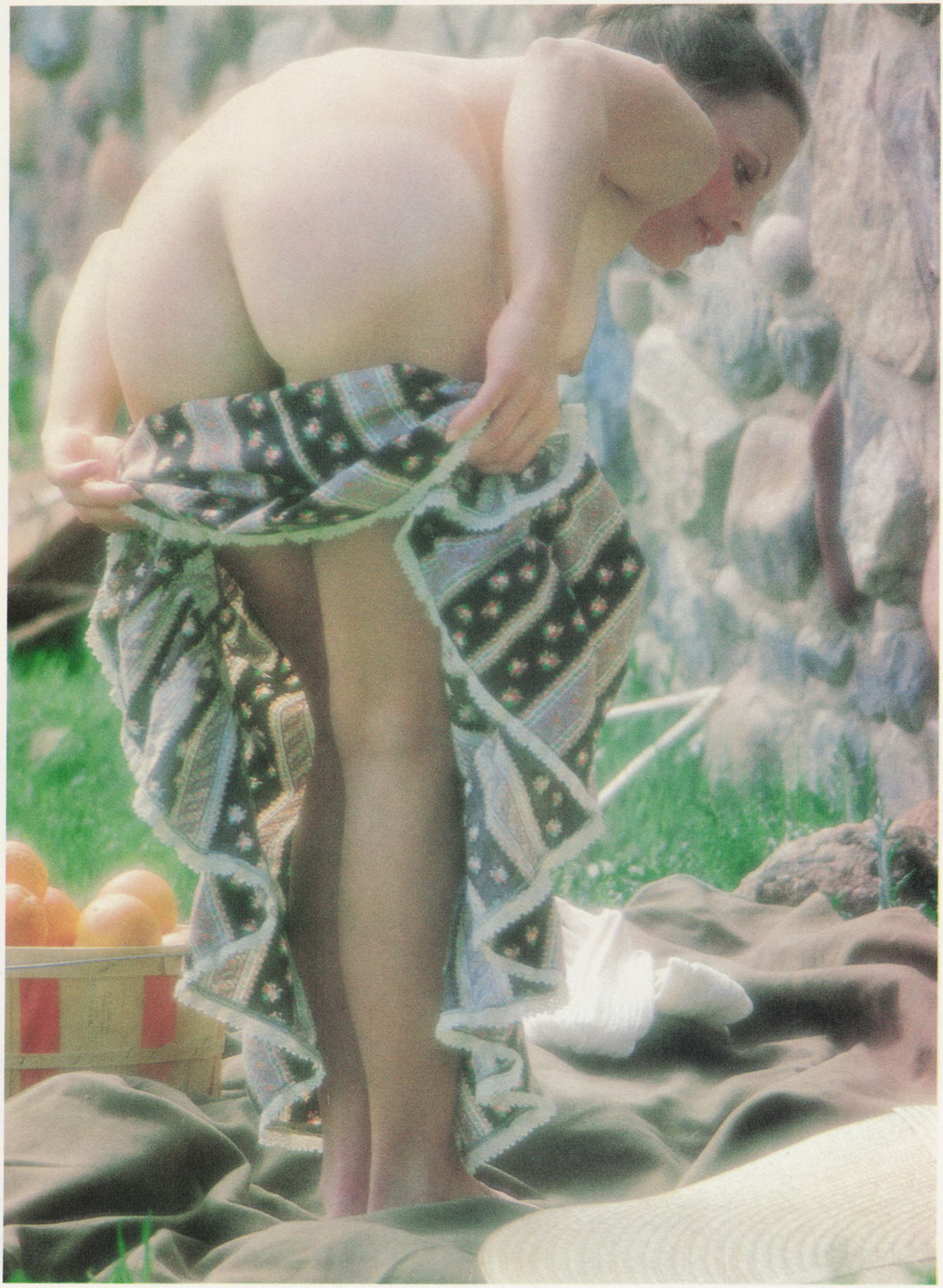
Judy

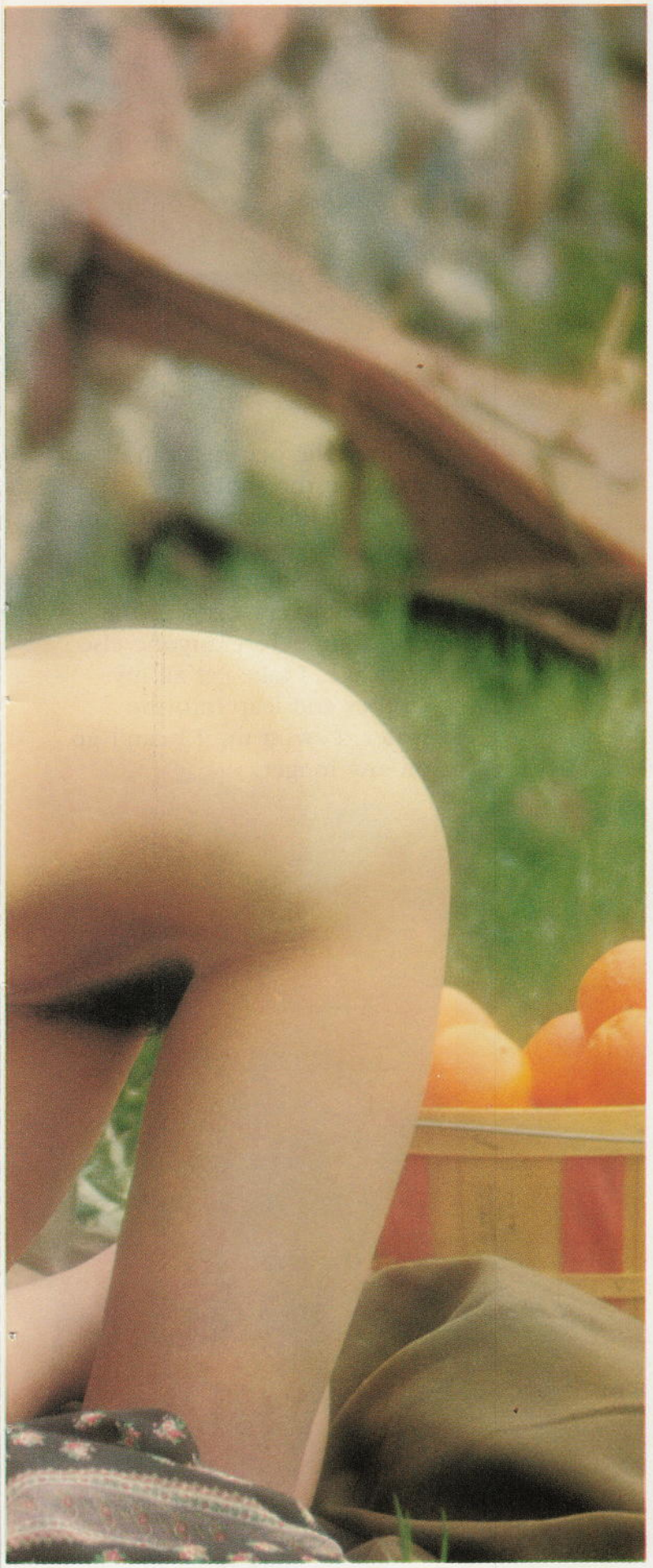
It's been quite a while since OUI's world tour had taken us to Australia, but for some reason we've never been able to get the land-down-under out of our minds. So we decided to take another look at one of Australia's most unforgettable natural beauties—Judy Dayto.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DESCIOSE



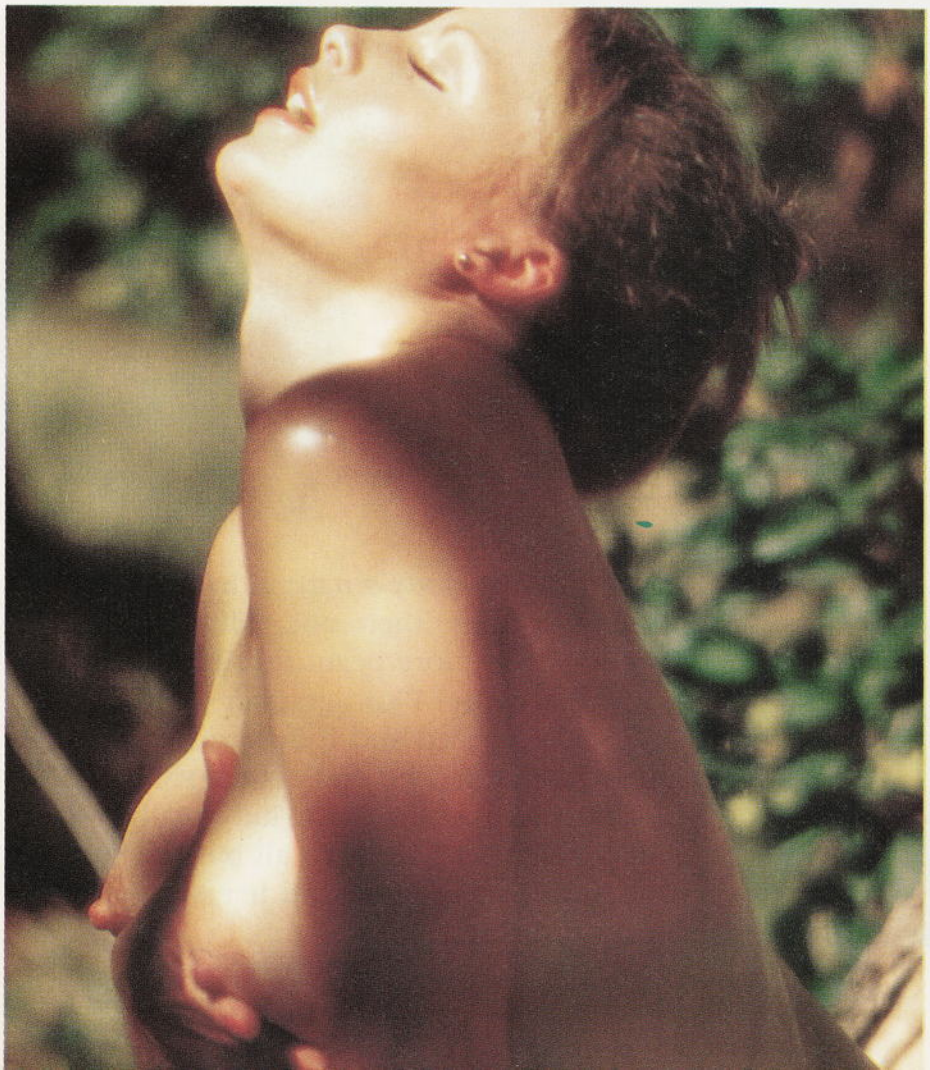
Slender, tanned, delightfully lovely, Judy created a sensation the first time her photographs appeared in these pages. And we know what kind of reaction we can expect from these.

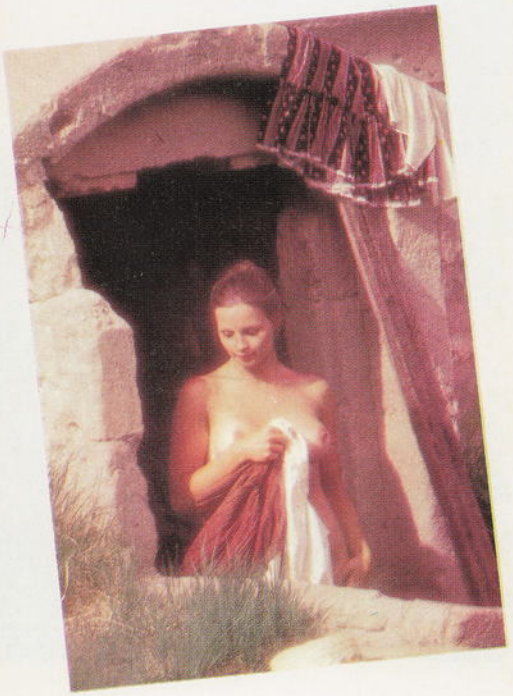




The ocean is Judy's natural backdrop. She seems at home there and claims to feel freer—even more beautiful there than anywhere else. Photographer, Nick DeSciose agreed and followed her one morning along the endless empty beaches of northern Australia, as Judy walked, lost in thought, oblivious to all but the steady pounding of the surf and her own very private dreams.

"I love the ocean. I can stand on the shore and watch it forever. And I love the cool salt water against my body. Sometimes I go to the beach very early in the day, long before anyone else is awake. I take off all my clothes and leap into the water. I swim until I can't go on any longer.





Then I just lie on the sand and watch the sea again ... and dream. Sometimes when I do this I feel as if I'm almost a part of the sea . It's really so like me—reckless one moment, playful the next, sometimes pensive, sometimes serene—but always changeable on a moment's notice."

She looks at us questioningly, as if she's not sure we understand what she means. Perhaps she's a little embarrassed by her candid revelations. Don't worry, Judy. We know exactly what you mean. And we know we won't wait so long for OUI's next visit down under.

OUI'S SOUNDSTAGE

BY JAMES DELSON

Megaforce

Badass Director Makes A Kickass Movie

The time: 4:00 a.m. in the near future; the place: a neutral third-world country that has been invaded by tyrannical mercenaries; the action: a daring pre-dawn strike by an elite armored unit against the mercenary forces; the man responsible for the coming mayhem: Hal Needham, action director extraordinaire, whose high profit margins from *Smokey and the Bandit, The Villain, Hooper, Smokey and the Bandit II* and *The Cannonball Run* have prompted him to call himself "dollar-for-dollar, the most successful filmmaker of all time."

"This film's called *Megaforce*," Needham explained as he sat in his temporary office at the Warner Hollywood Studio. Taking time off between looping sessions, where actors re-do lines that had been mis-read or obliterated by extraneous sound, Needham was relaxed and confident about his new picture, due out in 1,500 theaters on June 25th. "It's about a fictitious unit of picked men, representing the free world's governments, who have been gathered under one banner to fight oppression wherever it rears its head."

The Megaforce is only sixty strong, but because of its highly specialized nature and sophisticated weaponry it has the firepower and effectiveness of a much larger mobile deployment force. "Everything you see in this film is absolutely believable today," said Needham, whose training as a ranger during the Korean War was applied to the tactics used in *Megaforce*. "This sort of unit would be a great idea if free nations could get together and commit funds and manpower to it, but political rationality prevents us or any other free-world power from going in and kicking the stuffings out of folks who topple legitimate governments and install their own rule against the will of the people. Since that's not likely to happen, we've invented a force which says, 'To hell with the political consequences. If someone gets out of line, we're going in and slap their hands.'

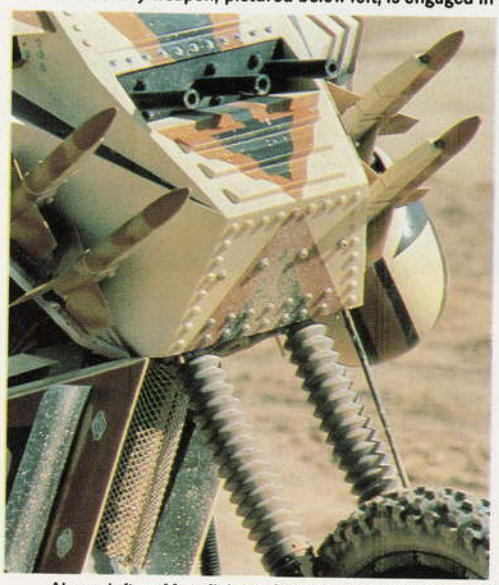
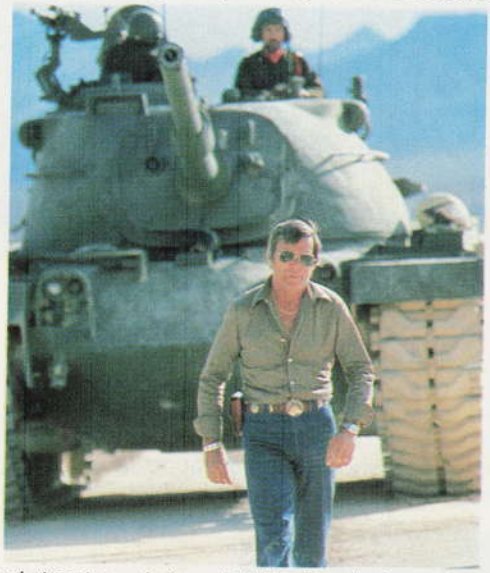
"Since World War II our country hasn't had anything to be proud about militarily," Needham said with regret. "We had the shit kicked out of us in Korea. Had the shit kicked out of us in Vietnam. Had a couple of presidents shot, others shot at. We've had a fuel crisis, the Iranian hostage situation, inflation, recession, Watergate and a whole lot of other depressing things."

"Strangely enough, though, I think the Iranian hostage situation was actually helpful, now that all our people are free again. It united this country more than anything else since the Second World War. So much so that we were ready to go to war to get those people back. And to me this means that the audience is ready to see a 'kickass movie' where the good guys win without any compromise, without

(continued on page 113)

Director Hal Needham goes over the last minute details of the desert sequence Tanks of the Nevada National Guard were used against the imaginary cinema vehicles.

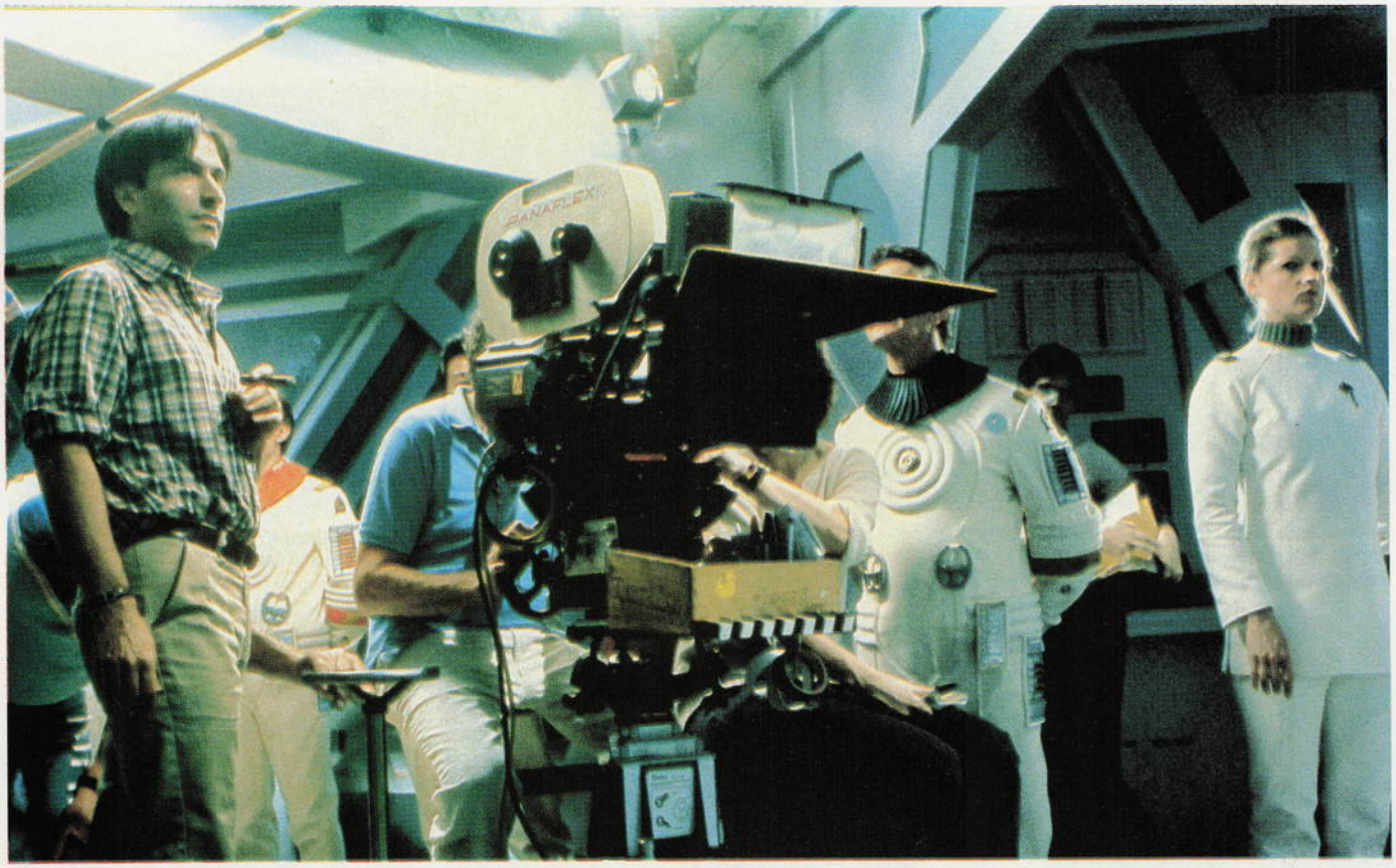
A Megafighter launches its missles, above left. at center, Barry Bostwick (playing A Hunter) goes into battle on his Megafighter, and upper right, Megafighters lay smoke screen to obscure view of their Megacruiser as they go into desert battle. M48-A5 tank of the 1/221 Armored Battalion of the Nevada Army National Guard posing as a mercenary weapon, pictured below left, is engaged in combat against a Megadestroyer during the climactic desert battle. Megadestroyer, right, goes through its action.

Above left, a Megafighter. Director Hal Needham, pictured at center, and above right. Needham kept on working despite injuries from motorcycle accident. Below, abandoned Megafighters at end of the desert battle. Below right, a night battle.

OUI'S SOUNDSTAGE

On the track of "Trek II"



The stark, metallic photon torpedo bay of the starship Enterprise is charged with the excitement of impending action. Locked in combat with his old rival Khan (Ricardo Montalban), Admiral James T. Kirk has ordered his crew to blast the commandeered starship Reliant into space rubble. As klaxon horns sound, Enterprise crewmen hurriedly pull up floor gratings in order to launch the sleek, black torpedo which is being lowered into its firing tube. The last grate is removed just as the gleaming missile is electronically disconnected from its storage arm, and with a rush of power the torpedo hurtles towards its prey.

"That was pretty good," says director Nicholas Meyer, "but we need more energy." The extras dressed as Enterprise crewmen gently lower the gratings back into place, the camera crew pulls its movable platform back to its starting mark and the torpedo is magnetically reattached to its storage arm. "This scene is like the old British Navy movies where the cannon were run out through the gun ports before a sea battle," says Meyer. "And though I didn't take on a *Star Trek* film to do a lot of action stuff, being more interested in ongoing character relationships, this is my favorite shot in the picture and I'm having a ball doing it."

When everyone is back in position, one of the extras points out that the wooden section of his grate, painted to look like a steel frame, is coming apart. A carpenter quickly hammers the wood back together and reattaches it to the metal grillwork with a length of wire. "I'm surrounded by competents!" Meyer shouts in mock-rage as the smooth operation carries on around him. This sequel to the $42 million first feature released in 1979 is tilted *Star Trek II,* and represents Meyer's second directorial effort, following the best-selling novel and screenplay for *The Seven Per Cent Solution* and his debut as director on the charming and intelligent 1979 thriller, *Time After Time,* in which H.G. Wells used a home-made time machine.

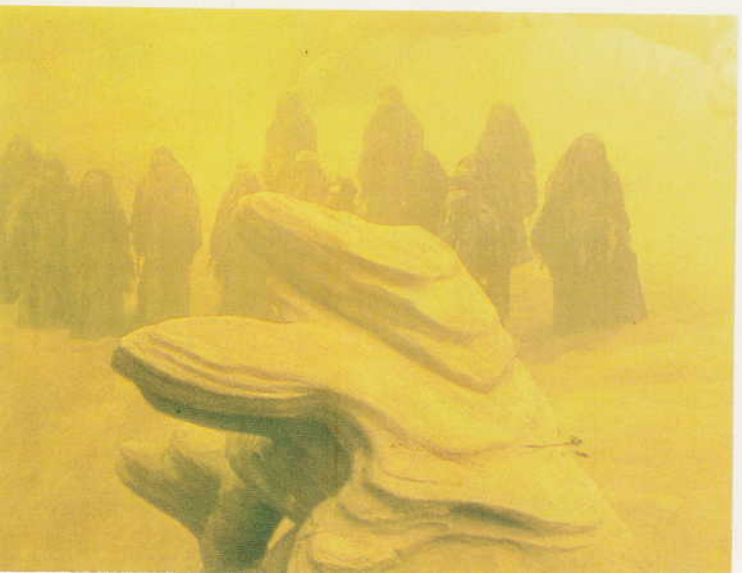
"Star Trek II wasn't my first choice to follow *Time After Time,*" Meyer explained. "I really wanted to make *Conjuring,* based on the Robertson Davies novel *Fifth Business.* But when that proved unfeasible I wrote another novel, *Confessions of a Homing Pigeon,* which came out last October. Then a friend at Paramount, Karen Moore, told me, "If you want to direct, that's what you should be doing. How would you like to do the new *Star Trek* movie?' I knew nothing about the series or the first film. But after seeing the motion picture I was convinced I could do better.

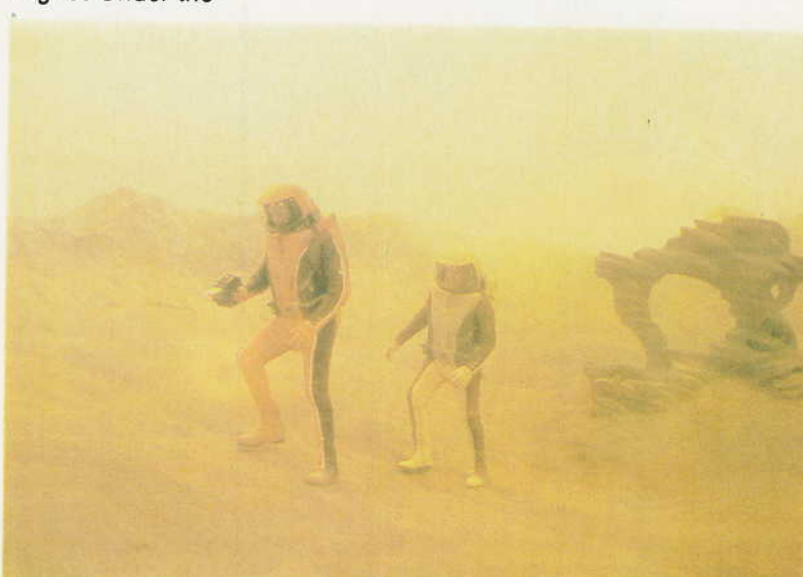
"I don't know why the first movie got so out of control, but it was a self-defeating exercise except for some of the special effects. Worst of all was having the whole thing build to a one-line joke about what V-Ger turned out to be. What a long way to go for such a small payoff! The story lacked human interaction, there was no plot, the costumes were terrible and the physical look of the picture was dark, flat and dull. I just didn't believe it.

"The object of *Star Trek II* is to pour new and vital wine into an old and unattractive bottle, the old bottle being the physical design that has always been part of *Star Trek,*" Meyer explained. Sets built for the first film were redecorated, and costumes redesigned, influenced by the classic Disney film, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.* "I pressed for a lot of nautical imagery and terminology like electronic bosun's whistles and announcements along the lines of 'Admiral on the Bridge.' I wanted this to be the adventures of Captain Horatio Hornblower in outer space, and when I mentioned this to Bill Shatner he said, 'Gene Roddenberry told me that was his original inspiration.' It was good to know I was on the right track."

Seeing that another grate needs

Director Nicholas Meyer, far left, center, on the torpedo bay set. Above, the set of the "Genesis" cave. Below, far left, constructing the set for CETI ALPHA V and shooting a scene on the CETI ALPHA V set. Below, the complete CETI ALPHA V set and Paul Winfield, as Capt. Clark Terrell and Walter Koenig, as Chekov, on the CETI ALPHA V set.





fixing, Meyer takes a hammer from a nearby chair and repairs it himself. A crew member observes, "One of the reasons this picture has gone so well is that Nick isn't afraid to get his hands dirty. On most pictures made in Hollywood people just do their own jobs, avoiding union hassles, and keeping things on an even keel. But on this picture Nick has been right in there, helping out where someone's needed instead of telling his assistant director to get the designated person for the job. He's encouraged everyone to help each other, and that's saved Paramount a lot of time and money."

As the cameras are about to roll again, Meyer addresses the extras. "Gentlemen of the gratings, let's try to get a lot more energy into this scene, alright? You can shout, yell and encourage each other to get those gratings up as fast as possible. Like, 'C'mon, let's go!' 'Move it!' and so on. Indulge yourselves orally. Just remember this is a PG film." A technician immediately yells, "How about, 'Move it, motherfuckers!'?"

An hour later, when the shot is finished, Meyer takes me on a guided tour of the other *Star Trek* sets on Paramount sound stages five, eight and nine. We walk through Enterprise passageways, its engine room, medical lab and hospital. Turning sharply left we find ourselves in Admiral Kirk's Earth living room, with its view of San Francisco Harbor painted in the background.

"We're on our second to last day of shooting, so everyone feels a bit melancholy," Meyer explains. "This has been an incredibly difficult film to make, and there were times when no one was sure we'd be able to do what we were asked, which was to make a picture better than the first on only a quarter of its budget. But I think we've pulled it off. Even including the $5 million we paid George Lucas' Industrial Light and Magic facility to do our special effects, we'll still come in around $12 million."

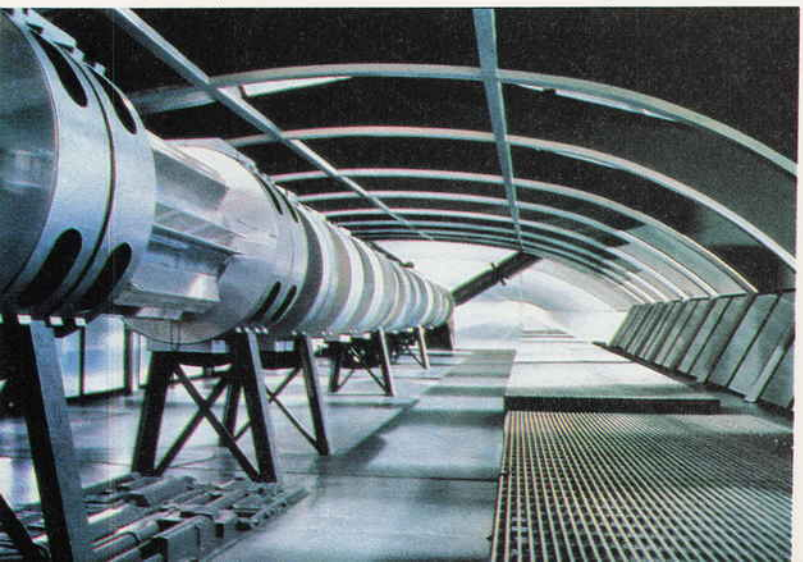
Moving to the next sound stage we walk onto the bridge of the Enterprise. It's smaller than it looks on screen, and more of a round shape than the long oval I expected. "The first day I walked around this set I spent $30,000 in decisions to re-dress it," Meyer says. "Everything from the first film was so grey and flat that I wanted to pump some life into it. I screened a print of *Alien* and noticed that part of the screen was always alive with twinkling lights. As a result I tried never to shoot a scene on *Star Trek II* where there weren't lights twinkling.

"This was the most difficult set we worked in," he said as we looked at viewscreens and examined the control consoles which fill every available counter space. "It was a sonofabitch. Very hard to light. The set's made of fiberglass, so you can't drive a nail into it or put a staple into it to support the paraphernalia which are necessary to properly light a set." As a result, this picture was literally held together by 'gaffer's tape," the gray cloth tape which is universally used in the movie business to patch, mend and hold things together, from ripped costumes to broken car doors.

"Every day for the two months before we started shooting, (cinematographer) Gayne Rescher and I would spend two hours a day with the script, walking this bridge, blocking every shot. This was just so when we got here we'd be able to waste the least amount of time. Originally Paramount wanted us to shoot this film, in thirty-five days. I said forty-eight. They said forty-three. It was an interesting paradox. If the movie had been my project, my baby, I would have been terribly vulnerable because they could have threatened to stop it or take it away from me. But since it was their baby, and they were up a creek with it, all I said was—fuck it, if they want me to lie to them, I'll lie to them. We're ending up close to fifty-three days, but since they're going to make a mint off the movie anyway, what does it matter?"

"There have been hassles all along the line. We originally had $200,000 in the budget for music. Now it's $70,000. Reaganomics. Except that like Reaganomics it won't work. They can't score the picture with a kazoo. So I just speed along, hoping that they'll keep the version I turn in. Otherwise it'll have been an awful lot of work for nothing."

We retire to Meyer's dressing room, a green wooden trailer that's parked alongside ten similar cubicles on an empty soundstage. "I've never been

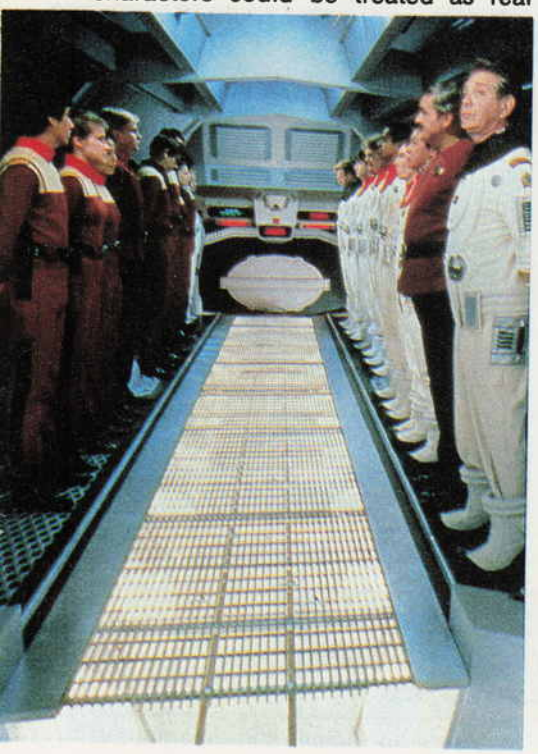


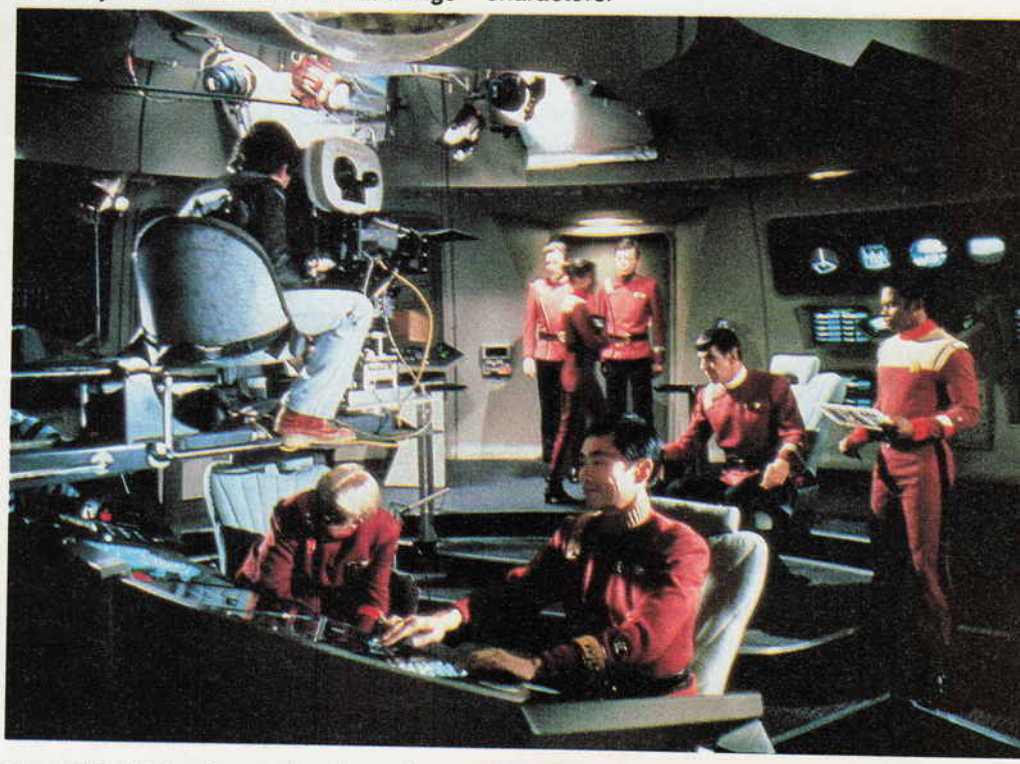
interested in science fiction. I'm interested in people, which is basically what the TV episodes were about. The other important thing about the original series was that the episodes were allegorical and metaphorical questions having to do with life and moral issues that were served up in a kind of pop format. I wanted to preserve that. When I came aboard I said I only wanted to do the film if the characters could be treated as real people, not just types. Because space operas tend to do that. So this film is about the crew of the Enterprise and the people they come into contact with, not hardware. I'm very faithful to the characters as they were created on the show, and I think we've taken them more seriously than they were ever taken before. This movie deals with real heavy stuff, like death and responsibility.

"We never approached this film as a sequel. I ignored the last movie, aside from the fact that Kirk is an admiral. I just wanted to make our picture very long on reality and very short on fantasy, even if it meant asking for a greater leap in faith from the audience to get them to *believe* they're in the 23rd century.

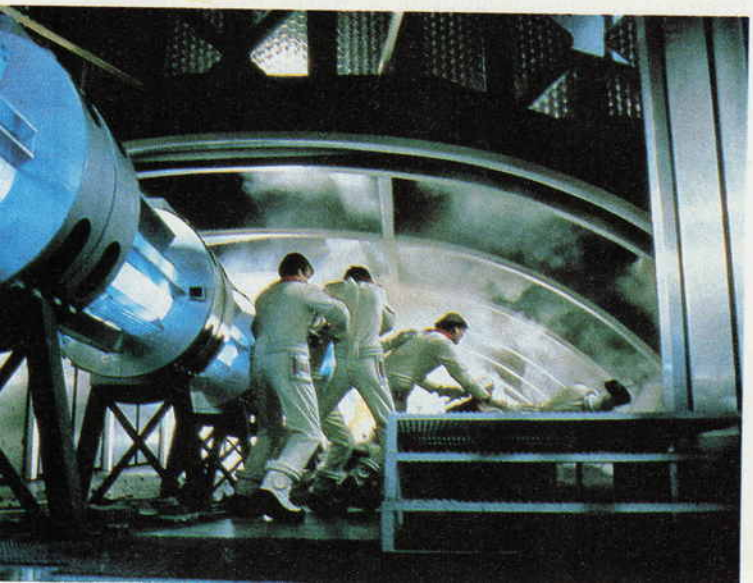
"Now for me, personally, that was quite a feat, since I don't think we're going to make it past the 20th century. I'll be amazed if we're still here five years from now. So the first leap in faith is that you have to believe that things are going to survive and endure, that human beings will still be functioning in the year 2300. Then you have to believe that the forces of knowledge and idealism triumphed over those of ignorance and destruction. And finally you have to believe that they not only survived, but that they prospered and thrived and sent space ships flying around the universe. If you can accept those as givens, then you can enjoy the film.

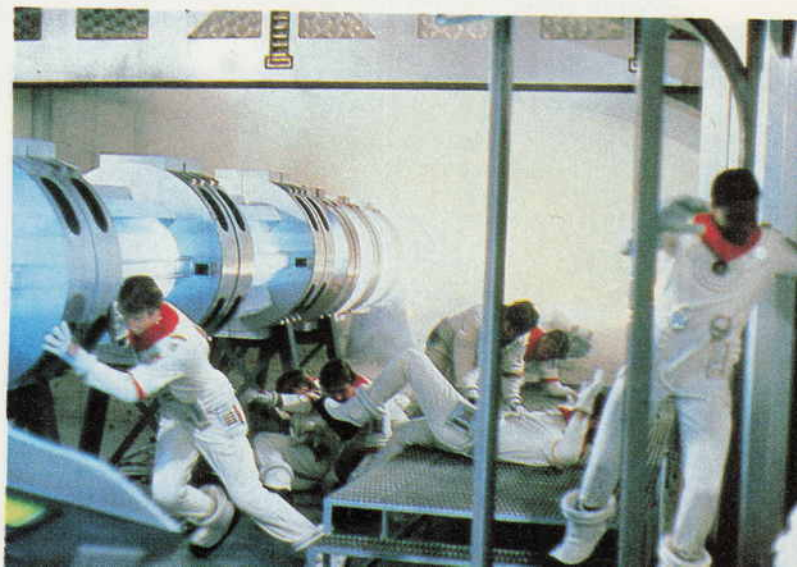
"Whether I've been able to pull this off or not has yet to be seen," Meyer says. "But if this movie works, it will be profoundly moving. It will transcend space, its ostensible subject matter, space operas and even *Star Trek* itself to the point where you'll forget that this is a story about a man with pointy ears. We've made a movie about human beings, their friendship, love and loyalty, and the ultimate proof of those qualities as endured by its principal characters."





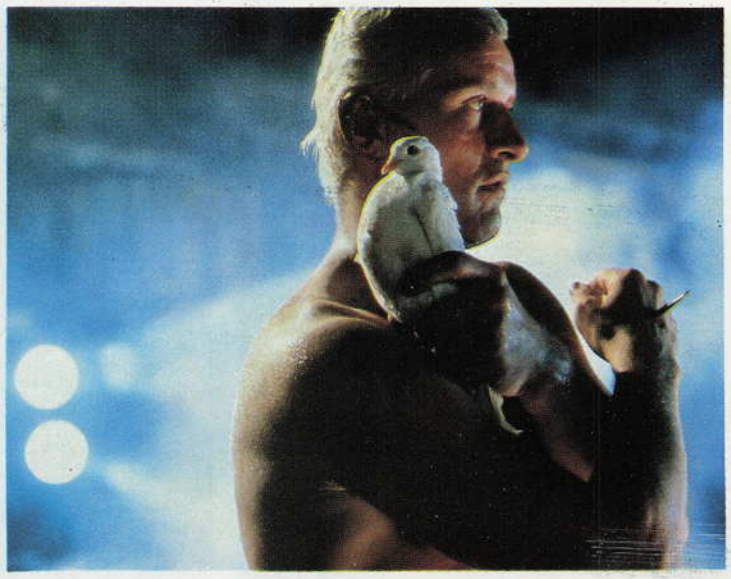
Director Nicholas Meyer, opposite page, top; center, Meyer adjusts space helmet on Paul Winfield. Above, left, shooting a scene in the Enterprise bridge set. The Photon torpedo bay set, at right, shows grates in the floor and the Photon torpedo in launch position in background. Pictured lower left to right, is the Enterprise engine room set, and views of panic breaking out in the engine room.





OUI'S SOUNDSTAGE

Blade Runner



Ridley Scott is an artist and storyteller who has chosen the medium of film to spin his tales and envelop his audience in dreams. From his first motion picture, *The Duellists* (1978), it was evident that he had a rare combination of great visual sense, flair for character and feel for subject which very few filmmakers possess. Stanley Kubrick *(2001: A Space Odyssey, Barry Lyndon, Dr. Strangelove)* has it, as do the great Japanese director Akira Kurosawa *(The Seven Samuari, Ikiru, Dersu Uzala)* and David Lean *(Lawrence of Arabia, The Bridge on the River Kwai, Doctor Zhivago)*. It's a compelling style that draws the audience into the story in such a way that they truly believe they are experiencing the events taking place on the screen, not just watching them from a crushed-velour movie house seat.

In *The Duellists*, Scott's breathtaking images of Europe in the Napoleonic Age, evoked the eerie feeling that some of the footage must have been filmed with the aid of a time machine in order to be so true to the period. And in *Alien*, he and his production team created a realistic look of what outer space would be like in the not-so-distant future,

82's Sci-Fi Blockbuster Is "Multi-layered Shit-heap" of Futuristic Images

surpassing even *Star Wars* in detail and imaginative production design.

Now, with *Blade Runner*, Scott is doing to urban society what he did to space travel in *Alien*. His expert melding of a team of top-notch artists created the wonderfully authentic look of *Alien*. In *Blade Runner* he has drawn together another group of specialists: industrial designer Sid Mead, special effects artist Douglas Trumbull, production designer Lawrence G. Paull, art director David L. Snyder, costume designers Charles Knode and Michael Kaplan, storyboard artist Mentor Heubner, car designer Gene Winfield, and a huge support staff. Together under Scott's perfectionist supervision they have devised a believable future, where cities of seven-hundred story buildings house twenty-five million people, a world which harbors "replicants," humanoid flesh-and-blood life forms.

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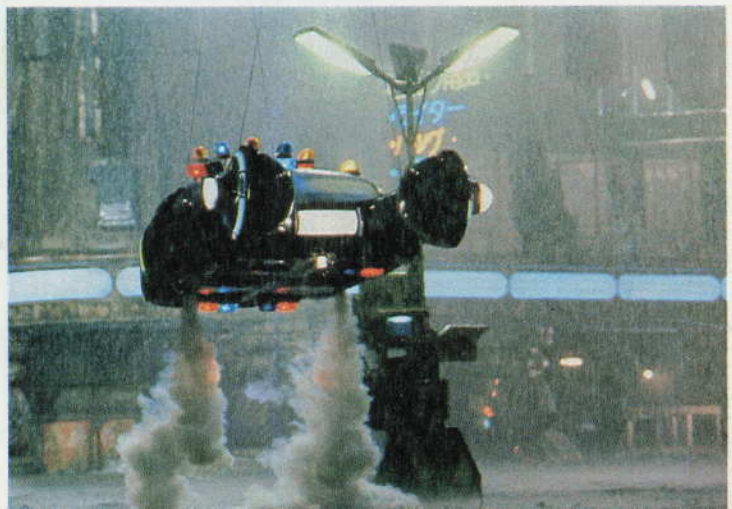

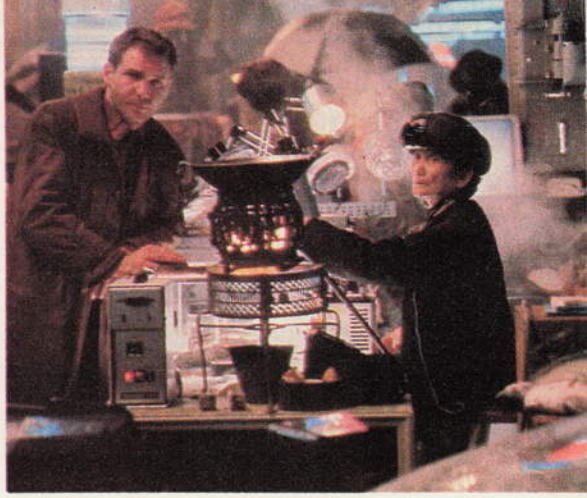

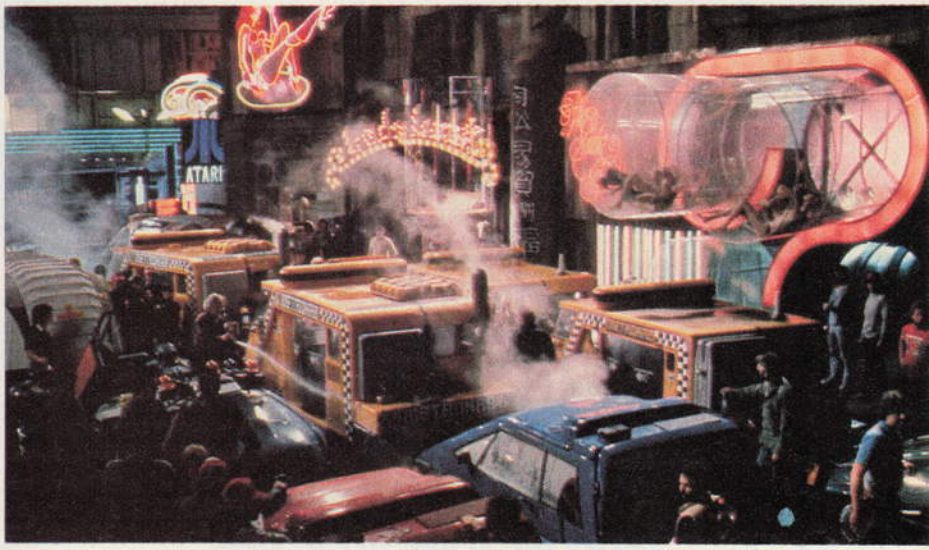

Hannibal Thieu, an eye designer for replicants. In the center, Sean Young, as Rachael, saves Deckard's life by killing a replicant. A scene of street life, far right. Below, Sean Young, as Rachael, assistant to the head of the Tyrell Corp, and to the right, a futuristic street scene.

To the left, an odd inhabitant of the future. Joanna Cassidy as an exotic dancer, above and center.

On the left, top, Harrison Ford, as Rick Deckard, a blade runner out to catch Batty, and Rutger Hauer as Roy Batty, a rogue replicant. A "spinner", far left, bottom, flies past a huge sign. Another "spinner" as a flying police car.

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One of the periodic revivals of the Madras Look took place in 1962 when this photograph appeared in Men's Wear magazine.

LET IT BLEED

The Return of Madras

By Jack Hyde

You've probably heard that fashion is by nature cyclical. If you've been around long enough, you have witnessed some styles which have blossomed and faded, only to return again at a later date: flared pants, wide ties, Hawaiian prints, and penny loafers, are familiar examples.

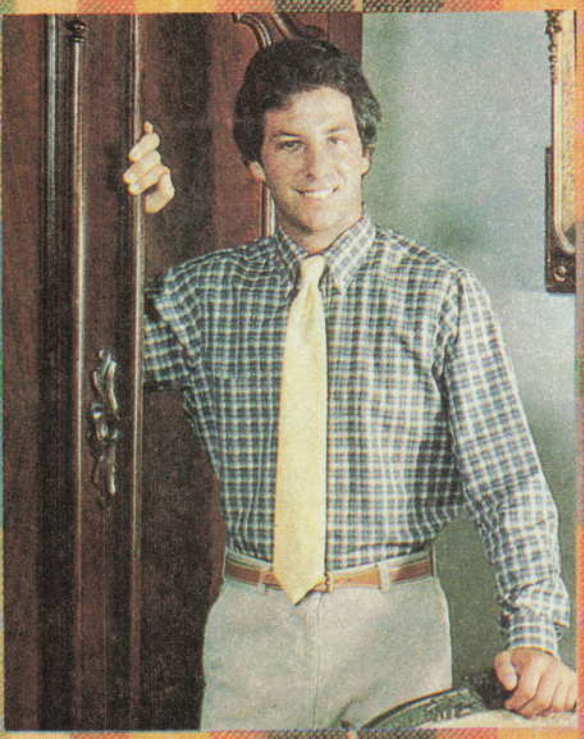
One of the major fashion trends which periodically surfaces in menswear is Madras (if it's from India) or madras (if it's the domestic variety).

Madras styles are characterized by bright plaid patterns, usually combining several colors. If the fabric is all-cotton, woven and dyed on the banks of the Ganges, it is "guaranteed to bleed" when washed. The all-natural vegetable dyes run when the cloth is wet and the colors blend together creating a unique stained look. This was most popular in the reincarnation of Madras in the '50s. Today's madras sportswear is usually of domestic color-fast, all-cotton or polyester/cotton blend fabric. It'll appear the same after repeated trips to the laundry or dry cleaners.

At any rate, the madras look is back once again in all manner of warm weather styles from sport jackets to walk shorts. One of the reasons is undoubtedly the current appreciation of classic fashions sparked by the '20s wardrobes in the award-winning film "Chariots of Fire" and the TV series, "Brideshead Revisted." Next fall we'll be awash in "Chariots" and "Brideshead" suits, shirts, sports outfits and sportswear—all inspired by the two productions.

The madras summerwear pictured here is not too different from that which was popular 20 years ago, as witness the walk shorts (then called "Bermudas") shown in Men's Wear magazine in 1962.

Among current time capsule styles which fall within the traditional mold are the sport coats, sport shirts, slacks and walk shorts on these pages. They are typical of the old/new breed.



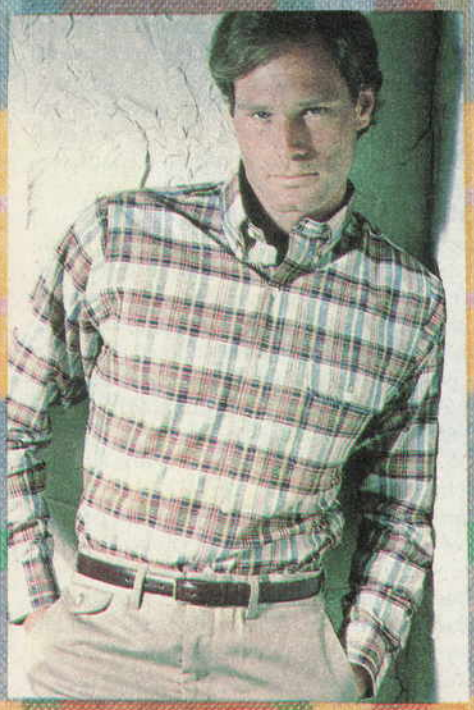
Left: Madras slacks, such as these by Palm Beach, come in all kinds of color combinations. It's safest to wear them with a solid color shirt and/or jacket. Top center. Originally called "Bermudas" when they were popularized in the '50s and '60s, madras walk shorts such as these pictured here by Palm Beach are welcome warm weather attire. Top right. Short sleeve madras sport shirts are always cool and collected looking. This typical style is from the Sport Rally collection by Palm Beach.

Above: Madras dress shirts, such as this Kenneth Gordon cotton style, enliven a navy [illegible] blazer, beige slacks outfit. But be certain your tie is a solid type!

Above. This brace of authentic Madras shirts by Kenneth Gordon of New Orleans are for purists: they'll "bleed" when washed.

Photography courtesy of the Men's Fashion Association.

The madras shorts, center, by Sal Cesarani are shorter than traditional styles. They're great for camping trips if the mosquitoes can be kept at bay.



Button-down collared styles are most popular in madras sport shirts such as this by Gant which is of color-fast hand-woven cotton. It is typical of long sleeve types which can be worn with a tie under a blazer.

A more casual appearance is achieved when a madras sport coat, such as this style by Cricketeer, is paired with an open-necked knit shirt. The fabric is shirting-weight.

SANDAHL BERGMAN

Continued from 50

Making the transition from dancer to actress is something she has been doing almost all her life. Since the age of five, she had been training as a dancer, studying everything from ballet to tap. Born to parents of solid, *disciplined*, Swedish/English /French stock, she grew up in Kansas City. Putting aside conventional teenage pleasures for summers of hard work, she was dancing at fourteen in the chorus line of Kansas City's Starlight Theater. At seventeen, she joined the national company of *West Side Story* which brought her to Los Angeles. Here, television introduced her to a bigger audience and she moved on to New York to work on Broadway, beginning with *Coco* and going on to the hottest dance showcases, *Dancin'* and *A Chorus Line*. Bergman had ably manuevered herself up to the highest rung a Broadway dancer could reach. Finally through Fosse, she made it on to film. The progression to *Conan* was inevitable.

And the role more than suits her. In real life, as on film, she's no bullshit. She'd rather spend her time with boyfriend Terry Leonard (a second unit director/stunt coordinator she met during the filming of *Conan*) going to the rodeo or hunting than "glamming" herself up for a Hollywood party. Her manager even has to remind her to doll up when it's publicity time. In this day and age of the hardliner, Bergman is a woman of the 80's—self-sufficient, self-determined and yet sexy enough to suit anyone's fantasy.

OUI: Is it difficult playing such a heroine as Valeria?

Sandahl: It is a real challenge to play a heroine, someone like Valeria, because they are people capable of these amazing, almost abnormal feats and yet they have to have those very human elements that make it possible for people to relate to them. It's a very fine line; you can't play them too real or unreal. And especially in *Conan* where it's a totally made-up age. The characters can be almost anything you want them to be.

OUI: What did you do to prepare for the role?

Sandahl: When we went on location to shoot in Spain, we took our martial arts instructor Kiyeshi Yamazaki with us where we spent the month before shooting, studying the art of Japanese sword fighting, Kendo, in the afternoons. In the morning we were taught horse back riding and in late afternoon, John worked with us. He made us read the Conan books, study Japanese philosophy and see Samurai films, particularly Kurosawa's *The Seven Samurai*. And we also learned how to do most of our own stunt work with help from stunt instructor Terry Leonard. But I really got the foundation for my character from the training. It was the key: in the training you had to have a certain mind set. In the steadiness of working with a sword, you gain a certain strength and focus.

OUI: Well, being such a physically powerful woman, how does it affect people?

Sandahl: Because a lot of the work I've done in *All That Jazz* and *Conan* has very sexual overtones and the characters were powerful, people think I'm a haughty person. Anytime anybody walks into a room with her head held high and a certain posture, they think that. They get alarmed, even a little threatened, men especially. And on top of being so physical, I have strong looks and am tall (5'8"), so I tend to affect people that way.

OUI: What happens when they meet you?

Sandahl: Oh, they're surprised. At first they don't quite know what to do with me, but once people get to know me, they know I'm not like that at all. I'm from Kansas (laughs), and I'm a really down to earth person.

OUI: So how do you feel playing those nude scenes?

"Actors are allowed the freedom to expose themselves more than the rest of us and not be put in jail for it or condemned. That's why I like this business. I can expose this sexuality...."

Sandahl: Actually, I don't feel very comfortable doing nude scenes even if it isn't such a taboo thing anymore. But *All That Jazz* was a first, and different because it was within what I do as a dancer. Dancing is about the body. A fantasy I always had was dancing in front of the mirror nude. I would do that all the time at home. Since the body isn't foreign to me—I think it's very beautiful—that number came off really well. People thought it was erotic because most dancers are covered up in costume. When Bob Fosse shot this number, he shot it so the dancer would look best.

OUI: And in *Conan* you do a nude love scene?

Sandahl: Yes, I don't mind that so much as there's a reason for it since they fall in love and everything.

OUI: At this point then you're pretty used to doing nude scenes?

Sandahl: Not really. I'd rather not do them. This is the second time around and if you include the *Playboy* shooting at around the time of *Xanadu*, then the third. I'm really uncomfortable with it, so I'm going to try and avoid doing it in the future.

OUI: Have you been offered other roles with nudity?

Sandahl: I was offered the part in *Tattoo* and some other things. After *All That Jazz* I got lots of offers for parts with nudity. I've learned to live with it though.

OUI: What about that job in *Playboy*?

Sandahl: That was a mistake. "Sandahl Bergman resting between takes during the shooting of *Xanadu*." It was a total bummer. When I did *All That Jazz*, *Playboy* was doing a picture story so they wanted some pictures outside of *All That Jazz*. I said I would do it. At this point I wonder why. At least to feel more comfortable about it, I said no garters, underwear or any of that stuff. I wanted to show the line of the body and how beautiful it looks. If you look at the picture, all I had on was a pair of shoes.

OUI: Sex is the name of the game, isn't it?

Sandahl: I know that people relate to me because I'm so physical. The way people know me is as a physical person.

OUI: What was it like for you playing a nude love scene?

Sandahl: I think actresses and actors really earn their money when faced with something like that. You meet a stranger you have to kiss and fondle in a scene and you barely know the person. It's difficult on both of you. I was really nervous in shooting that scene and our nervousness came out in laughter. I remember John Milius had to keep saying, "Would you two keep it together?" We couldn't keep still for a moment.

OUI: Was it at all erotic to you?

Sandahl: Not at all. It was very technical. Everything was worked out during that scene. For example, we didn't want to show that much so we'd be in the middle of a kiss and someone would scream out, "Get the pillow over your butt!" You can't be very romantic and turned on with anything like that going on, that's for sure.

OUI: How was it working with Arnold Schwarzenegger?

Sandahl: He's one of the funniest people I've known which was really good because we were together in Europe for a very long time. Tempers flared and nerves got on edge, but Arnold had a way of making it all humorous.

OUI: And John Milius?

Sandahl: I have the utmost respect for him. He really took chances with all of us. He knew we'd be working under some pretty terrible conditions and he didn't want any prima donnas saying it was too cold or the hours were too long. He looked into my background; Bob Fosse recommended me. Who the person was had a lot to do with being hired for this film, and I think it was very important to the script. There was no time for any attitude. But I'm one of those people who like to go the limit. I go the limit with everything.

OUI: Do you have a large sexual appetite?

Sandahl: No, it's a very normal one. In fact, I think it's almost maybe a little less than some women only because physically, I dance and work out. I tend to get excess energy out of me that way early in the day. It sort of takes away from my sexual appetite. Being so active you don't have enough left over for it sometimes.

OUI: What sort of men are you attracted to?

Sandahl: I like intelligent men, men who have something to say, anybody with strong feelings about life and things that they feel strongly about, like their work.

OUI: Is there anybody specifically?

Sandahl: I'm madly in love with somebody that I respect more than any man I've ever met. He's a stunt man, Terry Leonard. It's probably the first time in my life that I'm seriously involved because he's someone that I have this much respect for.

OUI: But they have to be physical men as well?

Sandahl: Absolutely. Because I appreciate the body so much and take to the body so well, I couldn't ever be with someone who is 50 pounds overweight and didn't do any sort of physical activity.

OUI: What about skinny men, muscular men?

Sandahl: I like thinner men more than muscular men. I like an atheletic body not a muscleman, a body toned through tennis or running .But a toned body. Anybody that takes care of the body and does something for the body has to be disciplined and they can only be so if they like themselves.

OUI: Without prying, is that condition better for *some* things as well?

Sandahl: Uh huh. If you use your body in life, you're more aware of your body and I think that makes for a more sexual person.

OUI: Have you gone to singles bars?

Sandahl: If I were single—and I don't consider myself single right now—I would get very scared. I will go dancing and when I do, I look at those people and say to myself, if I had to be one of those people I would cry. I know I have had bad times between relationships but I don't go looking for people. I usually spend time with myself.

OUI: Were you an ugly duckling as a kid?

Sandahl: No, I think I was cute as a kid, then went through an ugly stage and then got good looking again and then an ugly stage again. Right now I'm in an ugly stage.

OUI: What brings it about?

Sandahl: Maybe it's because I'm getting older and I have to spend more time than before making things work.

OUI: What do you go through when you're depressed?

Sandahl: I think I tend to withdraw. I don't get self-destructive, I do something good for myself. It's how you feel about yourself that's a reflection of yourself. It's like when you take your clothes off. You're pretty much exposed when there's no clothes to hide behind. Certainly I'm not ashamed about my body.

OUI: How do women react to you?

Sandahl: Women always notice me. When I walk into a room they notice me right away.

OUI: Have strange sexual attractions ever come up, like in a lesbian way?

Sandahl: No, well, only one thing in a sort of lesbian way. Once when I moved into this house in Los Angeles, I moved in with a girl I worked with in a Kansas City theatre, who later I found out was gay. She always wanted to rub my aching muscles, to put oil on my back and rub my legs or my shoulders. She was always asking me. After I found out, she moved out.

OUI: What women do you admire?

Sandahl: I love Juliet Prowse's body because here is this woman some forty-seven years old and still has a body that's unbelievable. It's the motivation that will keep me dancing the rest of my life. I always wanted to meet Diane Keaton. I've read about her, seen her movies and I love her. But usually I'm not too in awe of actresses or actors. I've been around them for too long and they have the same problems as everyone else. But I have a lot of respect for doers.

"I like intelligent men, men who have something to say, anybody with strong feelings about life and things that they feel strongly about...."

OUI: Were you popular in high school?

Sandahl: Yeah, I had a ball in high school. I was the good girl and the bad girl. Even though I was involved with sports and was a cheerleader, I never went out with football players. I always went out with longhairs and the musicians and the guys with crazy cars that went to other schools.

OUI: Were you sexually active then?

Sandahl: Nope. I was a wonderful girl. I remember once there was this guy in my class. He sat across from me in study hall and used to draw dirty pictures. I was really intrigued with him. So he asked me out and all my friends said, "Oh, Sandahl, he has a terrible reputation. Don't go out with him." But I was an adventurer and he interested me. Maybe because I was a good girl, I could still go out with him. It was all so funny. We went on a double date and he and I were riding in the backseat of a car, when he went to put his arm around me. His hand just happened to fall down—he was really a big guy—and touched my breast. I just jumped up and hit my head on the ceiling of the car and couldn't live it down for ages. I think I was a sophomore and he a senior, the good girl and the bad guy.

OUI: Why do you say *bad?*

Sandahl: I'll use the word naughty, but by "bad girl" I mean it in sort of a humorous way. I think in all of us there are different colors. Actors are paid lots of money to expose themselves because there are bad boys and bad girls in all of us. The arts allow you to search your soul for those people. People play certain scenes that in real life you'd never have a chance to do. That's why actors are allowed the freedom to expose themselves more than the rest of us and not be put in jail for it or condemned. That's why I like this business. I can expose this sexuality, but if I were that sort of woman all the time I would be so boring.

OUI: I guess I'll have to ask Terry about that. How did he react to you playing that love scene in *Conan?*

Sandahl: He didn't like it one bit. He went out and ran six miles. He's sort of an old fashioned guy and didn't go for it at all. He just asked if this is the kind of work I was going to continue with or what? I just said that you have to work in some of these scenes because it builds a character. Sometimes this is important to do.

OUI: Do you like men who want you to dominate them or is it the other way around?

Sandahl: Though I'm a strong personality, I'm still very much a woman and like that feeling. I like to respect somebody enough so that if they say no, I'll stop and listen. That's not to say I'm not going to do what I'm doing anyway. If some man says no to me, then I go home and am interested. Why? My taste in men is for personalities stronger than my own. Sometimes though that leads to trouble because they are very independent and like to go and come as they please. That makes for lots of things but not a boring relationship. When you have two free spirits trying to be a couple, you have to be several people. This one happens to be right on the money but I've been with a couple of jerks who abused their freedom. I never put a noose around somebody's neck and say: you're mine, we'll be together forever. But when I give a sort of freedom, they have a certain responsibility as well. It's much harder to give someone freedom and have them be able to deal with it.

OUI: What happened when they abused it?

Sandahl: They played around dishonestly and I like to be told the truth. I have wonderful woman's intuition and I don't like to find certain things out. I like things when they're on the same level: if you're doing things, then please give me my freedom. If you want to play around, then let me do the same thing.

OUI: What do your mom and dad think of your roles?

Sandahl: I was very worried about *All That Jazz*. I thought for a moment of not doing it. When Fosse called and told me about the

nudity all I could say was, "Shoot, I'm from Kansas and I was a cheerleader and what could I do, my parents still live there." But I did it anyhow. My father couldn't stand the movie and my mother loved it. When I took my dad to a screening of *Conan* I said, "Okay, dad, it's coming up." But he didn't say too much. He just turned to me when the movie was over and said, "You did a really good job. Keep studying, dear." I went, "Thanks Dad."

OUI: Speaking of *All That Jazz*, and considering Bob Fosse has quite a reputation as a ladies man, I'm sure there was talk about you and Fosse.

Sandahl: People I worked with on Broadway did think for sure that I got the part because I fooled around with him. The theater district is a very small scene and I remember I was very worried about that. But one of my best friends at the time, who was in *Dancin'*, asked me how I felt about what I did. I said I thought I did a good job. She said the work is the proof of the pudding. My sleeping wth Fosse is so far from my actual relationship with him....it's more like he sees me as his little girl—"You'll grow up someday, Sandahl." He's not sexually attracted to me, and since I don't play games we had no problems. People have tried to link us, but if I had a raincoat on and nothing underneath and opened my coat to him, he'd say go home, Sandahl, and put on some clothes.

OUI: So you're pretty conservative sexually. How did you feel about the orgy scene in *Conan*? Was that your first?

Sandahl: Yes, it was the first time I had been to anything like that. But I was an invited guest—I had to be there.

OUI: How orgiastic did it get?

Sandahl: It got pretty orgiastic, I guess, because the people in it didn't speak English. It was all Europeans, Spanish or French. They had a hard time picking good bodies for it. I went with Milius one day. They would bring in four or five girls and have them strip to their underwear. John would walk in and of course since they didn't speak English, he would make funny comments in front of them. Things like, "Oh, this one's tits are too saggy," or "She doesn't have any chest." Stuff that would never be said if they understood. It was so funny. There was John Milius walking down the line like a general.

OUI: Your casting in *Conan* means a lot to your career, what's next?

Sandahl: Since I am a woman of movement, I'd like to incorporate physicality in everything I do, play a pirate woman, some sort of heroine. We need to find that line in life between fantasy and reality and I think the world needs a few more heroines.■

GLORIA

Continued from 67

screws her he would tell me. And it would just be a screw. And that if I ever met somebody it would just be a screw and I could tell him and everything would be fine. He's very liberal.

OUI: Have you put that into practice?

GB: No. I guess I haven't met anybody. I'm still waiting to meet Bobby Weir. I have sent him notes, I have sent him flowers, I've tried everything I know.

OUI: Maybe if you wrote a more direct note.

GB: Oh, sure! How often does that happen to them? They probably have girls running all over the place wanting to screw them. Come on, put him in your magazine so I can meet him...I've *got* to meet him. When Bobby Weir's on stage he does very little talking. He's singing and screaming. But these little screams aren't really screams. They kind of sound like he used to be a karate expert or something. They're cute....The image that he portrays to me is a sexy image. He wears polo shirts and looks good in them. With the way that his audience looks, you would not think that it's a sex trip because the audience is so funny. Half the people really are *real live hippies* from the Sixties. Half of them play the part; they paint their face like skeletons. I bring a rose every time I go but I don't put scarves and chiffon all over me and frizz my hair out and walk around with a peace sign or anything. half the fun of being at a Dead concert is the people.

OUI: Dead music is the music most conducive to drug taking. That's why they're so popular on campuses.

GB: Yah, it is. When Jerry Garcia plays his guitar, it's real drug music. I think I'll have to eat acid next time... I think they just really get off seeing after fifteen years that they can still do what they do to people. I think it's neat. And I would tell them if only they would return my phone calls. (Laugh)

OUI: Don't be shy, send them your centerfold.

GB: All right. (Laugh) Can I write an intimate letter, too?

OUI: What would you write? I'll put it in the article.

GB: What would I write? It wouldn't be very long, all it would be was that I would want to meet him because I think he's gorgeous and he has a nice ass, and if I wasn't married...if I was having problems with my marriage, I'd go to bed with him, like that. (Laugh) Haven't you ever seen somebody on the street that just drove you crazy?

OUI: Tell Bobby what you would do to him.

GB: What I would do to him? No, I'd let him do me. (Laugh)

OUI: Anything he wanted?

GB: Anything. I'm very very infatuated with the man.

OUI: He's more the type that would prefer to be ravished. He seems so laid back.

GB: Maybe, maybe. Like I said, I have to get pretty fucked up to do that stuff.

OUI: You DeadHeads are crazy.■

AC/DC

Continued from 73

Brian: I never met them.

OUI: How do you like them?

Brian: Anybody on this whole tour, right from the policemen, the hall managers, the hotels, security, everybody, they always say the same thing. Just the nicest bunch of lads I've ever worked with. Because there's no idiots in the band, and they just live for their music. Really, I know it sounds like a lot of bullshit, but it's right. I've never seen anybody as dedicated as these lads.

OUI: When you met and started playing together, you all got along famously from the beginning?

Brian: It was ridiculous, it was like I'd known them all my life. They come from the same background, so it didn't seem to make any difference. And when I said, let's go for a game of pool, or watch a game of soccer, or go for a good drink—we all drink too much, except Angus. He's a teetotaler.

OUI: Did the fans accept you right away? It was all so soon after Bon Scott's death.

Brian: That was a queer thing. I remember the first night after we played. I'm not an emotional person by any stretch of the imagination. But the kids had this 40-foot-long banner right across the audience, and it had "The king is dead; long live the king." And it was smashing. It was great .And then we went to England and the kids were chanting because they knew how I felt. They knew I was scared.

OUI: You say that you might not be an ambitious person, but you sure got a lot of energy.

Brian: That's because I'm enjoying it on stage. I enjoy myself. Honest. I'm never kidding myself. And I hurt myself sometimes. You just look at Angus, he goes on. I've never seen anything like it. I go, "Jesus, look at this bloke." He's amazing on a stage.

OUI: Tell me about your vocal style. That has to come with energy too. How do you keep that up?

Brian: I don't know. Well, I've always said I'm not a proper singer, not in the proper sense of the word. I couldn't sing my way out of a paper bag, and I wouldn't kid myself any other way. For a rock and roll band, as another instrument, I'm handy for that.

OUI: You sing higher and louder than anybody.

Brian: I may shriek. I could never sing like Joe Cocker. He's a singer.

OUI: You wrote a lot of lyrics on the last two albums. Why is it that lead singers always seem to write the lyrics?

Brian: I don't know. It's probably because they've got to sing them (laughs). Nobody else dares sing them except them.

OUI: "For Those About to Rock," how did that all come about?

Brian: We never go to do an album with a

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title in mind. We don't have a clue to what we're doing, and we just all get together. Like, Malcolm, Angus and me will just be strumming away with ideas that we've had that we picked up. Angus had just been watching this old movie about Nero and the old gladiators. Two gladiators used to come before the emperor, and the referee, or whatever he was called, used to come and raise the swords. There would be complete silence and he used to say, "For those about to die, we salute you." Because one of them was going to die. That's what they were paid for. To get killed. So we just changed the word die to "rock."

OUI: Did you like AC-DC before you joined?

Brian: Oh, yeah. I used to listen to them all the time. And I liked them because they weren't heavy metal. I didn't like the heavy metal bands. Not that much unless they were the real good ones.

OUI: So you're into Harley Davidsons?

Brian: Love them.

OUI: So that's what you do when you get home?

Brian: All the time.

OUI: It doesn't scare you?

Brian: No. Well, I race bikes as well. Grand Prix racing. We get up to about 170 miles an hour.

OUI: Tell me how the lyrics from "Inject the Venom" came about? Crazy title.

Brian: It's just all in fun. Really, it's about how some guys think they're real big lovers and all that. They take a chick to bed, and they'll come once. That's it, bang, done. And it's the same as a snake. A snake can bite you once; and if it doesn't kill you the first time, if it bites you again it cannot do anything. You know, it's fucked, whoops, excuse me. It just cannot do anything. But with tongue in cheek, it was written for fun. We never write anything serious. It's always harder to describe things when a woman asks you because you don't like to be such a male chauvinist pig, you know. But that's all it is.

OUI: AC-DC, the name came from the love of electricity. Is that true?

Brian: Well, the name came years ago. This is the story I'm retelling because the guys told me. Angus and Malcolm's sister was hoovering the house at the time and them two were sitting down trying to think of a name. And she said, "What about AC-DC?" It was written on the handle. And that's it. It was nice and catchy, quick and short.

OUI: There was a phone number on one of the songs and everybody called it. What's that story?

Brian: An old retired couple in—God, where was it? Somewhere in—

OUI: Illinois, I think.

Brian: I can't remember, but they were going to sue for half a million dollars because everyone was phoning them up. The kids didn't know where to ring and they just rang the number. So when we heard about it we were upset because a lot of people were really giving them a bad time. And we just paid for them to get the phone changed and gave them a little something to ease our worries, you know. It wasn't any number at all when Bon wrote it. They said he just wrote it to rhyme with another word.

OUI: AC-DC doesn't have any superfluous theatrics?

Brian: No, the only thing we use on stage is connected with the song, like the bell, which isn't theatrics in the true sense of the word. But when you see it, you say oh, look at that. It's so different from flashing lights and exploding bombs. You don't expect to see a bell. Everybody thinks it's made out of papier-mache until I go and hit it. Then they know it's real. And the cannon at the end as well, which is what the London Symphony Orchestra has been using for years, on the 1812 Overture.

OUI: The cover of the album is beautiful.

Brian: Ah yeah, it's a beautiful cover, isn't it? We just told them what we wanted and they actually did it. We were quite pleased with it.

"A few years back a pair of jeans would have to last a couple of years. The nicest thing is now I don't owe anybody anything and I've got three pairs of jeans."

OUI: Why do you think AC-DC was so successful in Australia when people like Olivia Newton-John and Helen Reddy were making it?

Brian: I think because they were so outrageous at that time. Nobody expected it. But they got a lot of knocking. The press hated them. They went to England, the press hated them there. They came to America; the press hated them here. And actually this year we were getting quite worried. (Laughs) Once the press starts liking you that means—I'm not sure. It's the kids who should like you, not the press. This year *Rolling Stone* gave us a four-star rating on the album. Boy, were we worried. (Laughs)

OUI: Do you have your own plane now?

Brian: We don't have our own. We just charter.

OUI: Because of the expense, a lot of bands aren't doing that anymore.

Brian: Well, there's a lot of bands making money on the road. We're quite lucky. I mean, this tour we're just a little behind what the Stones made. Not much behind them. So that's being real good, you know.

OUI: Besides being happy, what is the feeling like to all of a sudden come out into something so big?

Brian: I cannot explain it. It's like anything in life. Tomorrow if your husband comes up to you and says, "O.K., doll, you know that Mercedes sports car you always wanted? It's yours." That first day you go, "Wow!" and the first week even, you go, "Ohhh." And after a month, you say, "I'm just popping down the shops. Should I take the Corvette or should I leave the Mercedes for you?" It's like that. You learn to live with it, but at the same time every now and again you stop yourself and say, "This is great. This is the car I always wanted."

OUI: At 32-years old, you're not jaded?

Brian: Well, yeah. I thought I'd be senile and way over the top. And then I stopped and looked at all the top rock bands in the world and I thought, I'm quite young actually. Look at the rest of these guys, the Stones and the Who and the Kinks. All the top lads, all the real good rock bands that you could listen to. But in your 30's you've still got as much ahead as you had behind. When you reach 40, that's when you start worrying because there's less ahead than there is behind you.

OUI: What did you think you'd be doing at 32?

Brian: I knew I'd always stay in entertainment. That's why a couple of times I split with my wife because she said, "You're going to have to stop this." And you know it's ridiculous but I liked it so much. In a local band you're not really bringing in the gravy, just bits and pieces of money. You bring some money in and say I'm going to buy a new microphone. And then, who's going to pay the rent?

OUI: Are you back with your wife now?

Brian: Well, if you can call it that. I'll see in about a month or two—a year.

OUI: Success doesn't seem to have changed you—you're such a nice guy.

Brian: I can go home. Like I'll be home tomorrow, and I'll go to the club at night and all the lads will be there. And if I even dared to put my hand in my pocket and try to be the big boy, drinks on me, who wouldn't take one, you know? As soon as I go in there, one of the guys would put a pound note in my hand and say, "Get a drink, Brian." And I'll take it because it's the way everybody does it there. Then I'll wait and when it's my turn I'll buy the drinks.

OUI: It's nice to see somebody who's happy with their success.

Brian: You know, a few years back the tax man was giving me money at the end of the year. Really, they were. The nice thing for me now is that I don't owe anybody anything. A pair of jeans would have to last a couple of years and stuff like that. The nicest thing is now I've got three pairs of jeans.

OUI: AC-DC tried to maintain its barroom charm, and I wonder if it's possible to do that in big concerts?

Brian: Yeah, I think it is. We do it. We do it all the time. I don't know how we do it, but we just seem to grab everybody right down, right from the top and pull them right down. Because it's so hard with such a loud volume. But we've got such a good crew on the sound mixes. I think there's a trick there somewhere. You can be loud and powerful and spoil yourself. But if you can just get that right level where you can hear everything sweet as a note, drums and guitars and bass, lead—

OUI: You have great muscians.

Brian: I love them. Like Malcolm, he's got to be the tightest rhythm guitarist I've heard in my life. And then Phil and Cliff on the back and bass and the drums. It's like a wall, you know? But it's so tight. It's amazing, they never lose a beat. You can tap your foot to it. You can sit like that all night and just watch the kids. Last night in Phoenix was crazy. That's another thing we can't understand, it used to be nearly all men at our concerts. Last night we counted 39 broads on the stage.

OUI: You're more into blues kind of things?

Brian: Y eah, John Mayall and all that. I don't think at all about those bands because I don't think my option is worth jock shit when it comes to talking about other bands, because then I start becoming a critic. And one thing I hate is a self-opinionated critic.

OUI: Are you going to be doing the next album with Robert Mutt Lange, your producer?

Brian: Oh, yeah, yeah. I like him a lot. The most difficult musicians in the world would listen to what he said. I don't know why. He's not forceful or anything. He just sits there and goes, "Oh, Brian, everything all right?" Real quiet. And sometimes when I go in the studio and I'm doing a song or something, it's really hard for me to get my spunk up, because the songs are so powerful. I've got to be in the right frame of mind. And Mutt will just sit there in the box and when I'm finished and I'm sweating, I'll go, "Was I O.K., Mutt?" and he'll go, "Yeah, come in here and sing it again. You got a bit more power than that." I'll go, "What!? You're kidding, I'm fucking dying in there."

OUI: I mean, AC-DC, you would think that AC-DC were a bunch of crazy guys. Is it true Angus is the quietest person going?

Brian: Ah, you never hear a word out of Angus. Never heard a word.

OUI: What's it like on the road with you guys?

Brian: It's just good fun all the time. We got this craze for cards on the plane. I lost a fortune. When we went to Las Vegas, we did the whole schmear, Fantasy Tower and Caesar's Palace—the mirrors on the ceiling and the sunken baths and everything. And we came away from there after two days and we changed the name of it, the Lost Wages (laughs). What you win you lose in the end.

OUI: Did AC-DC play there?

Brian: No, no. Who, against Ann-Margaret? (Laughs)

OUI: Would you consider yourself quiet when you come home after gigs?

Brian: Ah, when I go home, my wife says I'm the most impossible bloke in the world to live with. And she says after that you're great again. Because usually I like a good laugh. I need about six hours of sleep and I'm fine. Last one to bed, always the first one up.

OUI: Well, with your voice I can't imagine you doing too much drugs. Am I right?

Brian: I've never touched them. I've never touched them in me life. Maybe it's because when I was younger and all that I couldn't get ahold of them. I mean, even now, if you go to Newcastle and somebody came over to me and said, "Where can I get some coke?" I'd say, "You'd have to get on a train to London." That's 250 miles away.

OUI: Did you go out to the clubs?

Brian: See, our clubs over there are a lot different than the clubs here. They actually got lights on the ceiling and you can see people. You don't have to sort of peer across the bar. The old English pubs and all that.

"I've always said I'm not a proper singer. I couldn't sing my way out of a paper bag. For a rock and roll band, as another instrument, I'm handy for that."

OUI: You drink Whatney's?

Brian: That's for the Cockneys. That's piss. In England in the north, I could take you out for a meal, watch a show, have some beers, have a good drink—not just a drink, a good drink—and it would probably cost us about eight dollars for the night up in Newcastle. Not in London.

OUI: How about when you're on tour? Do you go out at night?

Brian: I get a little bit too drunk. I enjoy my drink. I invented this new drink, and it's called AC-DC, we nicknamed it AC-DC. It's a killer. It will knock your eyes out. It's Jack Daniels, two fingers of Jack Daniels and just fill it up with champagne. It kills you. You could run your car on it.

OUI: So what do you do when you come back to the hotel, just sort of hang out?

Brian: I been to a couple of clubs in L.A. and all that, just because it was the last end of the tour and we're saying good-bye to everyone. Barney's Beanery, that was a favorite hangout. The Kings Head at Santa Monica—game of darts, you know. It's a good thing you weren't hanging out with us because everybody in the crew would have been falling in love with you. Don't mix with our crew.

OUI: Really?

Brian: I mean, Rudolf Valentino eat your heart out. These guys fall in love all over the place.

OUI: You guys don't go around picking up girls after the shows and do all that?

Brian: We cannot do anything. We come off stage, get dried, straight into the limousine, and you're back at the hotel. The security is so ridiculously tight in America, you think you're some kind of bloody Mafia figure. It's terrible here because nobody knows who we are. So it's pointless. I mean, I got thrown out at Madison Square Garden in New York just before the show by two security guys, because I didn't have a pass. And I said, "Hey I'm singing in this band," and they went, "Yeah, you and 10,000 others."

OUI: What's it like with all the power you have as a singer up there on stage, and you're able to control like 20,000 or how many thousand people out there? That must be an incredible feeling.

Brian: I still think I got a couple of years to go before I am fully confident. I'm not that confident still. I can enjoy myself. I never think about it. But I know that I could—I know that I'm sort of hanging back a bit. Sort of keeping myself cool a bit.,

OUI: So what's next? Any more rock and roll anthems coming up?

Brian: I don't know. That's the great thing when we do our albums. We never know what's going to happen. We just meet and say, "O.K., what you got?" "I got this tape—I've got this riff," and we put it all together. It's always done about six weeks before the album's done. We ain't got a clue to what the hell is going on, and it just all falls together. It's dead weird.

OUI: I'm sure you like women.

Brian: Definitely, especially American ones.

OUI: Why?

Brian: I don't know. They just are nice. I suppose they got the nice weather over here as well.

OUI: In New York? Sometimes it's thirty below zero.

Brian: But they're so open and warm, you know?

OUI: That's what I heard about you. That you are open and friendly.

Brian: Who?

OUI: You.

Brian: Ah. No, but the women are nice here. Have you been to Scandinavia? That country has got to win an award for the most boring place in the world. What a rotten place.

OUI: Pretty women though.

Brian: Aye, you know I like that. It makes an awful lot of difference when a woman opens her mouth and she's nice and friendly and you can laugh with her and have a drink with her and talk with her and feel comfortable, isn't it? Then when you sit there and go ahh—forget it.■

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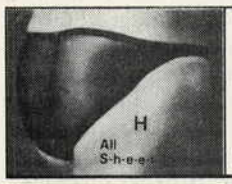

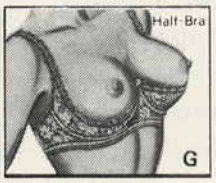

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PLINKING FOR DOLLARS

Continued from 12

"There's really not that much to it," says John Shaw as I strap his gunbelt on my own waist. "Just draw the gun and point it at that metal plate down there. He gestures to a row of one-foot metal plates ten yards away. "Get your sight picture, and squeeze the trigger. Actually, shooting is easy."

We're at his Mid-South Institute of Self-Defense Shooting (MISS, get it?), and I am getting a crash course in the John Shaw technique for combat shooting. His school is one of the dozens of handgun training facilities which have sprung up like mushrooms after a heavy rain in the last couple of years. The tuition is a hefty $300 a week, and finding students isn't hard at all. In fact, the University of Mississippi just accredited the MISS facility as a credit course for law enforcement majors. "The police academy teaches them when to shoot," he says. "I teach them *how*."

The gun is a 45 Government Model Colt, so named because it is the standard issue military sidearm. It has a reputation for kicking like a horse, but you're never supposed to think about things like that.

In fact, there's a certain Zen-like attitude involved with shooting that runs very much against the stereotyped "gun nut" image. It's not at all like television, with the gun being whipped out of the holster and flailed around like a cat-o-nine tails. You don't drop into a combat crouch like Robert Stack in "The Untouchables."

"You want to minimize your motions," he says. "Keep everything simple. Be surprised every time the gun goes off. Think about the front sight."

I think about the front sight, squeeze, and ten yards down the course a metal plate falls down. There is an exhilarating feeling.

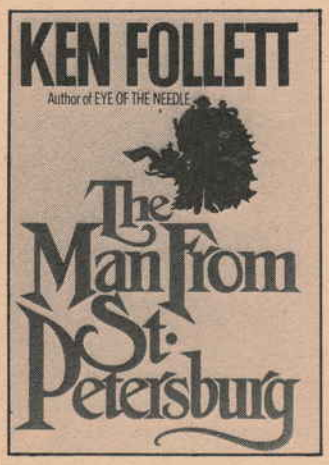
Front sight, squeeze the trigger—a mantra for modern gunfighters. It seems quite natural, on this particular spring afternoon, that the time of the gunfighters has come once again. There is a sense of agelessness in the skills; although in truth, today's gunfighters are probably faster than the fastest the Old West ever produced.

The new gunfighters are, like John Shaw, children of the 1960's, raised on rock and roll. They are young, surprisingly sophisticated, and dreadfully efficient. It is also, as was pointed out to me by a woman shooter, one of the few sports where women compete on an equal basis with men. "Let me train a woman for two months," says John Shaw, "and I think she could have a shot at the national championship."

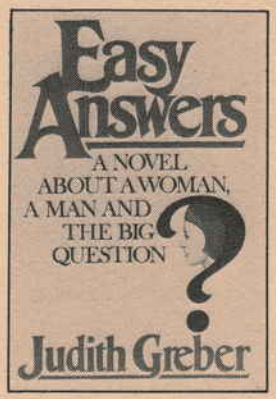
The really weird thing, says John Shaw, is that you can be the very best if you really want to be. "That's what I tell my students too," he says, picking up and methodically unloading the .45 automatic. "It's all in your mind." ■

Oui VIEWS

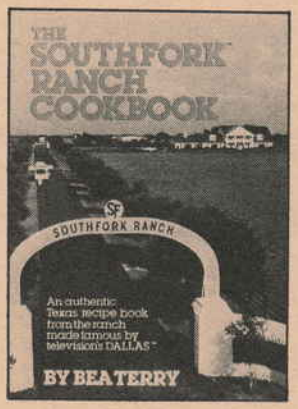
BOOKS



THE MAN FROM ST. PETERSBURG, by Ken Follett (William Morrow; $14.50). Ken Follett's latest spy thriller is a slight departure from his earlier spine-tingling epics. Here is a novel written as much for the ladies as for the gents. And it is very much about ladies and gentlemen. Set in London in the summer months just prior to the start of World War I, it evokes the life-style of the very rich, their manners and manors, in their last season. Unlike "Eye of the Needle" and "The Key to Rebecca" (Follet's earlier works), this story begins slowly and almost fools the reader into believing it is a period romantic novel. But any veteran reader of Follett knows better. As the pace quickens, the plot twists and turns, uncovering family skeletons, political intrigue and hidden lust. Lord Walden and his Russian-born wife, Lydia, have been asked by a young Winston Churchill to play host to a visiting Russian, Prince Orlov. Orlov is Lydia's nephew. He is also nephew to Tsar Nicolas of Russia. It is not a social visit. Walden and Orlov are commissioned to act as emissaries for King George and the Tsar in formulating a secret treaty between the two countries—a treaty which will ally Russia and Britain against Germany. Orlov does not arrive from St. Petersburg alone. He is shadowed by another Russian, Feliks Kschessinsky, a mysterious blood-thirsty anarchist, whose sole mission is to murder Orlov. The plot unfolds against the setting of Walden and Lydia's estates, their daughter Charlottes's presentation at court, noblemen and liveried servants and Feliks' travels among thieves and revolutionaries of the slums and ghettos of London. It is further complicated by the memory of an old love affair between Feliks and Lydia. When Feliks meets Charlotte, a new dimension of intrigue insinuates itself into the once calm Walden family. The whole business climaxes tumultuously at the family estate. With all of Scotland Yard and an army of men searching for Feliks, Lydia falls prey to her old lust and Charlotte is nearly sacrificed. All the characters are well-drawn, particularly Lydia and Charlotte, whose differences symbolize the new political and sexual blooming of women. This is a book which reads like a full-blown, well-costumed movie, incorporating the elements of a James Bond-type thriller with an old-fashioned English love story.



EASY ANSWERS, by Judith Greber (Doubleday & Co., $15.95). This first novel is not about "easy answers." It is about the complications, confusions and problems of being adult, attractive and single in the 1980's. Suzannah Barnes is a bright young stockbroker, recently divorced and moving rapidly to the top in her financial office. She has carefully removed herself from the pain of separating from Chris, a man very much like herself, and is busy surrounding herself with the material goods, the trappings, that reflect her financial success and her new personal image. Coby (Jacob) Waldemar is the new man in her life. A widowed professor with a young son, he is an unlikely choice for Suzannah. Coby is easy-going, earthy, and the "good things in life" for him are the basics — humor, sharing, warmth, respect. The good things for Suzannah can only be bought with money — clothes with the right labels, Aubusson carpets, Baccarat crystal and, of course, a Mercedes in the driveway. They share very little except sensuality and good sex. And they like being together, as long as Adam, Coby's six-year-old isn't along to ruin it for Suzannah. Her life is planned and it doesn't include children and family picnics. Nevertheless, Coby falls in love with her and proposes marriage. She counters with a proposal for a long affair. No commitments and no uncomfortable wrinkles in the smooth facade of her life. She changes her mind only after being threatened with losing her job and falling into bankruptcy, both of which she heals by seduction. In her most precarious moment, she lures her ex-husband to her bed, in exchange for $40,000 to clear her debt and she blackmails her boss into covering her business error at the firm. Then, realizing that there is no fun in her life, she accepts Coby and Adam as her new family. They are not getting much of a break. She promises to be the wife/mother they need, but there is little reason to believe that this woman can soften. In her first novel, Judith Greber has painted a strong, stunning portrait of a new breed of woman. Suzannah Barnes is obsessive, self-pitying, self-absorbed and totally selfish. Not once does she consider Coby's or Adam's feelings or needs. But it is 1982 and Suzannah is making her way in the world. Men, watch out.


THE SOUTHFORK RANCH COOKBOOK
SF
SOUTHFORK RANCH
An authentic Texas recipe book from the ranch made famous by television's DALLAS
BY BEA TERRY

THE SOUTHFORK RANCH COOKBOOK, by Bea Terry (William Morrow, $13.50). It used to be that a man wouldn't be caught dead in the kitchen, but it's now downright upright for a guy to cook dinner for his lady. This is a cookbook that has a handle of Texan elegance attached to it — J.R. Ewing's brand of elegance. Southfork, the ranch where the TV show "Dallas" is filmed, is a real-live working ranch thirty miles outside of Dallas. Joe Rand Duncan, the real owner of Southfork shares his love of down-home North Texas cooking with Bea Terry, a friend and neighbor. Miss Terry has compiled a book of familiar, folksy provincial recipes that will make any good Southerner water at the mouth. Starting with soda bisquits and hoe cakes, it runs through the whole menu from soup to fish to steak to desserts and relishes. It includes the good old staples like country-fried chicken with cream gravy, fried catfish, buttermilk fried fish, black-eyed peas with fresh ham hocks, okra gumbo, rutabagas with salt pork, corn fritters and hush puppies. There are a few Creole recipes and an excellent selection of Mexican fare, such as Jalapeno corn bread, chili rellenos and Gringo

chicken. The chapter on eggs is particularly interesting, with Mexi egg bake, Texas scramble, chili scramble and pickled eggs. The best news is that this book is not only easy to read (if you enjoy reading about food), it is easy to work from. Recipes are simple, ingredients are readily available, and the results should impress and delight any guest at the table. It is highly recommended for beginning cooks as well as seasoned chefs.

NEW BEGINNINGS: COSMETIC SURGERY FOR MEN AND WOMEN, by Gloria Heidi and James Earp (Doubleday & Co., $19.95). For anyone contemplating cosmetic surgery, this book provides answers to questions not even contemplated. Gloria Heidi and her hsuband, James Earp, discuss every aspect of every known kind of plastic surgery. When is the right time for surgery, when surgery is ill-advised, how to choose a doctor, how to evaluate the cost, how to prepare for surgery (including pre-op vitamin therapy), and what to expect afterwards (a day by day description). There is a chapter on hair transplants written mostly for men. Gloria Heidi covers the material on breast uplifts, from fantasy operations, to reconstruction after mastectomy. On body contouring, the authors advise caution and warn of remaining scars where tightening is done on abdomen and thighs. The psychological benefits of improving features of unattractive children are discussed and when the authors think surgery is unnecessary, they advise heavy exercise. Spotted throughout are comments, reaction and concerns of people who have had varied experiences. The most important aspect of this book is its practical advice. The authors have done extensive research in considering every possible question, and to bring to the reader a wealth of information in a format that is easily comprehensible and very pleasant to read.

–Rachel Chodorov

RECORDS

FRANKE AND THE KNOCKOUTS
Below The Belt
Millennium Records

Not content with their first album's smash success, Franke and the Knockouts are back again, this time with *Below The Belt*. If anything, this second album shows the band to be even stronger than ever. Featuring a Franke whose voice is in absolutely top form and a band that is shifting slowly but surely in the direction of harder rock music, *Below The Belt* has some top-notch cuts. It's not unlikely that "Without You (Not another Lonely Night)," "Never Had it so Good," and "Morning Sun (Dream On)" will surpass even the success of their debut single, "Sweetheart," a song that spent most of 1981 among America's top ten.

MOTORHEAD/Iron Fist
Mercury

Time Out called them "the undisputed gods of heavy metal." Most people agree that they're one of the "biggest, nastiest, and loudest rock'n'roll acts in the business." Whatever your opinion of Motorhead, it's undeniable that if their new album, *Iron Fist*, assaults the charts half as effectively as it assaults the senses of the listener, they've got a tremendous winner.

From beginning to end, *Iron Fist* is gut-wrenching, ass-kicking rock'n'roll, it's music endlessly furious and powerful. Let's face it, it's bound to add to the flamboyant Motorhead's well deserved reputation as England's premier heavy metal band.

JETHRO TULL
The Broadsword and the Beast
Chrysalis Records

One of the most enduring of rock bands, Jethro Tull, is back, this time with a vengeance. It's been quite a while since their last album was released, but committed Tull fans will undoubtedly find *Broadsword And The Beast* well worth the wait. Chock full of real killer material, this slickly produced recording is bound to rise to the top of the charts. From the pseudo-mediaevalism of "Broadsword" to the intended ambiguity to "Sealdriver", the band gives their material the typical Tull treatment and their fans exactly what they want.

–Mikael Kirke

Watch for next month's exciting pictorial of the Motormadmen.

FILM

Pick of the month; Passione D'Amore and praising; The Atomic Cafe; Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid; The Amateur; Some Kind of Hero and Christiane F.

PASSIONE D'AMORE (Putnam Square Films)...Etore Scola, whose films *A Special Day* (1977) and *Viva Italia!* (1978) were both nominated for best foreign film Academy Awards, has presented us with a new treasure, a tragedy of hopeless love in the mode of Truffaut's *Story of Adele H. Passione D'Amore*, set in a beautifully recreated 19th century Italy, tells the story of a handsome cavalry officer who is the object of a consuming love from the ugliest woman he has ever met, a creature more likely to summon feelings of pity than passion. As the plot develops, however, the officer, driven by a hidden desire of his own, slowly becomes enmeshed with the sickly, ugly woman, and his ultimate fate is sealed by his own hand. As in his other films, Scola shows an enormous sense of understanding for his characters, and draws superb performances from his actors. In *A Special Day* his collaboration with Marcello Mastroiani and Sophia Loren resulted in their best work in years, and in *We All Loved Each Other So Much* (1974) and *Viva Italia!* his cast seemed to grow in stature before our eyes. Now, in *Passione D'Amore*, Scola has given Bernard Giraudeau (as the cavalryman) and Valeria D'Obici (as his pursuer), the chance to enter the world film market. Their performances are the best so far this year, in any language, and with his new picture Scola must be confirmed as the best Italian director working today. He combines the pathos of DeSica, the scope of Visconti and the

neart of Fellini to make consistently triumphant films which examine the human condition with the complexity and insight of Woody Allen and Ingmar Bergman.

THE ATOMIC CAFE...A brilliant documentary tracing the U.S. Government's propaganda effort to "educate" the public about the possible hazards of and defenses against nuclear war from the 1940s through the 1950s. The filmmakers have incorporated unreleased footage of an interview with Colonel Paul Tibbets, the pilot of the plane that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, as well as chunks of public service films, pop tunes with atomic themes (Jesus Hits Like An Atom Bomb, Atomic Love, Atom Bomb Baby, etc...), documentary film of bomb tests, bomb victims, survival tactics and a host of other period footage. And the resulting movie alternates between being hilariously macabre, horrifying and frustrating as it shows how little was known about the weapon we so gallantly dropped on our hated enemy, shocking the world into a new age of terror. Produced over a period of five years by three young filmmakers, Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader and Pierce Rafferty, the picture is just beginning to receive national attention after being screened by The Film Forum in New York. But this is one to watch out for, even if it only manages

to get onto television in some obscure time slot. Few, if any, documentaries have so perfectly captured the mood of an era as this film has, and it deserves a wide release so those of us who ignore the consequences of nuclear Russian roulette may be brought back to the horrible reality of how unbearable life might be, or if it will be, after a few red buttons are pressed.

DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID (Universal Pictures)... Steve Martin has made the ideal choice for the recovery of his slightly tarnished reputation. Despite a tremendous performance in the unfairly ignored *Pennies From Heaven* last Christmas, his stock as a boxoffice attraction plummeted. Too radical a departure from Martin's image, too depressing for the holiday season, too weird for the mass audience because of the synchronization problems with old songs sung by new actors, *Pennies* was a valiant effort which was ahead of its time, but couldn't find an audience. But given the proper vehicle, Martin will attract fans by the tens of millions, and *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* offers him the chance to do all his schtick and still stay within the confines of a plot. Directed and co-written (along with Martin and George Gipe) by Carl Reiner, who also did the honors on *The Jerk*, this slapstick private detective story traces the adventures of private eye Martin as he unravels his biggest case. Co-starred is Rachel Ward, the Leslie-Anne Down look-alike who attracted a host of fans in her screen debut opposite Burt Reynolds in *Sharky's Machine*, which annhilated *Pennies From Heaven* last year. Making cameo appearences in clips from their old films, cannily intercut with new footage to establish interplay between Martin and them, are James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Alan Ladd, Ava Gardner, Cary Grant and a host of other luminaries. But this is Martin's movie all the way, as he delivers a clever, sometimes off-color, but always on-target performance with all the substantial charisma he possesses in high gear.

CAT PEOPLE (Universal Pictures)...I should start off by saying that I'm prejudiced in favor of Paul Schrader. He's one of the best screenwriters there has ever been in Hollywood, that rare combination of intellect and talent which results in scripts that crackle with tension, drip with character and still make sense as stories. But his best efforts at directing, alas, have yet to arrive at the same point of expertise he has reached in writing. *Blue Collar* (1978) and *Hardcore* (1979) were flawed but interesting character dramas whose lack of cohesion could be written off as the mistake of a newcomer. But *American Gigolo* (1980) was a failure, both as character drama and sexual odyssey, its plot lacking backbone and its performances flaccid. Now he has given us *Cat People*, subtitled "An Erotic Fantasy" by the Universal publicity department, and the same problems which undermined his previous works have cropped up again. Where the characters should be sexually charged, almost electric to the touch, Schrader has presented them as weaklings afraid of their own shadows,—not as predators, which would seem to be the whole point of the story. The lack of plotting and almost total waste of Nastassia Kinski's talents are in part made up for by the marvelous visual images of *Cat People*, a combination of John Bailey's cinematography, Edward Richardson's art direction and Schrader's overall shaping of the material. But neither the atmosphere of the film nor its outstanding performance by Malcolm McDowell, who breathes life into a difficult character, can save this picture from almost certain death at the boxoffice. Schrader should take greater care to entertain his audience, and spend less time in self-analysis, on his next project. He's too talented a man to fritter away his years on well-intentioned failures.

CHRISTIANE F. (New World Pictures)...The most harrowing film about drug addiction ever made. An unrelenting descent into the depths of depression, sorrow, desperation and torment, made worse by the fact that the heroin addicts portrayed (based on a true story) are 13 and 14-year-old children. Shot in Germany with a cast of unknowns, the horror of these children's lives is all the more gut-wrenching because there's no way to guess who will survive the deadly game they must play, earning their next fix by prostituting themselves in the gutters of Berlin. Natja Bunkhorst is hauntingly effective in the difficult central role, playing the girl who is convinced she can handle more and more serious drugs until she, too, is caught in the addictive grasp of what the kids call "H". Though comparisons to the big-budget, all-star picture, *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can*, may not be entirely fair, as one film deals with heroin while the other explores valium junkiedom, the sheer terror of *Christiane F.* eclipses the Jill Clayburgh effort (reviewed in May OUI) like a strong wind extinguishes a flame. Director Ulrich Edel has crafted a strong cautionary tale, one which is accessible to children while still dramatically absorbing for adults, and I eagerly await his next effort.

THE AMATEUR (20th Century-Fox)...An intellectual thriller, with John Savage (*The Deerhunter, Inside Moves*) as a C.I.A. cipher expert who becomes a self-made executioner to avenge the assassination of his journalist-girlfriend. Directed by Charles Jarrott, whose strength lies in character, not action (*Anne of the Thousand Days, Mary, Queen of Scots, The Dove*), the picture floats along through Savage's adventures, never quite taking off the way a film by John Frankenheimer (*Seven Days in May, The Manchurian Candidate, The French Connection II*) would. But this makes for an interesting style, which is all the more intriguing because of the plot's endless twists and turns. Savage is a credible computer bug, turned killer, playing out the anti-terrorist fantasies which so many of us carry on our sleeves. But it is Christopher Plummer who steals the show, playing a K.G.B. agent of such consummate skill and confidence that he never has to raise his voice to scare the hell out of you. There hasn't been such a charming villain on screen since Oscar Homolka in *Billion Dollar Brain* and *Funeral in Berlin*. If personalized spy stories like *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* or *The Quiller Memorandum* are your cup of tea, then this should please. But slam-bang action fans beware.

SOME KIND OF HERO (Paramount Pictures)...Following his triumphant concert film, *Richard Pryor — Live On The Sunset Strip* (reviewed here last issue), the modern day Charlie Chaplin is back, this time as a Vietnam-era soldier who is captured by North Vietnamese regulars and imprisoned by them for six years. Returning to the States he finds his wife has left him for another man (with whom she has lost all their savings), that his mother has had a stroke and needs constant medical care, and that even the Army, for whom he gave the best years of his life, has turned its back on him. A winning, canny performance by Pryor leads an excellent cast, including Ray Sharkey as Pryor's Vietnam prison roommate, Margot Kidder as his high-priced hooker girlfriend, and Ronny Cox as his do-nothing Army counsellor. The film never tries to confront the issue of collaboration with the enemy, the plight of soldiers returning to a society which doesn't care about them, and other matters which could have raised it above the level of situation comedy. Perhaps Pryor's days of social activism, such as his appearences in *Blue Collar* and *Which Way Is Up?*, are past and he only wants to make light comedies. But he should beware, lest he turns into another Bob Hope or Danny Kaye, whose pictures were all basically the same tired material getting reworked into different formulas. He'd do much better, and his work would mean much more, if there were more attention paid to social issues while still retaining the humor. He's about the best actor/comedian we have, and he can do better than *Some Kind of Hero*. But until that comes along, it's wonderful just to see him work.

–James Delson

MEGAFORCE

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any bullshit. I'm counting on the fact that folks want to feel good when they come out of the theatre." Needham pauses a moment, then cracks his broadest grin. "Hell, if I'm wrong, we won't make a sequel."

Judging by his track record, Needham has little to worry about as far as the American film audience is concerned. More than any other filmmaker today, with the possible exception of George Lucas, he seems to have his finger on the pulse of the public. And his action credentials are unquestionably the best in Hollywood, stretching back through twenty-five years as a stuntman (with 42 broken bones), stunt coordinator, second unit director and full director.

An innovative thinker responsible for some of the most memorable stunts and action sequences of the past two decades, including the 3000 horse stampede in *The Undefeated*, the mud fight in *McLintock!* and the non-stop razzle dazzle in his own films, he was faced with new and difficult challenges on *Megaforce*. Most notable of the new film's action scenes were a night attack on a town and a battle between the Megaforce and their opponents' tanks in a daytime desert melee.

For the desert sequence, Needham arranged to use real tanks against his imaginary Megaforce vehicles (see photographs of military hardware used in the film). "We made a deal to use tanks and crews from the Nevada National Guard," he said, "and they did a phenomenal job as the bad guys. Only thing was, when they first joined us, the guardsmen were intimidated a little by working on a movie, so they were overcareful about not wanting to fuck things up. They were too hesitant, so the early footage didn't look the greatest.

"But once they found out that we were just people who had to squat and shit like they did, then they really got into the spirit of things. I'd say, 'I'm gonna make it look like I'm blowin' your fuckin' tank up,' and they'd say, 'Oh boy, that's great!' Or I'd say, 'Why don't you bring your tank through that wall,' and they'd say, 'Hot diggity! I always wanted to do that!'

"By the time we got around to the big desert battle, I was speaking in the same kind of shorthand to my stuntmen, with whom I've worked for years, and these kids who had never made a movie before. And that was real necessary, 'cause for one shot we needed very precise movements. I had all the Megaforce vehicles going away from me in a straight line, with the tanks strung out ahead of them in the background, and on cue I had to have two planes make a pass right in front of the tanks. Timing it was real tough, but damn! It looked good."

Further complicating the shooting schedule, Needham, who has finally stopped doing stunt work, injured himself by accident during the desert battle sequence, forcing the whole film to close down for a week until the insurance people allowed him to go back to work. "I was in a car and had all the tanks on the road ahead of me. This was in the desert, so you had to drive on the road, but my car couldn't get past the armor, and I had to get to the head of the column. So instead of walking I jumped out and borrowed a motorcycle from a wardrobe man.

"I hadn't been on a bike for four or five years, and they've got much more power now than they used to have, I can tell you. I thought I was riding as good as ever, but in fact the equipment had been upgraded. So when I thought, 'Wow! This is neat shit. I can fall right back into my old racing days, I was only fooling myself. I only went about a hundred yards before I hit a mogul and turned that son-of-a-bitch upsidedown. I took fourteen stitches in my head, broke three ribs and scarred up my hands.

"I felt I could have gone back to work in three days, but the insurance company guys were concerned because we were about to start night shooting, and they thought I might get pneumonia or something because of my broken ribs, so they told us to stay shut down for the full week."

Stuntman-turned-box office bitzmeister, Needham's latest is a futuristic mercenary epic that recalls the old Duke Wayne shoot-em-ups

During his time off, Needham thoroughly prepared for the big night sequence, the Megaforce raid on the mercenary stronghold.

"Since we were shooting at night, some shots were so complex that they took from seven PM until midnight to film. Like in one shot, we had cars crossing back and forth past each other in the foreground, another one jumping a wall, a tank being made to look like it was blown up, and motorcycles firing their machine guns all over the place. All of it had to be timed so nothing ran into each other and none of the explosions went off too close to the vehicles."

Leaving nothing to chance, Needham gave individual instructions to each of his forty-five stuntmen and the large special effects team which would be setting off explosions, bullet 'hits' and other pyrotechnics. "Piece by piece and action by action I built up the sequence like a jigsaw puzzle that never stopped moving, until everyone knew what to do and when to do it. One action cued the next, so everything was done by the numbers, in order. It may look like mayhem out there on screen, but that's because I wanted it to look that way. This was a military maneuver, and everything was done under control. Before a camera was turned, we ran through each shot at half-speed to iron out the kinks. Only then did we shoot the scene.

"I know this kind of work better than anybody else in film today," boasts Needham. "I get the best results out of special effects, I know how to photograph action, and I know what to say in terms of military dialogue. I also know how long things take to do in the field, so when the military people see this film they're going to say, 'Boy, that's precision. That son-of-a-bitch really knows what he's doing.' "

Needham takes me over to the dubbing stage, where actor Michael Beck is rereading and adding lines to the film under the watchful eyes of Al Ruddy, *Megaforce's* producer. When Needham arrives they kid each other about the reception the film will get from the critics, then get down to work on Beck's lines, all three contributing to inflection, substance and pace. When they take a break from anti-mercenary expletives, I ask Needham how he might have handled another small-scale military action, the botched Iranian rescue operation.

"That whole maneuver was laughable," he said sadly. "There just wasn't a need for it if the situation had been handled properly from the beginning. As soon as the hostages were taken, we should have had three flights of F-16s and two B-52s loaded with bombs fly over Iran. Then we could have said, 'Listen, assholes, we're going to give you about five minutes to get those people out of there so we can pick 'em up with some choppers. If you don't, what we're going to do first is blow up your goddamn oil wells and see what you can buy with sand. And if that don't work, the next thing we do is come back and blow up Teheran.' You sacrifice the 52 Americans and just blow the son-of-a-bitch up. Nobody's ever going to fuck with you again after that."

He pauses, reflecting on his plan. "I'm sure they put a lot of time into the planning of the operation to get the hostages out," he admitted. "But it fell apart. The raid in *Megaforce* works because if it didn't come out on the first take, we could go right back and do it over again. The Iran detachment didn't have that opportunity.

"We put out a poster last year when we began production on this picture," he drawls in his Good 'Ole Boy accent. "The poster read, 'If Megaforce Doesn't Exist, Maybe It Should...Maybe It Will.' Now it turns out that the U.S. Army's putting together something quite similar, a hit-and-run kind of guerilla unit that could work behind enemy lines. There's an Army team up in Northern California right now seeing what they can do about forming this kind of task force. Wouldn't it be great if it worked? Hell, if they ever went into action, I'd probably join up!" It's not for laughs that the Megaforce motto is 'Deeds Not Words.' These are Needham's words to live by as well. ■

BLADE RUNNER

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"I don't like the way the future has generally been portrayed in films," Scott explained as we talked last April. "So rather than going with the by-now traditional 1984-type scenario we decided to try and present a very rich, multi-layered approach. Our future isn't an austere, militarist world. It's a busy, noisy, multi-national, multi-lingual place, with all the complications that brings with it. It's colorful and alive, a multi-layered shit-heap of a conglomeration."

Beginning to think about *Blade Runner* while still in the final stages of making *Alien*, Scott, a former artist and designer, drew doodles of costumes, scenes, characters and situations that he was struck by in the new screenplay. "That's how I formalize my thoughts on how to handle the material," he said. "I'm not just drawing a character, costume, or shot, I'm integrating myself into the total ambiance of the movie. By drawing it, I start to see it, or more appropriately, start to climb into it. It's very difficult to break away from one subject and start another, especially when you've worked on one project for so long. It's a matter of severing yourself from the umbilical cord of the previous movie in order to start the next one with a clean slate. Storyboarding the newest film allows me to make that separation."

Searching for a futuristic look for the film, Scott and designer Sid Mead decided on a style they called "retro-deco." "The term came out of the look," Scott said. "Everything in our world is built on top of or added to something else, which results in layered vehicles, buildings and other structures. Everything is 'retro-fitted' to keep on functioniong, instead of being torn down and built from scratch. It's kind of like what's happened in Times Square, where people keep on adding false fronts to buildings to make the old dumps look better."

"If you stood in Times Square forty years ago and suddenly stepped into a time warp and popped forward to now, the changes would not be at all that significant," Scott conjectured. "The cars would be different, though a few might be the same. People's clothing wouldn't have changed that much. And the overall feel would only be different on a subtle level. People always change everything in sci-fi movies, which is fuckin' ridiculous. I used to live in a fourteenth century house, but in that house I had products by JVC, Westinghouse and Norelco, a bloody Ferrari, and a horse stuck in a stable. So it was a conglomeration of all things. The realistic way of looking at the future is to have something similar to what we have now, but with subtle changes. The Chrysler Building will still be there in forty years time."

"The world of 2023 is ruled by giant trading conglomerates as well as governments," Scott said. "Kind of like today, really. Except in the future the conglomerates will have more money than the governments, so they'll be the ones pushing outwards in space exploration, licensed by the government to exploit off-world natural resources."

And who will do the work in space that's too dangerous, boring, or time-consuming for humans? 'Replicants.' Man-made androids who mimic the way humans think and act. "They're the next step beyond assembly-line robots," Scott said. "They've got no memories, no mum or dad, nothing to relate to. And therefore they are supposedly much more suitable to jobs in outer space like mining, military work and exploration because they have less to lose than humans."

They're aware of their situation in life, which is essentially slave labor. But they never think of rebelling. They run as a kind of army. Meanwhile, back on earth, the Tyrell Corporation, which manufactures replicants, among other items, has developed a new generation called NEXUS-6. Instead of leaving their brains empty, on these models they've implanted past experiences, memories of childhood, and so forth, without informing them of the fact that they're artificial life forms with super-human powers.

"It's the job of Harrison, as a 'blade runner,' (a detective who hunts down and exterminates rogue replicants) to eliminate the super-android."

Because they so closely duplicate human beings, replicants are outlawed on Earth. But in *Blade Runner*, when a "rep" called Roy Batty (Rutger Hauer), who's one of the new models, finds out what his true situation is, he decides to locate his maker to learn about his origins. And it's the job of Rick Deckard (Harrison Ford), a 'blade runner', (a detective who specializes in the hunting down and exterminating of rogue replicants) to eliminate the inquisitive super-android.

"Harrison's character is a kind of laconic, low-key Phillip Marlowe type," Scott said, "with a sardonic sense of humor reminiscent of those 1940s private detectives whom Bogart played. It's a rather unsympathetic job to have, and he doesn't like it much. In fact, he's retired from the force. But when this situation comes up, he's called back to work."

Scott is very concerned that people don't begin to read social messages into his film. "It's an adventure," he said, "a mood piece. A comic strip. And it shouldn't be regarded as trying to be anything more." In the course of the film, however, Scott, a graduate of 3000 television commercials before he turned to features, did take the opportunity to make a number of solid jabs at the advertising community.

He has gigantic blimps circling the city, their three-hundred-foot screens advertising the latest products. "They throw everything at you, from birth pills, beer and cigarettes to government propaganda encouraging people to join up for off-world colonization." Scott said. "They're saying that space offers cleaner air, better life and more opportunities. We don't say where, of course. And I'm sure Carl Sagan would think it's all bloody insane because it takes so many years to get there, but that's a credibility bridge which the audience won't have to cross because the film takes place on Earth."

"People are going to have to take a lot on faith in this film," Scott said. "But that's what movies are all about. I mean, space exploration is only just beginning, and there are no seven-hundred story buildings yet. But on the other hand, when I was in Denver previewing *Blade Runner*, I was told they have a stadium there that's resting on 2½ inches of water. This enables them to shift the building's position, sliding it backwards and forwards. If they can do that now, I figure they'll find a way of setting up seven-hundred story buildings in a few decades.

"Though most of the action in *Blade Runner* takes place in the cramped, dark streets, we have huge city vistas as backdrops for the action to remind people where and when they are. Extremely wide shots with a great deal of advertising like fifty-story moving signs. And there's a lot of air traffic in the city. Corporate vehicles, police vehicles and others, flying about, taking off and landing on pads which will, by then, be included in every building. There's so much going on, with air traffic and these gigantic buildings, that you hardly see the sky."

While the rich and powerful live among the clouds, the low-lifes of *Blade Runner* reside at street level, where the only alterations in the past few decades seem to have made an already overcrowded situation even worse. Traffic jams abound, while an almost continuous misty rain soaks the greasy streets. It is a world where light barely penetrates the mile-high canyons of buildings, and one where Deckard can stalk his prey without attracting undue attention from those around him, the odd inhabitants of the underbelly of this future society. ■

"DESERT ONE"

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Iranian Special Forces teams—the planners turned to a top secret air asset known as the "Blackbirds" stationed at a U.S. air base in Germany.

This force acquired its name because, while it flew United States built aircraft, the airplanes bore no military insignia and were painted jet black. The "Blackbirds" were piloted not by Americans but by third world nationals, trained in the United States and operating under CIA, rather than military jurisdiction.

Three "Blackbird" C-130 transports were scheduled to rendezvous with two American F-15 fighters at a secret Turkish airfield. From there they would fly to separate bases in Iran.

The "Blackbirds" were fitted with electronic gear which would automatically identify the flight as that of a Rumanian training mission. A swift response to an electronic query is essential in today's world of high speed fighter aircraft—identification must be accomplished in a matter of milliseconds to avoid a fatal encounter.

The use of the electronic identification code of communist Rumania—obtained in a master stroke by U.S. intelligence agents—was an almost certain guarantee of safe passage along the Soviet border. In case of a "Blackbird" slight discrepancy in signals, the Soviets would probably not be suspicious. The Rumanians were considered to be sub-standard in intelligence and the communist bloc jokes about Rumanians were similar to the Polish jokes in the United States.

As January of 1980 moved into February and March, the nation's top military and intelligence advisers informed the White House that all that remained was for the civilian leaders of the United States to flash the "go" signal. For weeks, months, President Carter wavered. He was unable to conceive that he could not negotiate with the Iranian religious authorities. After all, one of his most trusted cabinet members, black civil rights leader and U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, had pronounced Khomeini to be a "saint." The President was at the mercy of the treacherous deception and the cat and mouse game played by the Ayatollah.

Meanwhile the Green Beret, Marine, Air Force and Army contingent, led by Special Forces Colonel Charles Beckwith, waited and trained for their intricate operation into Iran. Each day after March 1 the chances of success diminished.

While the President reserved his decision on the grounds that he did not want to endanger the negotiations, "The rescue issue, however, was becoming more urgent," as Brzezinski relates in his article. "From a practical point of view, the success of the mission depended on night time being sufficiently long to provide cover for the complicated process of deep penetration into Iran's air space."

An even more crucial factor was the weather pattern. The season of the Shamal, violent sandstorms, began shortly after the spring equinox of March 21. The equinox was a critical date. On this day Iranians around the world traditionally "go bananas." The slightest excuse for disruptive behavior translates into rioting as violent as the Shamals which traditionally spring up immediately after the 21st of March. For instance on the spring equinox of 1979, a large group of Iranian students at Fairfield University, rioted in the campus streets, disrupting classes and getting themselves arrested.

Intelligence personnel counseled that the day of the equinox in Iran would be an ideal day to stage the hostage rescue mission. The terrorists holding the Americans captive, while celebrating the traditional Persian day of joy, would be at their least attentive.

The equinox dramatized the error of waiting so long to make a decision on the raid. It was bad enough that on that day there were precisely twelve hours of daylight, and twelve hours of darkness. Each day thereafter, as the likelihood of sandstorms increased, so did the amount of daylight in respect to darkness.

In his article Brzezinski reports his recommendations to the president. "...any rescue operation should be accompanied by a contingency plan for an almost simultaneous retaliatory strike, which would provide a broader context in case the rescue mission should fail."

Obviously Brzezinski, reluctant to define "a broader context," is to this day constrained by secrecy requirements not to go into the other areas of the hostage rescue mission.

Without making reference to the Special Forces teams in place throughout Iran, Brzezinski refers to "our operatives inside Teheran who would play a critical role in assisting the assault on the embassy..."

Under increasing domestic political pressures, and in an effort to bolster his sagging position in the popularity polls, and at the urging of his advisers, Carter finally gave the order to go. On April 23 he signaled the operation to begin the next day.

Six C-130s lifted off from an Egyptian airfield on April 24. Flying at altitudes as low as 150 feet to foil Iranian radar, the cumbersome transports roared in over the great salt desert, landing on the flats near the remote village of Posht-e Badam. This staging site had been secretly built by the CIA while the Shah was still in power. It was equipped with hidden navigational aids that Iranian and U.S. Special Forces employed to guide the incoming American planes.

That evening, the eight RH-53 helicopters took off from the deck of the Nimitz for the five hour, 500 mile flight to the desert

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rendezvous.

Flying in pairs, they chuffed low over the Gulf of Oman, successfully entering Iranian air space without being detected on the radar scopes. Then they began to encounter difficulties. A fierce desert sandstorm engulfed them, blocking out the bright moonlight and disorienting the pilots.

One of the helicopters developed crippling engine problems and was forced to set down in the bleak desert. The companion helicopter located the disabled craft, picked up its crew and gear and continued on to "Desert One." The electronic gyro compass aboard another chopper malfunctioned, and the pilot turned back to the Nimitz which was standing offshore.

The remaining helicopters maneuvered their way through the sandstorm and reached the staging area without further incident.

Meanwhile, the Special Forces units aboard the C-130 transports had successfully completed all of the military phases involved in their basic mission—they had inserted the additional men and equipment into Iran, and they had dispatched the much needed weapons en route to the anti-communist guerrilas in Afghanistan.

Billions of dollars in counterfeit Iranian currency were brought into the country in the C-130s to be used by insurgents in an effort to de-stabilize Iran's economy. Also at least one backpack type nuclear device came into Iran on the transports.

Six helicopters made it all the way to the desert landing site and then one of them developed a hydraulic problem. That left five choppers to complete the mission. Highest level planning stipulated that a minimum of six helicopters would be necessary to carry out the operation.

The field commander Colonel Charles (Chargin' Charlie) Beckwith, according to those with him on the ground, wanted to proceed with the mission. Later, conforming with the Carter party line, he took full responsibility for aborting the rescue attempt. Probably the general who actually aborted the mission from his remote command center in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, lost the November 1980 elections for Jimmy Carter.

The military planners had directed Beckwith to protect the purpose of the real mission. All of the evidence pertaining to the insertion of Special Forces units and weaponry into Iran was to be removed or destroyed; everything relating to the rescue attempt was to be left intact at "Desert One." Maps, satellite photos, charts and pilot notes detailing all of the aspects of the plan to extract the hostages, were to remain on the ground. The military was carefully laying a false trail in the desert to divert the attention of the Iranians and the world. By mistake some of the counterfeit Iranian currency was also left at the desert site.

Although the mission team had many times rehearsed the move from Desert One to the staging area outside Teheran, they had never rehearsed a retreat or abortion. As the choppers were shifting around in the darkness counter to how they had rehearsed their moves, the rotor blade of one of the Sea-Stallions sliced into a C-130 transport. There was an explosion, flames roared through the two aircraft and shot hundreds of feet into the night sky. Eight Marine and Air Force officers and enlisted men perished in the holocaust; a ninth American, a civilian from the CIA, also died in the flames.

Meanwhile, the second stage of the primary mission—the insertion of key Iranian moderate civilian government leaders and their military support team—already had been launched from the Turkish air base.

The three C-130 transports flew in a tight formation presenting a single "blip" on Soviet radar. Several miles behind and above them, showing only as a tiny pinpoint of light on the Communist radar screens, flew the two protective U.S. F-15 fighters.

They were airborne only a few minutes into their flight along the edge of the Soviet air space when the black box, used for instantaneous electronic communications, warned the crew of the leading C-130 that the flight had been detected. A green light flashed: "You have been locked in on Soviet radar."

"Billions of dollars in counterfeit Iranian currency were brought into the country in the C-130s to be used by insurgents in an effort to de-stabilize Iran's economy."

A Soviet MIG-23 Foxbat roared into the sky and began closing on the flight.

Now the black box in front of the pilot displayed a flashing yellow light: "You are being challenged." Automatically the electronic system responded with the Rumanian code. The MIG-23 acknowledged the identification. Aboard the "Blackbirds," on which the success of the plan to separate the Mullahs' Moslem state from a new civilian government depended, there was a collective sigh of relief.

But at Desert One, luck had turned squarely against the mission.

The Soviets had a policy of randomly performing a visual check on planes in, or near, its airspace. In about one in ten radio challenges a pilot was ordered to eyeball the plane in border airspace. This was unfortunately one of those times. The MIG swooped in for a close look. When its pilot saw that the planes were all black and bore no insignia, he streaked in for the kill.

The light on the black box flashed red: "You are the target of a missile." Before the lumbering C-130 could change course, the missile struck and the transport was blown out of the sky.

The pilots of the two American F-15 fighters tracking the progress of the MIG-23 and the "Blackbirds" on radar saw the C-130 disappear from the scope. Instantly they drove on the Soviet fighter plane. A single heat-seeking missile destroyed the Foxbat before it could pounce on another of the transport planes.

In that swift encounter, the Soviet Union and the United States had each lost one aircraft. Each side was aware of the loss the other had suffered; each side chose not to escalate the confrontation any further.

Aboard the downed C-130 were some of the civilians and their military advisers on whom the free world was relying to put the new, moderate Iranian government in place. The other two C-130s continued on to their destinations according to planning officers willing to discuss the operation—strictly off the record. Since Zbigniew Brzezinkski has cautiously put it on the record, there should no longer be constraints to keep the story under wraps.

Jimmy Carter described the desert mission as an "incomplete success", a valid assessment. Only the hostage rescue attempt—the visible element of the master plan—had been aborted.

The operation had successfully armed the Afghan rebels, aiding them in bloodying the nose of the Soviet aggressors.

Powerful new Special Forces teams and equipment were inserted into Iran. The units which had been on the ground continuously since the overthrow of the Shah remained in place. Reinforced, they continued to stir unrest in the provinces and effect the separation of church and state. A military and civilian power base is available to support the establishment of a new government with no ties to Ayatollah Khomeini and his religious terrorists.

Almost all of Khomeini's key aides among the fundamentalist mullahs have been professionally assassinated. A single explosion of unprecedented force destroyed the parliament building in Teheran. Sixty odd Moslem fundamentalists were killed in this single blast. These Mullahs were dedicated to the executions and terrorism which allow the Islamic state of Iran to exist. The extraordinarily shattering detonation was obviously achieved with the sophisticated explosive devices and trained men inserted into Iran.

Only the war against Iraq, presenting the classic threat from the outside which unites an otherwise divided country, has maintained the power of Khomeini's Islamic fundamentalist state.

Jimmy Carter was right. Perhaps the mission was an "*incomplete* success" but militarily it was a tactical success. ■

DEEP NECK

Continued from 19

pressures of public scandal, ranging from the woman who picketed the White House carrying a blown-up photograph supposedly of Jack Kennedy sneaking away from the home of Jackie's press secretary, Pamela Turnure, to the Blauvelt Family Genealogy *which claimed (Eleventh Generation, page 884) that one Durie Malcom had "married, third, John F. Kennedy, son of Joseph P. Kennedy, one-time Ambassador to England."*

But it was the personal infidelities that gnawed away at her—as indeed they would gnaw away at any wife who has been shaped by this culture—until finally Jackie left in exasperation. Her father-in-law offered her one million dollars to reconcile. She came back, not for the money but rather because she sincerely believed that the nation needed Jack Kennedy and she did not want to bear the burden of losing enough public favor to forestall winning the Presidency.

Consequently she was destined to bear a quite different burden—with great ambivalence—the paradox of fame. She enjoyed playing her role to the hilt, but complained, "Can't they get it into their heads that there's a difference between being the First Lady and being Elizabeth Taylor?"

Even after she became First Widow, the movie magazines would not—or could not—leave her alone. Probably the most bizarre invasion of her privacy occurred in Photoplay, *which asked the question, "Too Soon for Love?"—then proceeded to print a coupon that readers were requested to answer and send in. It had a multiple choice: "Should Jackie (1) Devote her life exclusively to her children and the memory of her husband? (2) Begin to date—privately or publicly—and eventually remarry? (3) Marry right away?"*

Mrs. Kennedy fumed. "Why don't they give them some more decisions to make for me? Some real ones. Should I live in occasional sin? Should I use a diaphragm or take the pill? Should I keep it in the medicine cabinet or in the bureau draw?" But she would never lose her dignity in public; she had too much faith in her own image.

American leaders seem to have a schizophrenic approach to each other. They want to expose their human frailties; at the same time they do not want to remove them from their pedestals. Bobby Kennedy privately abhors Lyndon Johnson, but publicly calls him "great, and I mean that in every sense of the word." Johnson has referred to Bobby as "that little shit" in private but continues to laud him to the media.

Gore Vidal has no such restraint. On a television program in London, he explained why Jacqueline Kennedy will never relate to Lyndon Johnson. During that tense flight from Dallas to Washington after the assassination, she inadvertently walked in on him as he was standing over the casket of his predecessor and chuckling. This disclosure, the talk of London, did not reach American shores.

Of course, President Johnson is often given to inappropriate response—witness the offensive timing of his smile when he speaks of grave matters—but we must also assume that Mrs. Kennedy had been traumatized that day, and her perception was likely to have been colored by the tragedy. This state of shock must have underlain an incident on Air Force One which Mrs. Kennedy insists she actually saw. This writer believes it to be delirium. "I'm telling you this for the historical record," she said, "so that people a hundred years from now will know what I had to go through."

She corroborated Gore Vidal's story, continuing: "That man was crouching over the corpse, no longer chuckling but breathing hard and moving his body rhythmically. At first I thought he must be performing some mysterious symbolic rite he'd learned from Mexicans or Indians as a boy. And then I realized—there is only one way to say this—he was literally fucking my husband in the throat. In the bullet wound in the front of his throat. He reached a climax and dismounted. I froze. The next thing I remember, he was being sworn in as the new president."

(Handwritten marginal notes: 1. Check with Rankin—did secret autopsy show semen in throat wound? 2. Is this simply necrophilia or was LBJ trying to change entry wound (from grassy knoll) into exit wound (from book depository) by enlarging?)

The glaze lifted from Jacqueline Kennedy's eyes. "I don't believe that Lyndon Johnson had anything to do with a conspiracy, but I do know this (Jack taught me about the nuances of power)—if Jack were miraculously to come back to life and suddenly appear in front of him, the first thing Johnson would do now is kill him." She smiled sardonically, adding, "Unless Bobby beat him to it."

I was invited to appear on several radio and TV programs. One interviewer asked if I really condoned necrophilia.

Barbara and Marvin Garson had moved from Berkeley to New York, but she didn't allow him to smoke marijuana in the house, so he had to go elsewhere. On one particular occasion, he was turning on with Kate Coleman, an old friend from the Free Speech Movement days, now a researcher for *Newsweek*.

It was really good dope. Marvin was practically tripping as he rambled on about the Kennedy assassination and the Manchester book. The controversy of Jackie as censor tantalized his imagination as it had mine.

Since I was unable to obtain the actual portions deleted from *The Death of a President*, I had decided to write them myself, trying to imitate William Manchester's style. I started with a real clipping from *The New York Times* about Lyndon Johnson saying that Joseph Kennedy was a Nazi sympathizer, then improvised on stories that White House correspondents knew to be true but which had remained unpublished, peeling off layer after layer of verisimilitude, getting closer and closer to some unknown core at the center of this apocryphal onion.

And then Marvin Garson called.

He had written up this stoned rap he'd had with Kate and thought maybe I could use it in *The Realist*. He proceeded to read it to me over the phone. When he came to that scene of what must be spelled neckrophilia, I screamed out loud—"Yaagghh!!"—a spontaneous reaction to having just stumbled upon the seminal satirical metaphore of contemporary political corruption.

There was no choice but for me to publish it.

With Marvin's permission, I boiled his five typewritten pages down to one paragraph, nurturing the incredible in a context of credibility.

I realized it would be considered bad taste. "When cancelling your subscription," I wrote in an editor's note, "please be sure to include your zip code."

Don Chenoweth had been going for his doctorate in clinical psychology, but went into the printing business instead. An independent socialist intellectual, he specialized in civil rights, pacifist and radical periodicals and leaflets. He often disagreed with material in *The Realist*. I once offered him the same opportunity typesetters had during an early phase of the Cuban revolution—to state his disagreements in boldface type at the bottom of each column—but he never took me up on it.

Don did much of the typesetting himself. He took the manuscript of "The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book" home with him that Saturday evening. On Sunday morning his phone call woke me up. He tried to persuade me not to publish the material. But I had already done my soul-searching.

He insisted that I would have to find another printer. I agreed, and we remained on friendly terms. There were, after all, old ties. I'd had dinner at his home. I'd visited his wife, Phyllis, in the hospital when she gave birth to their third child.

On Sunday evening, Phyllis, now a law student, called to ask how I would feel if Jackie Kennedy were to commit suicide as a result of what I wanted to publish.

On Monday morning Don called and suggested that I could be charged with incitement to the assassination of Lyndon Johnson.

They were really trying to be helpful.

Phyllis consulted her professor of constitutional law, and he argued that even liberal Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black would finally be forced to draw the line

concerning freedom of the press.

Don asked me, "What do you think is the worst thing that can happen to you if you publish this?"

"I don't know. I guess I could be assassinated myself?"

He assured me that I would automatically go to prison for criminal libel. He urged me to consult an attorney. I sought out a good constitutional lawyer, sent him a copy of the manuscript, asked whether he thought I should publish it, told him I'd publish it regardless of what he thought, and asked if he would defend me anyway. He said yes.

But first I had to find a new printer. It wasn't easy. One after another, dozens refused to typeset the material. Even the printer who did the Communist *Worker* turned down the job. I finally found a courageous printer in Brooklyn—J. & W.—and, after a two-month delay, *The Realist* went to press in April with "The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book" starting right on the cover.

The issue was dated May, 1967. The slogan for that month was, *Irreverence Is Our Only Sacred Cow.*

I was invited to participate in a symposium at Princeton on the weekend that the *The Realist* issue featuring "The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book" was due to hit the stands. Finding myself on a panel with Evan Thomas, the editor of the Manchester book for Harper & Row, I felt suspended, in a state of surrealist animation.

He passed me a note: *The passage you quote from Manchester was never in the manuscript.*

I asked how he could have seen *The Realist* already. He told me their lawyers had obtained a photostat of the galley proofs. I was in no position to complain. I offered him a copy of the new issue. He grimaced and said, "No, thanks."

I figured that Harper & Row had no grounds on which to sue me. Nor did *Look* magazine, although their legal staff had discussed the possibility. Editorial chairman Gardner Cowles accused me of "criminal fraud", but they didn't sue.

It was extremely unlikely that Jackie Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson would bring suit, if only because they would have to concede that what I had published was *believable.*

William Manchester was probably the only one in a position to sue. Then came this phone call:

"This is Bill Manchester."

"Yes, sir."

"My attorneys told me not to call you, but I wanted to talk to you."

"Well, here I am."

"Let me ask, did you talk to any of my people?"

"Only to Evan Thomas, but that was after the fact."

"Look, the late President meant a great deal to me."

"I'm aware of that. We all show our loss in different ways."

"I know you didn't write that article. I've read *The Realist* before, and I know you're a moral man."

"It's irrelevant whether I wrote it or not, because it was my *decision* to publish it, so the moral *responsibility* is mine."

"That's true. But what was the purpose?"

"To satirize certain things about the assassination, its aftermath, the hypocrisy, the exploitation, the cover-up, the quest for power."

"Was it necessary to include that introduction?"

"Well...when Jonathan Swift wrote his *Modest Proposal*, he didn't say, 'Hey, folks, I'm only kidding, I don't really mean that we can solve both the famine and overpopulation problems by eating newborn babies.' It wouldn't have had the same impact."

"Look, your readers are mostly intelligent, literate people, correct?"

"I suppose so."

The most significant thing about "The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book" was its acceptance by intelligent, literate people.

"They'll know that what you published isn't true. But other people are going to pick up this issue and they might believe it."

"And then what? Then what?"

"Are you working on your next issue yet? Could you mention something to the effect—I know I shouldn't ask—"

"I really respect you. Why did your attorneys tell you not to call me?"

"I'll find that out in ten minutes."

"Give 'em my regards. I'm not making any actual commitment, but I appreciate your man-to-man confrontation, and I really will consider...."

"I'll be looking forward to your next issue."

"So will I...."

In Hollywood, an attorney made several wagers with friends about the authenticity of the article. He wrote to Manchester, who replied: "The material in *The Realist*, as described to me by my attorney, is pure fabrication and was never in my manuscript."

I couldn't understand why Manchester was now implying that he hadn't read the issue himself. I wrote a letter, reminding him of our talk.

He wrote back: "You and I never held a telephone conversation. Indeed, I believe that such a conversation would have been impossible. My telephone number is unpublished and is used for personal purposes, and until today I did not know your number. Of course, I would never have called you."

Meanwhile, Truman Capote was saying that I'd been had. He claimed that the phone call I'd gotten, ostensibly from William Manchester, had actually been faked by Richard Goodwin, a speechwriter for Bobby Kennedy who was involved in the Harper & Row manuscript battle and had a reputation for mischief. According to Capote, Goodwin made a tape of our conversation which he supposedly replayed for Kennedy intimates at the drop of a crown.

Except for the call from "Manchester", I never admitted to perpetrating a hoax. I insisted that those who called—and the phone rang continually with requests for verification—would have to decide for themselves if I had published an authentic document.

The most significant thing about "The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book" was its *acceptance* by intelligent, literate people, from an ACLU official to a Peabody Award-winning journalist to members of the intelligence community who knew that sort of thing actually *did* go on. Daniel Ellsberg would later tell me, "Maybe it was just because I *wanted* to believe it so badly."

Several curious persons wrote in to query the final arbiter of truth—the Playboy Adviser.

Another "went out and bought the original *Death of a President* just to see if your parts would fit into the book—they did. Amazing!"

Merriman Smith, the United Press correspondent who ended White House press conferences with "Thank you, Mr. President" wrote in his syndicated feature:

"One of the filthiest printed attacks ever made on a President of the United States is now for sale on Washington newsstands.

The target: President Johnson. One newsstand owner says sales of this particular issue have been 'quite active'

"This reporter is not embarked here on any defense of Johnson politically or personally, nor, for that matter, is this to suggest the need for greater respect for the presidency. These are matters that have been dealt with extensively in other forums.

"The language referred to is not conventional hell or damn profanity—it is filth attributed to someone of national stature supposedly describing something Johnson allegedly did. The incident, of course, never took place...."

I got a long-distance call from Joe Dolan, a San Francisco radio personality, who asked me on the air to confirm his belief that I had published a "literary forgery." When I refused, he went into such a rampage that I could envision his neck veins

bulging from three thousand miles away. Finally, he shouted, "Why did you publish it?" I answered calmly, "To separate the men from the boys." He hung up.

It was on Dolan's show that Mark Lane told how he had been on the same London TV program on which Gore Vidal described an incident that had been deleted from the text of the Manchester book (but which was included in *The Realist's* excerpts from the original manuscript): that Jackie Kennedy, during the transfer of her husband's body from Dallas, had moved to the rear of the plane where she saw Lyndon Johnson leaning over the casket and chuckling.

Consequently, I received a call from Ray Marcus, a critic of the Warren Commission. He had discovered the flaw in my article. How could Manchester leave something out of his book which was a *report* of something that he'd left out of his book?

Marcus deduced that *The Realist* must have been given the excerpts by a CIA plant in order to discredit *valid* dissent on the assassination.

Look magazine ordered two hundred copies of the issue. When an employee at Harper & Row tacked it onto a bulletin board, he was fired, then suspended for four weeks without pay.

Another editor threatened to beat me up. There were several anonymous death threats.

A close friend of Manchester vowed to work very hard to cost *The Realist* its second class mailing privilege.

A man sputtering with anger called Lee Leonard on NBC radio and swore he would make a citizen's arrest of me.

One individual decided to start a petition to put *The Realist* out of business. I asked for one so I could sign it too.

A lawyer complained to the local police precinct, and a lieutenant visited my office. I explained the concept of obscenity as appealing to the prurient interest of the reader, and he agreed that I hadn't violated any laws, but asked me off the record if I didn't think editors should have *some* standards. I replied that everybody has standards, even the Hell's Angles. He asked me what magazine they publish.

A plainclothes officer from another precinct also came by. His visit was the result of an anonymous letter to the mayor which had been channeled to the chief of detectives. He asked if I had any extra pyschedelic posters. They were for his son, who had a rock'n'roll band

The *McGill Daily*, an undergraduate newspaper in Montreal, asked for permission to reprint the piece. I said okay, if they wouldn't take anything out of context, and warning that they'd most likely get into trouble. The reprinting turned into a catalyst for a student power struggle that made front-page news in Canada. I was described as a "professional agitator."

I was invited to speak at McGill and other Canadian campuses, and to appear on several radio and TV programs. One interviewer asked if I really condoned necrophilia.

"Yes, but only between consenting adults."

"Bureau authority is requested to send the following letter to the editors of *Life* on an anonymous basis. It is noted that the *Life* article was favorable to KRASSNER.
Sirs:

Your recent issue (October 4th) which devoted three pages to the aggrandizement of underground editor (?) Paul Krassner, was too, too much. You must be hard up for material. Am I asking the impossible by requesting that Krassner and his ilk be left in the sewers where they belong?

That a national magazine of your fine reputation ('til now, that is) would waste time and effort on the cuckoo editor of an unimportant, smutty little rag is incomprehensible to me. Gentlemen, you must be aware that *Realist* is nothing more than blatant obscenity.

Jackie said: "I'm telling you this for the historical record so that people a hundred years from now will know what I had to go through."

Your feature editor would do well to read a few back issues of *Realist*. Try the article in 1963 (sic) following the assassination of President Kennedy, which describes necrophilism on the part of LBJ. To classify Krassner as some sort of "social rebel" is far too cute. He's a nut, a raving, unconfined nut. As for any possible intellectual rewards to be gleaned from *Realist*—much better prose may be found on lavatory walls.

If this article is a portent of things to come in *Life*, count me out, gentlemen, count me out.

Howard Rasmussen,
Brooklyn College,
School of General Studies"

On October 28, William Sullivan and Kartha DeLoach, Hoover's two top assistants, responded to the FBI in New York:

"Authority is granted to send a letter, signed with a fictitious name, to the editors of *Life* magazine. Furnish the Bureau the results of your action.

"*NOTE:* Krassner is the Editor of *Realist* and is one of the moving forces behind the Youth International Party, commonly known as the Yippies. Krassner is a spokesman for the New Left. *Life* magazine recently ran an article favorable to him. New York's proposed letter takes issue with the publishing of this article and points out that the *Realist* is obscene and the Krassner is a nut. This letter could, if printed by *Life*, call attention to the unsavory character of Krassner."

The FBI's poison pen letter was not published by *Life*, perhaps because the editors chose to print this one instead:
"Sirs:

Regarding your article on that filthy-mouthed, dope-taking, pinko-anarchist, pope-baiting Yippie-lover: cancel my subscription immediately!

Paul Krassner
The Realist
New York, N.Y."

In 1981, newscaster Harry Reasoner, published a memoir called *Before the Colors Fade*. It included this passage:
"I've only been aware of two figures in the news during my career with whom I would not have shaken hands if called to deal with them professionally. I suppose that what Thomas Jefferson called a decent respect for the opinion of mankind requires me to identify those two. They were Seantor Joseph McCarthy and a man named Paul Krassner or something like that who published a magazine called *The Realist* in the 1960's. I guess everyone knows who McCarthy was. Krassner and his *Realist* were part of a '60's fad—publications attacking the values of the establishment—which produced some very good papers and some very bad ones. Krassner not only attacked establishment values; he attacked decency in general, notably with an alleged "lost chapter" from William Manchester's book, *The Death of a President.*"

Listen, Harry Reasoner, I am going to stake you out at cocktail parties until the exact right moment, and then I am going to walk up to you and shake your hand, interrupting only to inform you that "My name is Paul Krassner or something like that...."

Finally, in a book titled *Best Evidence*, David Lifton writes:

"Here was evidence that someone had altered the President's body prior to the autopsy; evidence that the autopsy report, the source of crucial information about the number and direction of shots, actually described a body no longer in the same condition as it had been immediately after the shooting. If this FBI report were true, the conclusions of the Warren Commission were erected on sand...if there was really something wrong with the Commission, the trial could lead to President Johnson...."

The thrust of his argument is that there was a surgical alteration of President Kennedy's neck wound. But we know what *really* happened, don't we? ■

TAT

Continued from 20

Best Presidents — Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, the three pushovers who gave U.S. Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon **carte blanche** to lower the top income tax bracket rate from a whopping 73% to a meagre 33%.

Fourth Best President — Ronald Reagan who reduced the top rate from 70% to 50%.

Most Disastrous Event in American History — The passage of the 16th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution in 1913, establishing the first levy on an individual's income.

Traditional Winter Vacation Spots — Aiken, South Carolina (for the horsey set); Aspen and Vail, Colorado (for Midwestern and Texas skiers); Gstaad, Switzerland (for Jet Set skiers); Hobe Sound, Florida (for the Eastern WASP establishment); Palm Beach and Naples, Florida (for the *nouveau riche*); Palm Springs, California (for the West Coast celebrity set).

Traditional Summer Vacation Spots — Maine coastline and islands (for Philadelphia Main Liners, Gotham's Knickerbocracy, Boston Brahmins, the Minneapolis clan); Newport, Rhode Island (for Robber Baron descendents); Fishers Island, New York (for old-money New Yorkers); Mackinac Island, Michigan (for upper-crust Midwestern WASPs); Santa Barbara, California (for the toney West Coast crowd); Monterey Peninsula, California (for Old Guard San Franciscans); Saratoga Springs, New York (for the racing set); and Deauville and the Cote d'Azure, France (for the Jet Set).

Seven Reasons Why the Rich Hate Publicity — The late J. Paul Getty claimed the loss of privacy was the biggest liability of being rich. "I feel I'm a target," he confessed, "especially when I receive any publicity."

A target of whom? The wealthy Americans I interviewed cited seven categories of lethal people that publicity attracts: (1) ruthless IRS agents who hound the rich show-offs; (2) irate stockholders who assume anyone who founded a company and is still heading it up is also systematically looting it for his own personal gain; (3) burglers and (4) kidnappers who often get a beat on their prey from newspaper articles; (5) extortionists who get the most blackmail money out of rich people with a well-publicized reputation to protect; (6) saboteurs and murderers who usually have a political motive for their assaults; and (7) just plain, ordinary, everyday Americans who bombard any wealthy person they read about with tear-jerker letters asking for handouts. One memorable day in the early 1960s brought J. Paul Getty requests for no less than $28 million.

What to Give the Rich Man Who Has Everything — If he's self-made and never graduated from the eighth grade, an honorary degree is sure to please. If he's living off an illustrious ancestor's largesse, an ambassadorship is certainly more appropriate.

America's 10 Wealthiest Women (9 of them eligible) — These ladies are all worth over $200 million. Two of them made their money themselves, albeit with a lot of help from their hubbies:

● **Joan Irvine Smith**, 49, Laguna Beach, California. Through her 10% equity interest in the Irvine Co., she has a say about how roughly one-fifth of the land in fast-growing Orange County, California will be developed. The land once comprised her grandfather's 80,000-acre ranch. She's got three sons and four ex-husbands.

● **Cordelia Scaife May Duggan**, 54, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. On her mother's side, she is a fourth-generation member of the Mellon family which amassed its fortune developing Pittsburgh's smokestack industries (oil refining, aluminum fabricating, and industrial equipment manufacturing). Her second and last husband—Pittsburgh's controversial district attorney, Robert Duggan—committed suicide after learning he'd just been indicted on six counts of tax fraud.

One memorable day in the early 1960s brought J. Paul Getty requests for no less than $28 million.

● **Josephine Abercrombie**, 56, Houston, Texas. This well-known socialite owes her good fortune to that indigenous black goo—oil. Her father not only struck oil, but he also founded Cameron Iron Works which marketed an enormously successful oilwell blowout preventer. With both her parents deceased, she now controls 60% of Cameron's stock and takes an active interest in management. A five-time marital loser, she devotes the remainder of her time to local charities, her two children, thoroughbred race horses and her sprawling Texas-sized ranch.

● **Jane Engelhard**, 50s, Far Hills, New Jersey and Boca Grande, Florida. She's a charter member of the Jet Set, an intimate of Jackie Onassis and Lady Bird Johnson, the mother of five **very** social daughters, and the widow of minerals tycoon Charles Engelhard. Besides keeping herself exquisitely attired—she's been named to the best-dressed list several times—her other interests are dog breeding, art and antique collecting, and horse racing.

● **Virginia McKnight Binger (Mrs. James H. Binger)**, 60s, Minneapolis, Minnesota. She's the only daughter of the late William L. McKnight who joined the fledgling Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company (3M) in 1907 as a bookkeeper and became one of its largest stockholders and board chairman. Her mother and father each left estates of over $200 million and she was a major beneficiary to both. She has three children and, with her husband, is determined to become a major force in the Broadway theatre through their company, Jujamcyn Theaters.

● **Vivian L. Smith**, 74, Houston, Texas. She's the loyal widow and mother of the two grown daughters of R.E. "Bob" Smith, who was one of Houston's biggest boosters and property owners. Smith supplied the money that attracted Houston's first major-league baseball team, originally known as the Colt 45's and, later, the Astros.

● **Olive Ann Beech**, 79, Wichita, Kansas. With her late husband Walter, she founded the Beech Aircraft Corporation, one of the country's most successful manufacturers of small commercial and defense airplanes, missiles and targets. During several of Walter Beech's long illnesses, she ran the company solo and assumed command formally when he died in 1950. Neither her two daughters nor the sale of the company to Raytheon in 1979 have diminished her presence at the company's headquarters.

● **Mitzi Newhouse**, 70s, New York City and Palm Beach, Florida. This widow of Samuel I. Newhouse, the media magnate, is an inveterate interior decorator (of her own homes) and well-known patroness of the arts. Today, her two sons head the family's privately-held communications empire.

● **Lila Acheson Wallace**, 93, Mt. Kisco, New York. In 1922, she and her late husband DeWitt introduced one of the most unforgettable publishing ideas the world has ever known—the **Reader's Digest**. It's become so popular that it is now edging up on the **Bible** in worldwide sales. She has no children and devotes most of her time to philanthropy, deciding what esteemed institution is going to be the recipient of her next multi-million-dollar benefaction.

● **Edna McConnell Clark**, 94, New York City and Hobe Sound, Florida. This aristocratic heiress, the daughter of Avon Products' founder, heads up the heavily-endowed foundation that bears her name. With its $200 million in assets, it's one of the larger foundations in the country. Her husband, one of her father's most ambitious employees who eventually rose to Avon board chairman, died in 1976. She's got three sons and several grandchildren. (Ed—As we went to press Edna Clark passed away.) ■

THE DEAD MEN

Continued from 46

screamed aloud; they lived other lives in their dreams, intensely compressed lives dreamed quickly, for soon it would be dawn, and once more they would be thrust into hell. Cramped in the midst of them, sleepers squeezed in all around him, it suddenly seemed to Bruckman that these pallid white bodies were already dead, that he was sleeping in a graveyard. Suddenly it was the boxcar again. And his wife Miriam was dead again, dead and rotting unburied....

Resolutely, Bruckman emptied his mind. He felt feverish and shaky, and wondered if the typhus were coming back, but he couldn't afford to worry about it. Those who couldn't sleep couldn't survive. Regulate your breathing, force your muscles to relax, don't think. Don't think.

For some reason, after he had managed to banish even the memory of his dead wife, he couldn't shake the image of the blood on Wernecke's mouth.

There were other images mixed in with it, Wernecke's uplifted arms and upturned face as he lead them in prayer, the pale strained face of the stumbling *Musselmann*, Wernecke looking up, startled, as he crouched over Josef...but it was the blood to which Bruckman's feverish thoughts returned, and he pictured it again and again as he lay in the rustling, fart-smelling darkness: the watery sheen of blood over Wernecke's lips, the tarry trickle of blood in the corner of his mouth, like a tiny scarlet worm....

Just then a shadow crossed in front of the window, silhouetted blackly for an instant againt the harsh white glare, and Bruckman knew from the shadow's height and its curious forward stoop that it was Wernecke.

Where could he be going? Sometimes a prisoner would be unable to wait until morning, when the Germans would let them out to visit the slit-trench latrine again, and would slink shamefacedly into a far corner to piss against a wall, but surely Wernecke was too much of an old hand for that....

Then Bruckman remembered that Josef had fallen asleep in the corner of the room where Wernecke had sat and prayed, and that they had left him there alone.

Without knowing why, Bruckman found himself on his feet. As silently as the ghost he sometimes felt he was becoming, he walked across the room in the direction Wernecke had gone, not understanding what he was doing nor why he was doing it. The face of the *Musselmann*, Josef, seemed to float behind his eyes. Bruckman's feet hurt, and he knew, without looking that they were bleeding, leaving faint tracks behind him. It was dimmer here in the far corner, away from the window, but Bruckman knew that he must be near the wall by now, and he stopped to let his eyes readjust.

When his eyes had adapted to the dimmer light, he saw Josef sitting on the floor, propped up against the wall. Wernecke was hunched over the *Musselmann*. Kissing him. One of Josef's hands was tangled in Wernecke's thinning hair.

Before Bruckman could react—such things had been known to happen once or twice before, although it shocked him deeply that Wernecke would be involved in such filth—Josef released his grip on Wernecke's hair. Josef's upraised arm fell limply to the side, his hand hitting the floor with a muffled but solid impact that should have been painful—but Josef made no sound.

Wernecke straightened up and turned around. Stronger light from the high window caught him as he straightened to his full height, momentarily illuminating his face.

Wernecke's mouth was smeared with blood.

"My God!" Bruckman cried.

Startled, Wernecke flinched, then took two quick steps forward and seized Bruckman by the arm. "Quiet!" Wernecke hissed. His fingers were cold and hard.

At that moment, as though Wernecke's sudden movement were a cue, Josef began to slip down sideways along the wall. As Wernecke and Bruckman watched, both momentarily riveted by the sight, Josef toppled over to the floor, his head striking against the floorboards with a sound such as a dropped melon might make. He had made no attempt to break his fall or cushion his head, and lay now unmoving.

"My God," Bruckman said again.

"Quiet, I'll explain," Wernecke said, his lips still glazed with the *Musselmann's* blood. "Do you want to ruin us all? For the love of God, be *quiet*."

But Bruckman had shaken free of Wernecke's grip and crossed to kneel by Josef, leaning over him as Wernecke had done, placing a hand on Josef's chest for a moment, then touching the side of Josef's neck. Bruckman looked slowly up at Wernecke. "He's dead," Bruckman said, more quietly.

Wernecke squatted on the other side of Josef's body, and the rest of their conversation was carried out in whispers over Josef's chest, like friends conversing at the sickbed of another friend who has finally fallen into a fitful doze.

"Yes, he's dead," Wernecke said. "He was dead yesterday, wasn't he? Today he has just stopped walking." His eyes were hidden here, in the deeper shadow nearer to the floor, but there was still enough light for Bruckman to see that Wernecke had wiped his lips clean. Or licked them clean, Bruckman thought, and felt a spasm of nausea go through him.

"But *you*," Bruckman said, haltingly. "You were...."

"Drinking his blood?" Wernecke said.

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"Yes, I was drinking his blood."

Bruckman's mind was numb. He couldn't deal with this, he couldn't understand it at all. "But *why*, Eduard? Why?"

"To live, of course. Why do any of us do anything here? If I am to live, I must have blood. Without it, I'd face a death even more certain than that doled out by the Nazis."

Bruckman opened and closed his mouth, but no sound came out, as if the words he wished to speak were too jagged to fit through this throat. At last he managed to croak, "A vampire? You're a vampire? Like in the old stories?"

Wernecke said calmly, "Men would call me that." He paused, then nodded. "Yes, that's what men would call me.... As though they can understand something simply by giving it a name."

"But Eduard," Bruckman said weakly, almost petulantly. "The *Musselmann*...."

"Remember that he *was* a *Musslemann*," Wernecke said, leaning forward and speaking more fiercely. "His strength was going, he was sinking. He would have been dead by morning, anyway. I took from him something that he no longer needed, but that I needed in order to live. Does it matter? Starving men in lifeboats have eaten the bodies of their dead companions in order to live. Is what I've done any worse than that?"

"But he didn't just die. You *killed* him...."

Wernecke was silent for a moment, and then said, quietly, "What better thing could I have done for him? I won't apologize for what I do, Isadore; I do what I have to do to live. Usually I take only a little blood from a number of men, just enough to survive. And that's fair, isn't it? Haven't I given food to others, to help them survive? To *you*, Isadore? Only very rarely do I take more than a minimum from any one man, although I'm weak and hungry all the time, believe me. And never have I drained the life from someone who wished to live. Instead I've helped them fight for survival in every way I can, you know that."

He reached out as though to touch Bruckman, then thought better of it and put his hand back on his own knee. He shook his head. "But these *Musselmanner*, the ones who have given up on life, the walking dead—it is a favor to them to take them, to give them the solace of death. Can you honestly say that it is not, *here*? That it is better for them to walk around while they are dead, being beaten and abused by the Nazis until their bodies cannot go on, and then to be thrown into the ovens and burned like trash? Can you say that? Would *they* say that, if they knew what was going on? Or would they thank me?"

Wernecke suddenly stood up, and Bruckman stood up with him. As Wernecke's face came again into the stronger light, Bruckman could see that his eyes had filled with tears. "You have lived under the Nazis," Wernecke said. "Can you really call *me* a monster? Aren't I still a Jew, whatever else I might be? Aren't I *here*, in a deathcamp? Aren't I being persecuted too, as much as any other? Aren't I in as much danger as anyone else? If I'm not a Jew, then tell the Nazis—they seem to think so." He paused for a moment, and then smiled wryly. "And forget your superstitious boogey-tales. I'm no night-spirit. If I could turn myself into a bat and fly away from here, I would have done it long before now, believe me."

Bruckman smiled reflexively, then grimaced. The two men avoided each other's eyes, Bruckman looking at the floor, and there was an uneasy silence, punctuated only by the sighing and moaning of the sleepers on the other side of the cabin. Then, without looking up, in tacit surrender, Bruckman said, "What about *him*? The Nazis will find his body and cause trouble...."

"Don't worry," Wernecke said. "There are no obvious marks. And nobody performs autopsies in a death camp. To the Nazis, he'll be just another Jew who has died of the heat, or from starvation or sickness, or from a broken heart."

"Starving men in lifeboats have eaten the bodies of their dead companions in order to live. Is what I've done any worse?"

Bruckman raised his head then and they stared eye to eye for a moment. Even knowing what he knew, Bruckman found it hard to see Wernecke as anything other than what he appeared to be: an aging, balding Jew, stooping and thin, with sad eyes and a tired, compassionate face.

"Well, then, Isadore," Wernecke said at last, matter-of-factly. "My life is in your hands. I will not be indelicate enough to remind you of how many times your life has been in mine."

Then he was gone, walking back toward the sleeping platforms, a shadow soon lost among other shadows.

Bruckman stood by himself in the gloom for a long time, and then followed him. It took all of his will not to look back over his shoulder at the corner where Josef lay, and even so Bruckman imagined that he could feel Josef's dead eyes watching him, watching him reproachfully as he walked away, abandoning Josef to the cold and isolate company of the dead.

Bruckman got no more sleep that night, and in the morning, when the Nazis shattered the grey pre-dawn stillness by bursting into the shack with shouts and shrilling whistles and barking police dogs, he felt as if he were a thousand years old.

They were formed into two lines, shivering in the raw morning air, and marched off to the quarry. The clammy dawn mist had yet to burn off, and, marching through it, through a white shadowless void, with only the back of the man in front of him dimly visible, Bruckman felt more than ever like a ghost, suspended bodiless in some limbo between Heaven and Earth. Only the bite of pebbles and cinders into his raw, bleeding feet kept him anchored to the world, and he clung to the pain as a lifeline, fighting to shake off a feeling of numbness and unreality.

Wernecke is a vampire, he told himself. That was the harsh, unyielding reality that, like the reality of the camp itself, must be faced. Was it any more surreal, any more impossible, than the nightmare around them? He must forget the tales his old grandmother had told him as a boy, "boogey tales" as Wernecke himself had called them, half-remembered tales that turned his knees to water whenever he thought of the blood smeared on Wernecke's mouth, whenever he thought of Wernecke's eyes watching him in the dark....

By the time they reached the quarry, the mist had burned off, swirling past them in rags and tatters, and it was already beginning to get hot. There was Wernecke, his balding head gleaming dully in the harsh morning light. He didn't dissolve in the sunlight, there was one boogey tale disproved....

Lack of sleep had drained what small reserves of strength Bruckman had, and the work was very hard for him that day. He had learned long ago all the tricks of timing and misdirection, the safe ways to snatch short moments of rest, the ways to do a minimum of work with the maximum display of effort, the ways to keep the guards from noticing you, to fade into the faceless crowd of prisoners and not be singled out, but today his head was muzzy and slow, and none of the tricks seemed to work.

His body felt like a sheet of glass, fragile, ready to shatter into dust, and the painful, arthritic slowness of his movements got him first shouted at, and then knocked down. The guard kicked him twice for good measure before he could get up.

When Bruckman had climbed back to his feet again, he saw that Wernecke was watching him, face blank, eyes expressionless, a look that could have meant anything at all.

Bruckman felt the blood trickling from the corner of his mouth and thought, *the blood...he's watching the blood*...and once again he shivered.

That night in the cabin, Bruckman watched as Wernecke talked with the other men, here trying to help a new man—no more than a

boy—adjust to the dreadful reality of the camp, there exhorting someone who was slipping into despair to live and spite his tormentors, joking with old hands in the flat, black, bitter way that passed for humor among them, eliciting a wan smile or occasionally even a laugh from them, finally leading them all in prayer again, his strong, calm voice raised in the ancient words, giving meaning to those words again....

He keeps us together, Bruckman thought, he keeps us going. Without him, we wouldn't last a week. Surely that's worth a little blood, a bit from each man, not even enough to hurt....Surely they wouldn't even begrudge him it, if they knew and really understood...No, he *is* a good man, better than the rest of us, in spite of his terrible affliction.

Bruckman had been avoiding Wernecke's eyes, hadn't spoken to him at all that day, and suddenly felt a wave of shame go through him at the thought of how shabbily he had been treating his friend. Yes, his friend, regardless, the man who had saved his life....Deliberately, he caught Wernecke's eyes, and nodded, and then somewhat sheepishly, smiled. After a moment, Wernecke smiled back, and Bruckman felt a spreading warmth and relief uncoil his guts. Everything was going to be all right, as all right as it could be, here....

Nevertheless, as soon as the inside lights clicked off that night, and Bruckman found himself lying alone in the darkness, his flesh began to crawl.

He had been unable to keep his eyes open a moment before, but now, in the sudden darkness, he found himself tensely and tickingly awake. Where was Wernecke? What was he doing, who was he visiting tonight? Was he out there in the darkness even now, creeping closer, creeping nearer.....Stop it, Bruckman told himself uneasily, forget the boogey-tales. This is your friend, a good man, not a monster....But he couldn't control the fear that made the small hairs on his arms stand bristlingly erect, couldn't stop the grisly images from coming....

Wernecke's eyes, gleaming in the darkness ....Was the blood already glistening on Wernecke's lips, as he drank...The thought of the blood staining Wernecke's yellowing teeth made Bruckman cold and nauseous, but the image that he couldn't get out of his mind tonight was an image of Josef toppling over in that sinisterly boneless way, striking his head against the floor....That, and the obscene limpness of Josef's limbs as he sprawled there like a discarded rag-doll, his pale and haggard face gleaming reproachfully in the dark....

When Bruckman could stand it no longer, he got shakily to his feet and moved off through the shadows, once again not knowing where he was going or what he was going to do, but drawn forward by some obscure instinct he himself did not understand. This time he went cautiously, feeling his way and trying to be silent, expecting every second to see Wernecke's coal-black shadow rise up before him.

He paused, a faint noise scratching at his ears, then went on again, even more cautiously, crouching low, almost crawling across the grimy floor.

Whatever instinct had guided him—sounds heard and interpreted subliminally, perhaps? —it had timed his arrival well. Wernecke had someone down on the floor there, perhaps someone he had seized and dragged away from the huddled mass of sleepers on one of the sleeping platforms, someone from the outer edge of bodies whose presence would not be missed, or perhaps someone who had gone to sleep on the floor, seeking solitude or greater comfort.

Whoever he was, he struggled in Wernecke's grip, but Wernecke handled him easily, almost negligently, in a manner that spoke of great physical power. Bruckman could hear the man trying to scream, but Wernecke had one hand on his throat, half-throttling him, and all that would come out was a sort of whistling gasp. The man thrashed in Wernecke's hands like a kite in a child's hands flapping in the wind, and moving deliberately, Wernecke smoothed him out like a kite, pressing him slowly flat on the floor.

Then Wernecke bent over him, and lowered his mouth to his throat.

Bruckman watched in horror, knowing that he should shout, scream, try to rouse the other prisoners, but somehow unable to move, unable to make his mouth open, his lungs pump.

The man's struggles were growing weaker, and Wernecke must have eased up some on the throttling pressure of his hand, because the man moaned, "Don't...please don't..." in a weak, slurred voice. The man had been drumming his fists against Wernecke's back and sides, but now the tempo of the drumming slowed, slowed, and then stopped, the man's arms falling laxly to the floor. "Don't..." the man whispered; he groaned and muttered incomprehensibly for a moment or two longer, then became silent. The silence stretched out for a minute, two, three, and Wernecke still crouched over his victim, who was now not moving at all....

Wernecke stirred, a kind of shudder going through him, like a cat stretching. He stood up. His face became visible as he straightened up into the full light from the window, and there was blood on it, glistening black under the harsh glare of the kliegs. As Bruckman watched, Wernecke began to lick his lips clean, his tongue, also black in this light, sliding like some sort of sinuous ebony snake around the rim of his mouth, darting and probing for the last lingering drops....

How smug he looks, Bruckman thought, like a cat who had found the cream, and the anger that flashed through him at the thought enabled him to move and speak again. "Wernecke," he said harshly.

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Wernecke glanced casually in his direction. "You again, Isadore?" Wernecke said. "Don't you ever sleep?" Wernecke spoke lazily, quizzically, without surprise, and Bruckman wondered if Wernecke had known all along that he was there. "Or do you just enjoy watching me?"

"Lies," Bruckman said. "You told me nothing but lies. Why did you bother?"

"You were excited," Wernecke said. "You had surprised me. It seemed best to tell you what you wanted to hear. If it satisfied you, then that was an easy solution to the problem."

" 'Never have I drained the life from someone who wanted to live'," Bruckman said bitterly, mimicking Wernecke. " 'Only a little from each man.' My God—and I believed you! I even felt sorry for you!"

Wernecke shrugged. "Most of it *was* true. Usually I only take a little from each man, softly and carefully, so that they never know, so that in the morning they are only a little weaker than they would have been anyway...."

"Like Josef?" Bruckman said angrily. "Like the poor devil you killed tonight?"

Wernecke shrugged again. "I have been careless the last few nights, I admit. But I need to build up my strength again." His eyes gleamed in the darkness. "Events are coming to a head here. Can't you feel it, Isadore, can't you sense it? Soon the war will be over, everyone knows that. Before then, this camp will be shut down, and the Nazis will move us back into the interior—either that, or kill us. I have grown weak here, and I will soon need all my strength to survive, to take whatever opportunity presents itself to escape. I *must* be ready. And so I have let myself drink deeply again, drink my fill for the first time in months...." Wernecke licked his lips again, perhaps unconsciously, then smiled bleakly at Bruckman. "You don't appreciate my restraint, Isadore. You don't understand how hard it has been for me to hold back, to take only a little each night. You don't understand how much that restraint has cost me...."

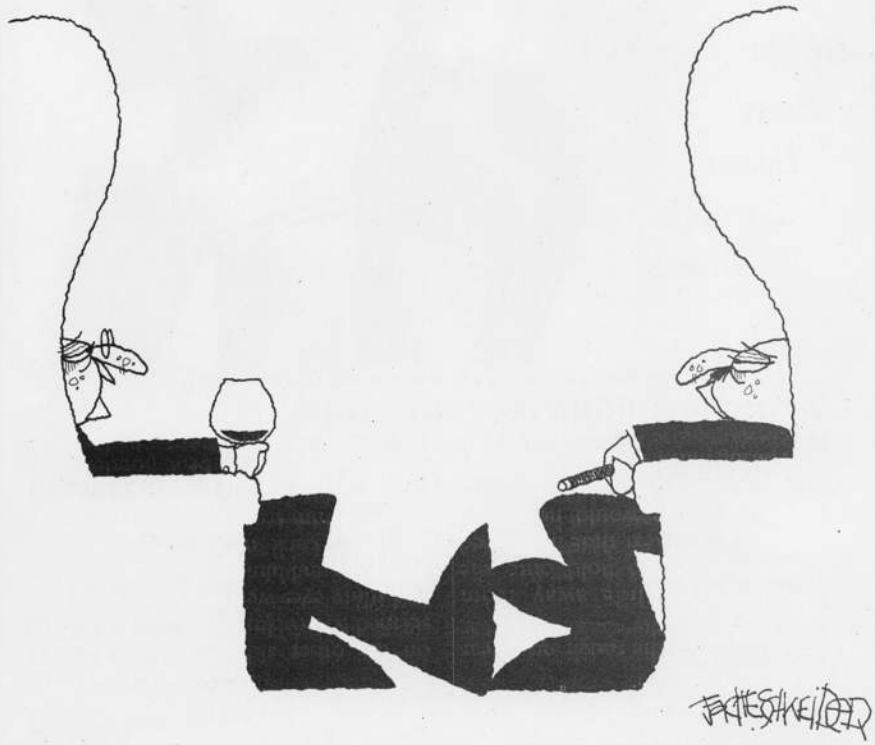
"You are gracious," Bruckman sneered.

Wernecke laughed. "No, but I am a rational man; I pride myself on that. You other prisoners were my only source of food, and I have had to be very careful to make sure that you would last. I have no access to the Nazis, after all. I *am* trapped here, a prisoner just like you, whatever else you may believe—and I have not only had to find ways to survive here in camp, I have had to procure my own food as well! No shepherd has ever watched over his flock more tenderly than I."

"Is that all we are to you—sheep? Animals to be slaughtered?"

Wernecke smiled. "Precisely."

When he could control his voice enough to speak, Bruckman said, "You're worse than the Nazis."



"The thing I like most about having a couple of hundred million is the way it attracts pussy."

"I hardly think so," Wernecke said quietly, and for a moment he looked tired, as though something unimaginably old and utterly weary had looked out through his eyes. "This camp was built by the Nazis—it wasn't *my* doing. The Nazis sent you here—not I. The Nazis have tried to kill you every day since, in one way or another—and I have tried to keep you alive, even at some risk to myself. No one has more of a vested interest in the survival of his livestock than the farmer, after all, even if he does occasionally slaughter an inferior animal. I have given you food—"

"Food you had no use for yourself? You sacrificed nothing!"

"That's true, of course. But *you* needed it, remember that. Whatever my motives, I have helped you to survive here—you and many others. By doing so I also acted in my own self-interest, of course, but can you have experienced this camp and still believe in things like altruism? What difference does it make what my reason for helping was—I still helped you, didn't I?"

"Sophistries!" Bruckman said. "Rationalization! You twist words to justify yourself, but you can't disguise what you really are—a monster!"

Wernecke smiled gently, as though Bruckman's words amused him, and made as if to pass by, but Bruckman raised an arm to bar his way. They did not touch each other, but Wernecke stopped short, and a new and quivering kind of tension sprung into existence in the air between them.

"I'll stop you," Bruckman said. "Somehow I'll stop you, I'll keep you from doing this terrible thing—"

"You'll do nothing," Wernecke said. His voice was hard and cold and flat, like a rock speaking. "What can you do? Tell the other prisoners? Who would believe you? They'd think you'd gone insane. Tell the *Nazis*, then?" Wernecke laughed harshly. "They'd think you'd gone crazy too, and they'd take you to the hospital—and I don't have to tell you what your chances of getting out of there alive are, do I? No, you'll do *nothing*."

Wernecke took a step forward, his eyes were shiny and blank and hard, like ice, like the pitiless eyes of a predatory bird, and Bruckman felt a sick rush of fear cut through his anger. Bruckman gave way, stepping backward involuntarily, and Wernecke pushed past him, seeming to brush him aside without touching him.

Once past, Wernecke turned to stare at Bruckman, and Bruckman had to summon up all the defiance that remained in him not to look uneasily away from Wernecke's agate-hard eyes. "You are the strongest and cleverest of all the other animals, Isadore," Wernecke said in a calm, conversational, almost ruminative voice. "You have been useful to me. Every shepherd needs a good sheepdog. I still need you, to help me manage the others, and to help me keep them going long enough to serve my needs. This is the reason why I have taken so much

time with you, instead of just killing you outright." He strugged. "So let us both be rational about this—you leave me alone, Isadore, and I will leave you alone also. We will stay away from each other and look after our own affairs. Yes?"

"The others..." Bruckman said weakly.

"They must look after themselves," Wernecke said. He smiled, a thin and almost invisible motion of his lips. "What did I teach you, Isadore? Here everyone must look after themselves. What difference does it make what happens to the others? In a few weeks almost all of them will be dead anyway."

"You *are* a monster," Bruckman said.

"I'm not much different from you, Isadore. The strong survive, whatever the cost."

"I am *nothing* like you," Bruckman said, with loathing.

"No?" Wernecke asked, ironically, and moved away; within a few paces he was hobbling and stooping, vanishing into the shadows, once more the harmless old Jew.

Bruckman couldn't remember returning across the room to his sleeping platform, but suddenly he was there, lying on his back and staring into the stifling darkness, surrounded by the moaning, thrashing, stinking mass of sleepers. His hands were clasped protectively over his throat, although he couldn't remember putting them there, and he was shivering convulsively. How many mornings had he awoken with a dull ache in his neck, thinking it no more than the habitual body-aches and strained muscles they had all learned to take for granted? How many nights had Wernecke fed on *him*?

Dawn was a dirty grey imminence against the cabin window before Bruckman could force himself to lower his shielding arms from his throat, and once again he had not slept at all.

That day's work was a nightmare of pain and exhaustion for Bruckman, harder than anything he had known since his first few days at the camp. Somehow he forced himself to get up, somehow he stumbled outside and up the path to the quarry, seeming to float along high off the ground, his head a bloated balloon, his feet a thousand miles away at the end of boneless beanstalk legs he could barely control at all. Twice he fell, and was kicked several times before he could drag himself back to his feet and lurch forward again. The sun was coming up in front of them, a hard red disk in a sickly yellow sky, and to Bruckman it seemed to be a glazed and lidless eye staring dispassionately into the world to watch them flail and struggle and die, like the eye of a scientist peering into a laboratory maze.

He watched the disk of the sun as he stumbled toward it; it seemed to bob and shimmer with every painful step, expanding, swelling and bloating until it swallowed the sky....

Then he was picking up a rock, moaning with the effort, feeling the rough stone tear his hands....

Reality began to slide away from Bruckman. He fought to hold onto the world, afraid that the next time he slipped away from himself he would not come back, deliberately banging his hands into the rocks, cutting himself, clearing his head with pain.

He discovered that Wernecke was watching him, and stared back defiantly, thinking, *I won't become a* Musselmann *for you, I won't make it easy for you, I won't provide another helpless victim for you*....Wernecke met Bruckman's gaze for a moment, and then shrugged and turned away.

Bruckman bent for another stone, feeling the muscles in his back crack and the pain drive in like knives. What had Wernecke been thinking, behind the blankness of his expressionless face? Had Wernecke, sensing weakness, marked Bruckman for his next victim? Had Wernecke been disappointed or dismayed by the strength of Bruckman's will to survive? Would Wernecke now settle upon someone else?

The morning passed, and Bruckman grew feverish again. He could feel the fever in his face, making his eyes feel sandy and hot, pulling the skin taut over his cheekbones, and he wondered how long he could manage to stay on his feet. To falter, to grow weak and insensible, was certain death; if the Nazis didn't kill him, Wernecke would....Wernecke was out of sight now, on the other side of the quarry, but it seemed to Bruckman that Wernecke's hard and flinty eyes were everywhere, floating in the air around him, looking out momentarily from the back of a Nazi soldier's head, watching him from the dulled iron side of a quarry cart, peering at him from a dozen different angles. He bent ponderously for another rock, and when he had pried it up from the earth he found Wernecke's eyes beneath it, staring unblinkingly up at him from the damp and pallid soil....

That afternoon there were great flashes of light on the eastern horizon, out across the endless flat expanse of the steppe, flares in rapid sequence that lit up the sullen grey sky, all without sound. The Nazi guards had gathered together in a group, looking to the east and talking in subdued voices, ignoring the prisoners for the moment. For the first time Bruckman noticed how disheveled and unshaven the guards had become in the last few days, as though they had given up, as though they no longer cared. Their faces were strained and tight, and more than one of them seemed to be fascinated by the leaping fires on the distant edge of the world.

Melnick said that it was only a thunderstorm, but old Bohme said that it was an artillery battle being fought, and that that meant that the Russians were coming, that soon they would all be liberated.

Bohme grew so excited at the thought that he began shouting, "The Russians! It's

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the Russians! The Russians are coming to free us!" Dichstein and Melnick tried to hush him, but Bohme continued to caper and shout—doing a grotesque kind of jig while he yelled and flapped his arms—until he had attracted the attention of the guards. Infuriated, two of the guards fell upon Bohme and beat him severely, striking him with their rifle butts with more than usual force, knocking him to the ground, continuing to flail at him and kick him while he was down, Bohme writhing like an injured worm under their stamping boots. They probably would have beaten Bohme to death on the spot, but Wernecke organized a distraction among some of the other prisoners, and when the guards moved away to deal with it, Wernecke helped Bohme to stand up and hobble away to the other side of the quarry, where the rest of the prisoners shielded him from sight with their bodies as best they could for the rest of the afternoon.

Something about the way Wernecke urged Bohme to his feet and helped him to limp and lurch away, something about the protective, possessive curve of Wernecke's arm around Bohme's shoulders, told Bruckman that Wernecke had selected his next victim.

That night Bruckman vomited up the meager and rancid meal that they were allowed, his stomach convulsing uncontrollably after the first few bites. Trembling with hunger and exhaustion and fever, he leaned against the wall and watched as Wernecke fussed over Bohme, nursing him as a man might nurse a sick child, talking gently to him, wiping away some of the blood that still oozed from the corner of Bohme's mouth, coaxing Bohme to drink a few sips of soup, finally arranging that Bohme should stretch out on the floor away from the sleeping platforms, where he would not be jostled by the others....

As soon as the interior lights went out that night, Bruckman got up, crossed the floor quickly and unhesitantly, and lay down in the shadows near the spot where Bohme muttered and twitched and groaned.

Shivering, Bruckman lay in the darkness, the strong smell of earth in his nostrils, waiting for Wernecke to come.

In Bruckman's hand, held close to his chest, was a spoon that had been sharpened to a jagged needle point, a spoon he had stolen and begun to sharpen while he was still in a civilian prison in Cologne, so long ago that he almost couldn't remember....

He fingered the spoon compulsively, turning it over and over; it was hard and smooth and cold, and he clenched it as tightly as he could, trying to ignore the fine tremoring of his hands.

He had to kill Wernecke....

Nausea and an odd feeling of panic flashed through Bruckman at the thought, but there was no other choice, there was no other way....He couldn't go on like this, his strength was failing; Wernecke was killing him, as surely as he had killed the others, just by keeping him from sleeping....And as long as Wernecke lived, he would never be safe, always there would be the chance that Wernecke would come for *him*, that Wernecke would strike as soon as his guard was down....Would Wernecke scruple for a second to kill *him*, after all, if he thought that he could do it safely?...No, of course not....Given the change, Wernecke would kill him without a moment's further thought....No, he must strike *first*....

Bruckman licked his lips uneasily. Tonight. He had to kill Wernecke *tonight*....

There was a stirring, a rustling: someone was getting up, working his way free from the mass of sleepers on one of the platforms. A shadowy figure crossed the room toward Bruckman, and Bruckman tensed, reflexively running his thumb along the jagged end of the spoon, readying himself to rise, to strike—but at the last second, the figure veered aside and stumbled toward another corner. There was a sound like rain drumming on cloth; the man swayed there for a moment, mumbling, and then slowly returned to his pallet, dragging his feet, as if he had pissed his very life away against the wall. It was not Wernecke.

Bruckman eased himself back down to the floor, his heart seeming to shake his wasted body back and forth with the force of its beating. His hand was damp with sweat. He wiped it against his tattered pants, and then clutched the spoon again....

Many times as he waited Bruckman's eyes would grow heavy and slowly close, but each time his eyes would spring open again at once, and he would find himself staring into the shadows for Wernecke. Sleep would no longer have him, it was a kingdom closed to him now; it spat him out each time he tried to enter it, just as his stomach now spat out the food he placed in it....

The thought of food brought Bruckman to a sharper awareness, and there in the darkness he huddled around his hunger, momentarily forgetting everything else. Never had he been so hungry....He thought of the food he had wasted earlier in the evening, and only the last few shreds of his self-control kept him from moaning aloud.

Bohme did moan aloud then, as though unease were contagious. As Bruckman glanced at him, Bohme said "Anya," in a clear calm voice; he mumbled a little, and then, a bit more loudly, said, "Tseitel, have you set the table yet?" and Bruckman realized that Bohme was no longer in the camp, that Bohme was back in Dusseldorf in the tiny apartment with his fat wife and his four healthy children, and Bruckman felt a pang of envy go through him, for Bohme, who had escaped.

It was at that moment that Bruckman

"Blow your horn?"

realized that Wernecke was standing there, just beyond Bohme.

There had been no movement that Bruckman had seen. Wernecke had seemed to slowly materialize from the darkness, atom by atom, bit by incremental bit, until at some point he had been solid enough for his presence to register on Bruckman's consciousness, so that what had been only a shadow a moment before was now suddenly and unmistakably Wernecke as well, however much a shadow it remained.

Bruckman's mouth went dry with terror, and it almost seemed that he could hear the voice of his dead grandmother whispering in his ears. Boogey-tales....Wernecke had said *I'm no night-spirit*. Remember that he had said that....

Wernecke was almost close enough to touch. He was staring down at Bohme; his face, lit by a dusty shaft of light from the window, was cold and remote, only the total lack of expression hinting at the passion that strained and quivered behind the mask. Slowly, lingeringly, Wernecke stooped over Bohme. "Anya," Bohme said again, caressingly, and then Wernecke's mouth was on his throat.

Let him feed, said a cold remorseless voice in Bruckman's mind. It will be easier to take him when he's nearly sated, when he's fully preoccupied and growing lethargic and logy...Growing *full*....

Slowly, with infinite caution, Bruckman gathered himself to spring, watching in horror and fascination as Wernecke fed. He could hear Wernecke sucking the juice out of Bohme, as if there was not enough blood in the foolish old man to satiate him, as if there were not enough blood in the whole camp....Or perhaps the whole world....And now Bohme was ceasing his feeble struggling, was becoming still....

Bruckman flung himself upon Wernecke, stabbing him twice in the back before his weight bowled them both over. There was a moment of confusion as they rolled and struggled together, all without sound, and then Bruckman found himself sitting atop Wernecke, Wernecke's white face turned up to him. Bruckman drove his weapon into Wernecke again, the shock of the blow jarring Bruckman's arm to the shoulder. Wernecke made no outcry; his eyes were already glazing, but they looked at Bruckman with recognition, with cold anger, with bitter irony, and, oddly, with what might have been resignation or relief, with what might almost have been pity....Bruckman stabbed again and again, driving the blows home with hysterical strength, panting, rocking atop his victim, feeling Wernecke's blood splatter against his face, wrapped in the heat and steam that rose from Wernecek's torn-open body like a smothering black cloud, coughing and choking on it for a moment, feeling the steam seep in through his pores and sink deep into the marrow of his bones, feeling the world seem to pulse and shimmer and change around him, as though he were suddenly seeing through his eyes, as though something had been born anew inside him, and then abruptly he was *smelling* Wernecke's blood, the hot organic reek of it, leaning closer to drink in that sudden overpowering smell, better than the smell of freshly-baked bread, better than anything he could remember, rich and heady and strong beyond imagining.

There was a moment of revulsion and horror, and he had time to wonder how long the ancient contamination had been passing from man to man to man far into the past the chain of lives stretched, how Wernecke himself had been trapped, and then his parched lips touched wetness, and he was drinking, drinking deeply and greedily, and his mouth was filled with the strong clean taste of copper.

The following night, after Bruckman led the memorial prayers for Wernecke and Bohme, Melnick came to him. Melnick's eyes were bright with tears, "How can we go on without Eduard? He was everything to us. What will we do now?..."

"It will be all right, Moishe," Bruckman said. "I promise you, everything will be all right." He put his arms around Melnick for a moment to comfort him, and at the touch sensed the hot blood that pumped through the intricate network of the boy's veins, just under the skin, rich and warm and nourishing, waiting there inviolate for him to set it free. ■

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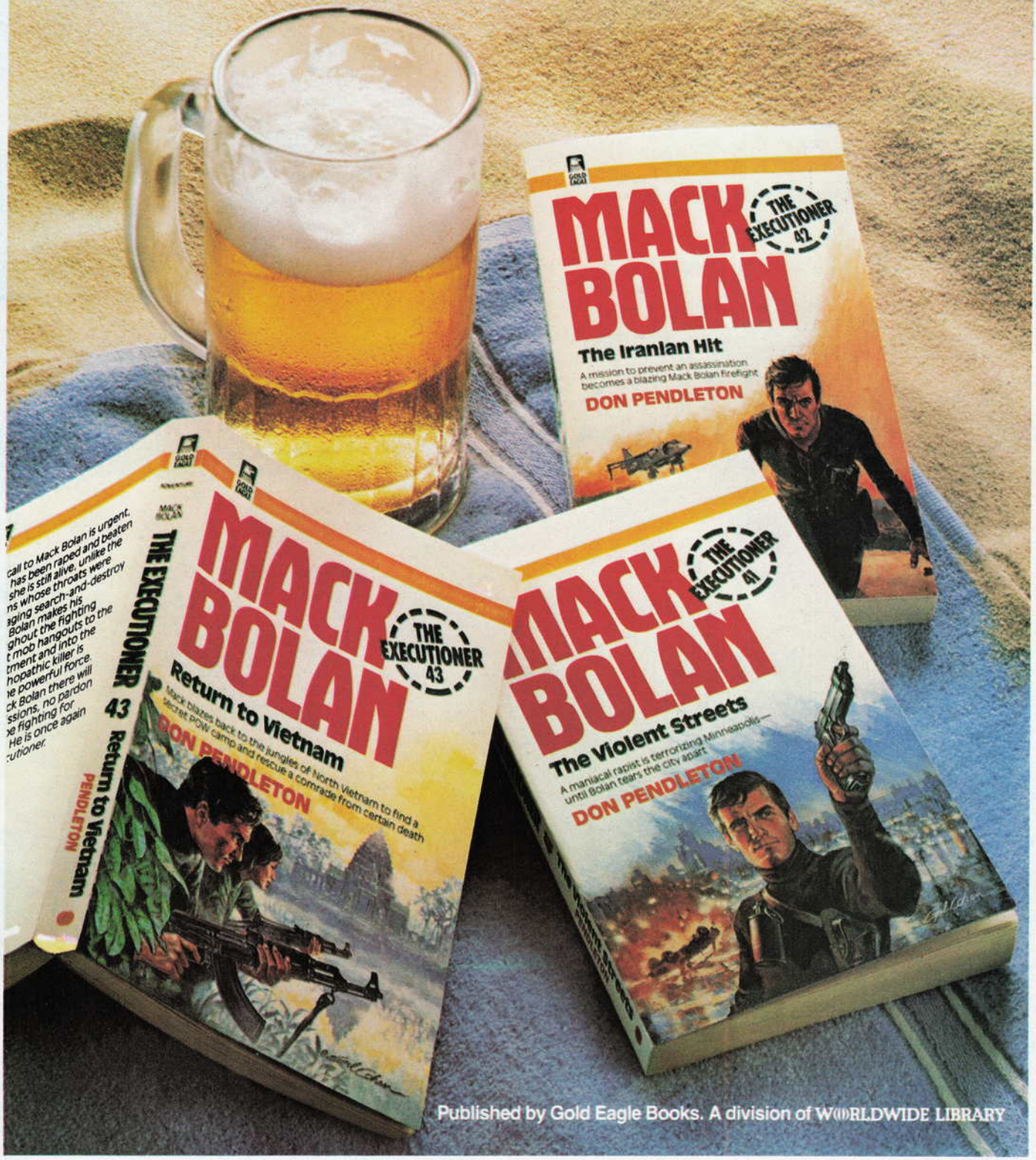
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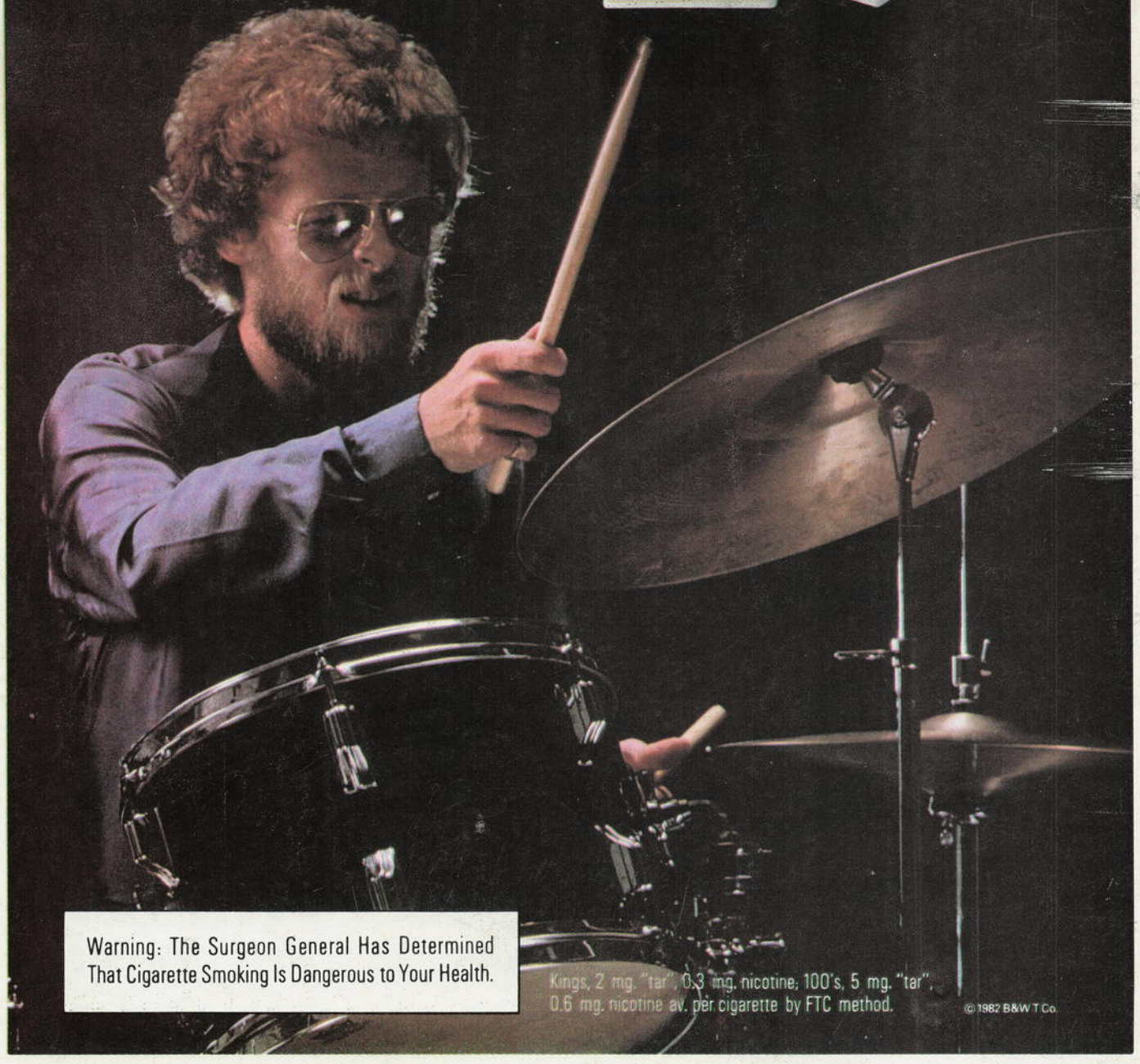

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